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"The Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads"

THE CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

REV DARIUS MEAD

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THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1844.

OUR MAGAZINE.

The character and design of the periodical which is here offered to the public under the title of The Christian Parlor Magazine, will be readily discovered by a glance at the style and sentiments which pervade the contents of this, its first, number. The field which it proposes to occupy has long been left idle; a field, too, of such importance, that it is difficult to account for its neglect, otherwise than as a casual oversight.

A survey of our periodical literature will assist in defining our position. At the head stand the invaluable Reviews, erudite, discursive, always profound, and often abstruse in their disquisitions, and abstract rather than practical in their choice of subjects. Indispensable as their presence is, and incalculable as are their blessings, it is no disparagement of them to say, that the circle of their influence is narrow, and that beyond that circle, from the very elevation and abstraction of their contents, they are little heeded and little felt. At the other extreme lie the perishable paragraphs of the hour, too much busied with fact to discuss principle, and too little careful of moral tendency to sift materials. Intermediately there have arisen ephemeral periodicals, countless in number and omnifarious in design, the interests of most of which lead them to wait upon the varying passions of their patrons, rather than assume the attitude of directors of public sentiment: and as purveyors in this equivocal position, their natural tendency is to augment the dainty flavor of their intellectual viands, without concern for the ultimate operation of them upon the moral system with which they are made to incorporate. Fiction, preserving decency enough to avoid excommunication; specious ethics, with wit enough to conceal their deformities; exciting topics, of a doubtful morality, are admissible into these fashionable magazines;—such elements form part and parcel of their design; and having been once admitel, the future cry is, "Give, give."

To supply, then, a periodical, which shall preserve many of the excellences of the former class, without its learned diffuseness and speculation; which may seek the lighter graces of style, and the charms of fancy, hitherto appropriated by the latter, despoiled of their meretricious ornaments; which shall speak decidedly upon matters touching our holy faith; and which, in fine, shall form a suitable companion for the domestic circle, and an instructor as well as amusing associate for a leisure hour, is our present design. We enter upon an unrestricted field, and shall aim to keep it open in its greatest latitude before us. The range of subjects, and our style of handling them, will be best learned from our pages: with the pledged

coöperation of several well known and able writers, we shall endeavor to throw the charms of diversity of manner around the unity of design. To create a healthful appetite for healthful aliment, to infuse a religious influence into our current literature, to cleanse wit from the leprosy of scepticism, to chasten fancy with the elements of devotion, to please without becoming seductive, to amuse without trifling, to educate, to encourage, and to defend the higher and holier powers of our nature—these are the offices we have assumed and which we design to discharge. We present ourselves in an elegant form and a handsome exterior, and shall study to be found wanting in none of the graces of the typographical art.

The course of events seems to have designated these as the means, and this as the hour to put them in operation, for countermining an insidious enemy, who is burrowing up through literature into morals. Wherever he has appeared, or may appear in sight, we shall become aggressive in our movements. While, however, we may be busy in controverting subtlety of every hue, we shall guard against rambling after mere speculative antagonists. The moral system of Providence seems to follow the paradox of getting while it gives; of eliciting truth while it eliminates error: for it strikes at an assailable point with the brand of light and love. Our duty, therefore, as well as our aim, will be to study the action of this law and to imitate it; for its observance will never form a check upon our conduct, until such conduct would in its turn form a check upon the pleasure and profit of our readers.

The overwhelming flood of impure and corrupting literature, which has come in upon us, is an antagonistic force to our progress: we shall endeavor to resist it with all the weapons in our power. We have motives enough for action; we have materials enough to act upon; we have hopes enough to be ardent and diligent in the execution of our plan. The cordial coöperation of the Christian circles, with which we propose to hold converse, can alone insure our success. They have a common cause with us in staying the tide of unsound morals, which is pouring in through the press. Ourselves, our families, and our children form a reading nation, and the only question is, What shall we read? Shall the food nourish or poison? Shall it strengthen or enervate? Shall it make us robust men, or premature anilities, without principle enough to encounter the struggles of life, much less those of death? These are questions for the parent to decide in view of the morals he would bequeath to his offspring; and for the Christian in view of his profession, his hopes, and the sacramental pledge of his sacred honor.

Assuming, then, what is no mere presumption, that a Christian community is imperatively demanding a medium, through which it may enjoy the choice creations of fancy and the nervous energizings of thought without coloring those pure fountains that well up fast by the oracle of God, we put forth this attempt. Upon the heartiness of that demand depends to a great extent the measure of our success. On our part the purposes have been freely stated: we have promised enough, and here give an earnest of our resolution to redeem. Having entered upon the work at the earnest solicitations of pastors and others sympathizing in the objects we have enumerated, we set out with the buoyancy of hope: our merits we leave to the judgment of those whom we have undertaken to serve.

JACOB BLESSING THE SONS OF JOSEPH.

[SEE PLATE.]

THE wintry day of age would be indeed bleak and cheerless, if no hope from the future shed its rays on the darkening scene. But the good man, his duties on earth just ending, looking back on a life in which at every step he sees the guiding hand of a wise Providence, and looking forward to the future on earth for his children, and to the brighter realities on which he himself is now ready to enter, may well feel a holy inspiration breathing in his soul.

The life of Jacob had been an eventful one; and now, full of years, chastened at times by affliction, but largely experienced in blessings, he is ready to be gathered to his fathers. Joseph, the cherished son of the loved Rachel, long lost to a father's eye, has been restored to his embrace. Late a shepherd boy, exposed in the fields of Shechem to beasts of prey, and in Dothan to the heartless envyings of his brethren, he is now the prime minister of the greatest monarch, and the first prince in the most splendid court of the world. He has left the halls of royalty to receive for himself and sons the last blessing of a shepherd father. But that father, of what a nation the sire! In his seed what blessings to the human race!

Age has benumbed the limbs and taken vision from the eye of the old man, but his mind is lighted up with the visions of the future, and ages, with their tide of events, pass before him as a present reality. Blind to outward things, he yet sees down the long vista of time the things that shall be. In the past he sees the good providence of God ever surrounding him, though often trials had been in his path and afflictions had pressed him down with crushing weight. Well may he say to the beloved son, "I had not thought to see thy face," for during the long period of twenty years or more he had counted him among the dead; but now, having nourished his father for seventeen years in the land of Egypt, his son comes to present his own offspring before their grandfather.

What must have been the impressions of these youths? They were the sons of a prince before whom the princes of a proud empire did homage—above their father Pharaoh only claimed preference. A royal court had been their birthplace, and amid its splendors they had spent the days of their childhood, and perhaps they gaze with wonder on the rude dwelling-place of the shepherd patriarch. But when the old man is raised up in his bed and calls them to his side, there is, perhaps, in their hearts an awe which, before Pharaoh on his throne, they had never felt. Here is no song or dance—no voice of mirth or revelry. It is the chamber of death. They feel that there is something more than a monarch's power or dignity. The reverend locks, the sightless eyes of one who had seen almost a century and a half of life, the solemn voice coming as from the unseen world, must have fixed their impress deep on the hearts of the youths, and indelibly engraved on their memory the words of Jacob. His hands are laid on their heads as with deepened pathos he invokes on them the blessing of the God of his fathers. "GOD, BEFORE WHOM MY FATHERS, ABRAHAM AND ISAAC, DID WALK, THE GOD WHO FED ME ALL MY LIFE LONG TO THIS DAY, THE ANGEL WHO HATH REDEEMED ME FROM ALL EVIL, BLESS THE LADS; and let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers, Abraham and Isaac; and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth."

RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.

When we reflect on the high rank assigned to distinguished conversational powers, as a means of influence, usefulness, and amusement; upon the various impressive admonitions given us in Holy Scripture as to the right use of the tongue, and upon the opportunities afforded by the domestic circle for the employment of speech in its most valuable offices of communicating pleasure and instruction, we know of no topic more worthy of an early place in the Christian Parlor Magazine than that of Domestic Religious Conversation.

It will be acknowledged by all who are conversant with the domestic society of this country, that there is room for great improvement, and that the real use of conversation is by no means sufficiently appreciated. Free and familiar conversation has some peculiar advantages over the work of solitary reading, over the formal lecture and epistolary correspondence. It is especially capable of bringing the results of these into the service of mutual improvement for any given circle, having an animation and often unwonted brilliancy from the play of different minds upon the same subject, and affording to the best instructed the advantage of knowing the state of mind in those who are yet in the early stages of intellectual progress.

Hence, in all enlightened nations, men of gifted minds have sought for conversational circles, where they might gain a fresh impulse, by having their own acquisitions called into immediate use, or their susceptibilities quickened by the pungent and brilliant exertions of others. In Athens the most renowned philosophers delighted in these social meetings, and female genius was invited to share in the enjoyment. The conversational circles of Paris became renowned over all Europe for their deep and thrilling interest, and there also the influence of woman was powerful, although often most sadly perverted. All who are familiar with the literature of England, are aware how much her distinguished scholars, as Johnson, Sheridan and others, delighted in those literary clubs where they met to give and receive a kind of excitement as relaxation from severer studies.

This conversational power each head of a Christian family should labor to develope and exercise, for the benefit of the little community where he is appointed to preside. The more these faculties are thus cultivated, the stronger will our domestic attachments become, and therefore, as such domestic institutions multiply, the more solid and pure will be the happiness of our country. It should, therefore, be the determination of every American citizen, to make his home the centre of his enjoyments, and to fill the minds of his family with the spirit of mutual improvement.

It is not our object in this article to enter upon a discussion of the means by which domestic conversation in general may be improved so as to become a rich source of enjoyment (although that were a theme worthy of a volume): but we desire to speak a few words to those Christian parents who are solicitous for the highest good of their children on the duty and the privilege of religious conversation in the domestic circle.

We do not include in our design the regular communication of religious instruction in domestic worship, or at stated seasons of catechetical instruction—duties which are of vast importance—nor that personal spiritual inquiry and admonition which every faithful parent must prosecute with the individuals of his household from time to time; but we refer simply to the ordinary familiar conversation of the family when we sit around the table, and especially when we are confined to the sitting room by a rainy day; or gather round the fire on a winter's evening; or recline on the piazza at summer twilight; or under the shade-tree at summer noon. We wish to excite a sense of the great capacities which will be found in religious conversation for moral and intellectual improvement.

Religious conversation is not confined, as many seem to imagine, to a few gloomy reflections on the brevity of life, and a few simple maxims, however fundamental and important. It takes in a wide range of facts, and of thought, in which there is room for all the intellectual powers to expatiate.

The subject of Natural Religion alone is almost inexhaustible. The human mind early comprehends the relation of cause and effect, discerns the evidence of existing design, and argues perfection in the Maker from the variety, extent, and magnitude of the things which are

made. Beginning, then, with this original faculty, and first supplying it with a few most obvious facts by which the being and attributes of God are evinced, the parent may have at his command for gradual confirmation and moral impression, whatever his knowledge of the human system, so full of wonders,—or of the animal system in general, fraught with similar wonders innumerable,—or of the vegetable world in all its variety of loveliness, verdure, utility and beauty,—or of the mineral kingdom with its vastness and roughness, as well as its elegance, polish and brilliancy,—or of the astronomical system with all its array of numbers and magnitudes, of distances and revolutions, overwhelming and inconceivably glorious, may be able to supply. From year to year as knowledge increases,—as new facts in Botany, Mineralogy, Geography, Geology or Astronomy, are disclosed, he may make them subjects of repeated conversation, and deduce from them the proof of infinite wisdom and power. Then there is the great law of right engraven on every man's conscience;—and there is conscience, itself a theme well worthy of study; and there is that expectation of a world of retribution, which dwells even in the savage breast; and there are all those convictions of sinfulness which every man has by nature, and out of all of these the necessity of a Divine Revelation.

But when we come to the Holy Scriptures themselves, how the range of great topics enlarges. First, arise to view the FACTS OF REVELATION; the creation of the world; the atonement, and the day of final judgment; the apostasy; the flood, and the resettlement of the earth; the destruction of the cities of the plain; the calling of Abraham; the history of Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon and Tyre. The history of the Jews, the wonderful people of the wonderful covenant; the story of their kings and prophets; the biography of their patriarchs and saints; the advent of the promised Messiah; his life, death, and resurrection; the first wonders of the new dispensation; the labors, sufferings and miracles of the apostles; the rejection of Christ by the Jews, and of the Jews by the avenging Providence of God;—all these, with an innumerable variety of interesting facts intervening and filling up the outline, constitute a rich and beautiful field of animated conversation.

Next, come arrayed before us the DOCTRINES of REVELATION. Man's dark apostasy and deep depravity; the holy law of God, with its perfect precept and righteous penalty; the mediation of the Son of God, with its power of salvation; the efficacious grace of God's most blessed Spirit, and all the truths which bind all these together, and make one perfect system. These are capable of affording the purest pleasure, and of exciting the deepest interest when made the themes of free domestic discussion. Such family circles we have seen, where, not excited by any small sectarianism, but fired with wonder and delight in view of these great fundamental truths, the strongest emotions were awakened, and the human mind trained to great moral and intellectual vigor.

But who can describe the variety and importance of these topics of conversation, growing out of the PRACTICAL DUTIES ENJOINED IN THE BIBLE?

To enumerate and classify them; to investigate their nature; to show the necessity, the propriety, and the importance of them; to make them stand out clearly before the understanding, and thus to bring them home to the conscience and the heart; to teach their loveliness by daily practical illustrations; to avail ourselves of biographical notices where they have been exhibited; to illustrate the baseness and ingratitude of all wrong doings; to unfold the motives by which they are enforced from the doctrines of the cross; to inculcate the love of holiness because its nature is love, and exhibit the consequences of obedience and disobedience in this world, and the world to come;—to accomplish all this, will require continual effort for successive years, and demand our attention when we go out and when we come in; when we rise up, and when we sit down; by the fireside, and at the table; in the shop, or in the field, and by the way. By making these practical duties the themes of daily conversation, we shall keep them immediately before the mind as principles of action, and succeed in bringing them into existence in our own domestic circle.

Besides the topics already mentioned, a great variety will be found in that periodical intelligence of the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom which is supplied by the religious press. Indeed, we may include the whole progress of the race as developed in authentic history, its progress as disclosed in the Bible, and its present condition as it is described in the intelligence of the day. There cannot be a better sign of a liberal and well cultivated mind, than this ability to converse on the affairs of mankind with accuracy and ease, in respect to the relation which the present sustains to the past and the future.

But for this purpose our families must be supplied with means of information. We need a few histories of established character; we need some well-digested Chronological system; we need a number of maps both ancient and modern, in order to fill our minds with a true idea of the world we live in; and we need some journals of intelligence, which shall give us a correct view of events as they are continually occurring. These helps should be mutually used in a family, and be made the subject of conversation, and thus we shall find them suggesting continually important thoughts, giving a new interest to life, and sometimes leading us to the wonders of natural religion, sometimes to the greater wonders of revealed.

In view of the topics which we have described as belonging to the sphere of religious conversation, we think every one must be struck with their number, importance and variety. There is no necessity that conversation should become uninteresting because we have nothing to say; on the other hand, we must not be deterred because there is so much. Sufficient is it for the day if by introducing some of these topics, you have engaged a whole circle in animated conversation, enlarged the sphere of thought, broken up a dull monotony, and awakened humane and devout affections.

If to-morrow comes, it will bring you another topic, and awaken its appropriate interest. The disposition and habit recommended in these remarks, would lead any member of a family to encourage the spirit of inquiry. How often is it the case, that if one asks a question in a family circle, he is met with an unpleasant repulse by some short answer, or by some peevish expression? All this is wrong. On the other hand, such inquiries should be met with attention and kindness. If they show ignorance, it should be enlightened; if they show knowledge, it should be encouraged; if they lead on to other inquiries, and to still more important topics, they should be followed. All our readers will allow that this is the way to make our domestic circles intelligent and happy.

It is no objection to these views, that in order to carry them out perfectly, some care, discipline and preparation will be required. For what object can these qualities be more legitimately exercised, than for the comfort and improvement of a man's own home? There are his earliest and his primary obligations. Home is his first sphere of action. There he is born—there he dies—there his memory is cherished when he is dead, and there are his dearest and sweetest enjoyments when living. Shall we prefer to shine in the gay party, and neglect our own circles at our own fireside? Shall we seek our enjoyment at a convivial club, while the enjoyments of love—the heart's strongest love, are disregarded? Shall we awaken our energies, and put on our best appearance, to amuse or interest a stranger, and shall we make no effort to give instruction, amusement and life to those whose interests in all important respects are most intimately connected with our own? When, moreover, we consider the importance of the themes themselves—important as preparing our children for usefulness in this life, and for happiness hereafter—when we remember that they respect the most grand, beautiful, and earnest realities in the universe, shall we suffer the gathering at the table, the fireside, and the family altar to be a merely dull and lifeless routine, or shall we endeavor to hail it as a means of training us for still more ennobling society hereafter? He that will begin, and then continue—*only continue* this system of home conversation, will find that both he and his family will

"Grow wiser and better as life wears away;"

while for that life which will never wear away, they will confirm their fitness, and increase their qualifications.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

There is nothing in this world which is so venerable, as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and endearing, as the relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so lovely as those of brothers and sisters. The little circle is made one by a single interest, and by a singular union of affections. Pres. Dwight.

A MONSTER FATHER.

BY A TRAVELER.

A HARSH, a horrid name; but if he does not deserve it, the reader may find a milder and apply it.

A few days ago I took my seat in the cars on the rail-road. A gentleman of great wealth and widely known through the state, came in, and met a friend whom he evidently had not seen for some weeks. His friend congratulated him on having returned from a journey, and, in answer to an inquiry, the gentleman proceeded to state the object of his trip to the South, and the success with which he had met. I will give his remarks, very much in his own language; and I have no scruples of propriety on the subject, as the remarks were made before the cars started, when there was entire stillness, and in such a tone of voice that they were heard, as they were designed to be, by all in the vicinity of the speaker. It is only just that I should add, that an occasional *oath*, with which his conversation was garnished, is omitted. He said:—

"I was determined not to stop till I found a school where there was no religion. I wanted to send my son to a school where the Clergy were not allowed to come near the pupils, and where they could be taught what they go to school to learn, without being plagued for ever with a set of lazy priests hanging around and interfering with everybody's business but their own. I had hard work to find such a place, but did at last, away in the heart of Virginia. *There* I found a school, and there is not a church within seventeen miles of it, and they never have a minister near the premises. That is the place for me, and I left my son there; and when he is fitted for college, I mean to send him to the University of Virginia, and there's no religion there."

This is the substance of the remarks made by the gentleman. He repeated many of these views again and again, and expressed, in the most unqualified manner, his utter and bitter contempt of religion, and especially of religious ministers.

He was the first man from whom I ever heard the wish, that his children might grow up without religious principle. I have seen wicked men, and heard them profanely and vilely denounce the Bible and its blessed doctrines; but never did I hear of a father who had travelled four or five hundred miles to shut up his own son where the influence of that Bible could not find its way to that child's heart. And as I looked at him, there was certainly in his appearance, after these gross and shocking avowals, more of the MONSTER than the father or man. I hardly knew whether to despise or pity him: if it were ignorance, he was to be pitied; but I knew it was not, and therefore it was necessary to suppress the strong emotions of loathing which his remarks awakened.

The temptation was strong to hand him Daniel Webster's speech (I had it in my hand) on the Girard will case, in which the great statesman and orator so nobly and eloquently vindicated the American clergy against the dead man's constructive calumny. And what a contrast was here, between the masterly argument of the first intellect in the country, defending the Christian religion as indispensable to the formation of a complete American citizen, and the puerile declamations of this *father*, who would search the land over to find a Girard prison, in which to immure the immortal mind of his own son!

And then *I thought of the boy*—the child of such a father—sent away for such a purpose, and to such a school. The father *thinks* his son is safe from the reach and power of religious truth! Is he? Perhaps, indeed, no Sabbath shines on that secluded school, and no gospel sheds its hallowed influence on the youthful heart. But who can shut the young heart up where God cannot reach and melt it? Who will hinder the soul from finding God in every leaf that stirs, and every star that rolls? The boy has heard of him who made him, and of one who died to redeem him; and away from home and friends, perhaps away from a mother who prays for him, he will hear the voice of God in the melody of nature's voices, as above and around him all speak their Great Creator's praise. He will hear the voice of God when conscience whispers to his soul, and tells him of sin and a hereafter. Perhaps the Holy Spirit will visit him there, and in the very place where, of all others, his wicked father thought it most unlikely that religion would find him, even there he may be brought, by grace Divine, to the Saviour. While the father was speak-

ing, the thought occurred to me, that that son might yet be a monument of sovereign mercy—a brilliant illustration that nothing is impossible with God.

I mean to watch that lad. The father has exposed him, more dangerously than Moses' mother did, and I will wait and see what the Lord will do for him. Let us pray for him; let us pray much, and perhaps, after many days, he may be brought out in safety, and become a distinguished servant of God.

A SCENE AT SEA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The summer-moon shone bright upon the deck,
And steadily the vessel o'er the deep
Pursued her way.

I heard a voice that said.
Death was among us. To the hardy throng
Of Erin's sons, who in our little realm
Maintain'd a separate commonwealth, we turn'd,
For there the stern Destroyer wrought his will.
—Stretch'd on his cradle-crib, a boy we found
Of some two summers, nobly form'd and fair,
Who slept, to wake no more.

The mother lay
Upon her face beside him, and replied
Nought, to our soothing words. But at the hush
Of solemn midnight, when the watch was set,
Then burst her cry, with startling shrillness forth,
To her dead child.

"Oh! wherefore did ye die,
My beautiful? Had ye not food enough?
Sweet bread, and purest milk, and tenderest care?
Did ye not long your father's home to see,
That emerald isle, the jewel of the world?
And now, when every moment brings us near
To proud Dungannon's cliffs, and green Kinsale,
Why are ye there, so pale, with close-shut eyes?
The poor old grandmother, upon her crutch,
Will from the shieling haste to welcome ye—
And I—what shall I say? With empty arms
I'll stand before her, weeping. Oh! my boy!
Why did ye die and leave me?"

Thus she mourn'd,
While but the mocking billows answer'd her.
Yet on the morrow, when the morn was high,
Up from the steerage came a slow-pac'd train,
And on a plank that thro' the port-hole pass'd
Laid the dead child. Then, with a sudden plunge
He went, uncoffin'd, to his wat'ry grave,
Without one hallow'd breath of prayer, or hymn,
To bless the obsequies.

As day roll'd on,
I saw the mother, with red, swollen eyes,
Intent, as usual, on her humble tasks,
Seething the pottage for her husband's meal,
Or with her cronies chatting. And I felt
That Hand was merciful, which still'd so soon
The storm of wild emotion, and drew back
The bitter waters from the human heart,
Lest it should drop its burdens ere the time,
And sink, in sad despair.

But yet, how sad
Is death upon the sea! One, at your side,
Faints in his narrow cabin, and is gone.
To-day, you greet the fellow-voyager
With kindly words:—to-morrow stretch your hand,
And touch his vacant pillow. He hath found
A couch on ocean's floor.

Death smiles on land
In broader space. We turn us from his wreck,
To field, or forest, or embroider'd vale,
'Scaping his shafts awhile, and finding still
A footing firm. But in the tossing ship
He presseth to your side. You feel the wind
Chill on your bosom, from his sable wings.
He seems to do his work without a veil,
Well-pleas'd that but a single inch of plank
Divides the living, and the laughing ones,
From his throng'd empire in the unfathom'd deep.

THE WRONGS OF WOMAN.

BY E. W. CHESTER.

The Wrongs of Woman, by CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. Third edition. M. W. DODD, New York. 2 vols. 16mo., pp. 141 and 144.

OF productive soil, physical power, and mechanical skill, there is enough on this earth to feed and clothe, and furnish with all the needful comforts of life, a population double its present number. For sixty years invention has been prolific in rendering the elements the slave of man. Air, earth, fire and water, have been made to do his bidding. In the teeth of wind and tide the steamer ploughs the ocean. From the raw material the finished fabric is brought forth with scarcely more of human labor and care than was formerly demanded in the superintendence of the actual operatives. And every year adds to the effectiveness of machinery, and lessens the demand for human labor. Skill, in the culture of the soil, is doubling its productive power. Wherever the eye turns—whatever article of necessity or luxury it seeks, there is a superabundance—of money, of the fruits of the earth, of the products of the factory and of the workshop: of everything needful for sustenance, clothing, and the gratification of taste, the markets of the world are over-stocked. Why, then, do poverty and hunger and nakedness exist in the world?

In a scarcity of the necessaries of life, we naturally expect that more than a needful portion will fall to the share of the rich, and consequently the poor must be reduced to distressing want. But in the present situation of the world the poor may be fully fed, and comfortably clothed and lodged, and yet enough be left to meet all the demands of the luxurious. But if hunger and nakedness still exist among those of whom incessant toil is exacted, what to them is all this large abundance? What are they benefited by the increased productions of the earth, and by all the improvements in labor-saving machinery? The steam engine—the spinning jenny—the power-loom, saving the labor of thousands and millions of hands, lighten not their toil, and afford no melioration of their condition

Yet from the best evidence it does not seem that the laboring classes have been entirely deprived of all benefit from the invention and introduction of labor-saving machinery. We have that great work-shop, England, now in our eye. In many of the establishments wages have risen within the last half century, and the cost of living, particularly in relation to clothing, has diminished. The wages of the operatives is such, as to afford not only the comforts of life, but means of accumulation. Where the proprietors have interested themselves in the moral improvement and social condition of their workmen, the most salutary results have been produced. Experience has proved to them that benevolence thus exercised, so far from being expensive, has been gainful. The measures adopted to secure comfortable and healthy habitations, cleanliness of person, and neatness in the dwellings—to guard against the temptations of the public houses, by ceasing to pay their workmen at such houses—the enforcing a strict adherance to temperance, taking pains to secure to the families of workmen the benefit of their earnings—the encouragement of Sunday and day schools for children, and of a regular attendance on church;—all these have been tried, and have produced a rich return in a total change of character in whole villages. Without a dollar of actual loss, the capitalist has secured to his mills more regular, healthy, attentive and efficient operatives. Experiments of this kind have been attended with remarkable success, and have brought to liberal and right-minded proprietors a double reward—the gratification ever attending the consciousness of having benefited others, and an increased profit from their business.

But in many branches of manufactures, everything which could elevate or humanize the employed, has been utterly disregarded. Avarice has been too blind to the comforts of others to see its own true interests. Men seem to harden themselves against their fellows, as if they would coin their own hearts, and put them into their coffers. They spare no pains to perfect and keep in order their machinery, but have no care for those who keep it in motion, except to pay them the smallest wages for their actual earnings

So far as men are concerned, the prevailing fault in English manufactories seems not generally to be inadequate wages, but an utter want

of that attention and influence which they could so advantageously exert for the welfare of their operatives. But with women and children another evil is added to this—the extremely stinted allowance for their labor. It is the condition of these which our authoress portrays in vivid colors, and with heart-sickening effect.

That the laborious occupations by which subsistence is procured properly devolve on men, is indicated, not only by the physical structure of the sexes, but by the sentence pronounced on our first parents. Against each of the three offending parties was a peculiar punishment denounced. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground," was the decree against the man, while the woman was subjected to a different punishment. Yet it would seem, from the account given by our authoress, that in some of the manufacturing establishments, requiring labor to which men are better fitted—employments of a nature and under circumstances utterly unfit for females, yet women are alone employed as operatives, while their husbands, without any appropriate or productive, business, are left to take care of the household, and to all that idleness and viciousness of life to which the want of steady and suitable labor subjects them. The hard earnings of the wife are consumed by the husband in the public house—the children are neglected—cleanliness and order are unknown in the dwelling—all those duties which demand the constant care of a wife and mother are disregarded. Who is to blame for the squalidness, vicious habits, moral degradation and physical distress which this state of things produces? The wife? the husband? the children? Who will say this? The employer, the capitalist, who breaks up the family, and reverses the order of nature and Providence? It is not for him to object to evils of which he is the efficient and guilty cause.

The book before us is by an authoress who has obtained something of celebrity by her writings, mostly adapted to children and youth. It consists of separate tales, in which, by the introduction of fictitious characters, it is her aim to give us vivid descriptions of the evils to which women and children are subjected in certain employments in England. We can scarcely resist the conviction that some of these are more highly colored than facts will warrant, and yet she presents us well authenticated reports, made by duly constituted committees and others, which, though but unadorned narratives of fact, fall little short of the pictures she has drawn.

The first tale is of two young women, or rather girls, going from the country to London to learn the millinery trade. They enter the city with all the freshness of country health, and the buoyancy of youthful spirits. One knowing already something of the business is apprenticed in a fashionable establishment for three years, and a fee of thirty pounds paid by the father to the mistress of the establishment, in consideration of which and of her services, she is to be taught the whole art and mystery of the business. The younger sister, with a larger fee, is apprenticed in another place for five years. In the second year Ann returns to the country far gone with consumption, and is soon borne to the grave. Her younger sister, driven by the conduct of her mistress into the haunts of vice, soon ends her unhappy career in a prison. And if treatment like that depicted by our authoress is the lot of young females in these workshops of fashion, these results are the natural—the almost unavoidable consequences.

The apprentices are represented as working, during the seasons of *fashion-changing*, from six o'clock in the morning, in a close room, till two o'clock the next morning, with no intervals, except ten or fifteen minutes for breakfast, fifteen minutes for dinner, and ten for tea. At two o'clock in the morning the order is issued to clear away, which together with supper occupies some three quarters of an hour, leaving the poor girls not more than three hours for sleep. This press continues for weeks. Can such a representation be true to the life? It seems to us impossible that the human constitution should endure this violence for half a month. Avarice cannot but disappoint its own ends in thus overtasking either human or brute beings. The power of effective exertion is destroyed by such a continued demand. There is a limit beyond which physical strength cannot be carried, either in active effort or patient endurance. Twelve hours of labor will accomplish more, with the frame fresh and vigorous, than twenty hours, with all its active energies prostrated by want of rest and such unremitted toil. We confess that we read this description with incredulity. Yet strange, unnatural and inhuman as this treatment of young females by those of their own sex is, we find it corroborated by reports of a commission issued to inquire into these abuses. Our authoress, in quoting from these reports, says:

"It has been shown in evidence that during the two 'seasons' in town (April to August,

and October to Christmas), 'it is not uncommon to begin at six, and even at five, A. M., and to go on till two or three in the morning: sometimes from four A. M. to twelve at night. Some witnesses who were in a position freely to state the facts, mention that they have for three months successively worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four.' . . . 'It is the common practice, on particular occasions, such as drawing rooms, wedding or mourning orders, for the work to be continued all night. One witness worked continually, without going to bed, from four o'clock on Thursday morning to half past ten on Sunday morning.'

"That, 'during the season, no fixed time is allowed for meals; the general statement of the witnesses is, that about ten minutes are allowed for breakfast, fifteen or twenty minutes for dinner, fifteen minutes or less for tea, and the same for supper, if that meal is not deferred, which is more usual, till the work is over: even if that be eleven or twelve o'clock. Cold mutton, salt beef, and hard puddings are frequently the only food provided for dinner.'"

The utter want of all feeling, the engrossing regard for gain deadening every sentiment of humanity, making woman the scourge of all within her power, is depicted in the tale in colors which we would fain believe exist only in an overwrought fancy; but if woman can impose tasks, and at the same time deprive of food and rest, to the extent which the proofs adduced indicate, we are prepared to believe her capable of any savageness of temper and violence of language that can be imputed to her.

The next tale is of a tenant on a patch of land, who, from the desire of a wealthy proprietor to get rid of all his small tenants, is driven with his wife and children to seek employment in a manufacturing village. They go to a screw manufactory. Here the principle is to employ only women, though the work is better suited to men, because women can be employed at less wages, and, to get bread for their children, will bear oppression, and labor with a perseverance which the more rebellious spirit of men will not endure. Poor Smith tries in vain to find some employment, which will enable him to provide for his family, and leave his wife to her appropriate duties of taking care of the house and the children. He is willing to labor at the same wages which his wife would command, but no—women and only women can have a place as workers in the establishment. Every effort to earn a loaf of bread by the husband is abortive, and want finally compels the wife to place herself amidst the machinery, and what is worse, amidst coarseness and ribaldry, to which she had, even in her deepest poverty, till now, been a stranger. The husband is left to take care of the children and of the domestic concerns. He chafes at the wrong done to himself and to his wife—feels himself degraded by her being subjected to a masculine and himself to a feminine employment—with the idle husbands around him he becomes a frequenter of the public house—his heart grows callous—comfort and the decencies of life are banished from his cottage—the children dirty, ragged and uncared for, beyond the attention which the mother can give them when returning late and worn down with the toil of the day, are left to gather into their hearts all the vicious principles which degraded companionship can generate. A few years, and Mrs. Smith goes down to the grave, the victim of selfish and heartless avarice. This is murder, outright murder, and the guilt of the culprit capitalist might well put the bloody highwayman to the blush, and yet it is committed under the protection of the law; and the wealth thus acquired is a passport to respectable society, instead of dooming the offender to merited obloquy.

Gladly would we believe that no such wrongs are committed on woman in our "father land" as are thus depicted in the tale well entitled "THE FORSAKEN HOME." But here again, the writer, to cut off the hope that incredulity would offer, has appended proofs which deepen the reader's sadness of heart, or nerve it with a stronger indignation.

These tales, with the corroborating proofs, make up the first volume. The second contains the "THE LITTLE PIN HEADERS," and "THE LACE RUNNERS." We would willingly give the reader a sketch of these, but our heart has sickened while reading, and we have not the nerve to make out an analysis. More than once have we cast down the book, tortured with the details of wrongs to which human beings,—women in their feebleness, and children in their infancy,—are subjected, to increase the wealth of the avaricious and to minister to the pride of the fashionable. But close our eyes and steel our hearts as we may, the proofs stand in dreadful corroboration of the tale of fiction.

We cannot criticise this work; we know nothing about its style. Our only anxiety as we read is, to escape the conviction of verities so painful.

There is, however, hope in the circumstance, that within a few years past parliament has un-

dertaken to deal with the sordid cupidity of employers: commissions have been established, and have investigated, to some extent, these evils, and have made the facts public: there has been legislation too, forbidding the employment of children under a certain age in manufacturing establishments, and restricting the hours of labor. To what extent this has gone, and what has been the effect, we are not accurately informed. By the ingenuity of one of our own countrymen, the business of pin-making has undergone a change, and we presume the employment of "the little pin-headers" has ceased.

But England must go further, and effectually root out these evils. If, in this great workshop of nations, the eagerness of gain shall rush on, regardless alike of physical distress and the moral culture of the masses, the period is not distant when a terrific volcano will burst forth, engulfing in its burning lava the institutions and wealth of the kingdom. The strength of her government,—her army and police,—will be but stubble before a vicious and maddened populace awakened to fury by a sense of wrong and of deprivation amidst abounding plenty. It is worse than idle to expect that the laboring classes in any country will toil on, generation after generation, in creating wealth for others, while not allowed the comforts of life out of the superabundance about them. An end must come to such things. The safety of the nation depends on preserving the family in its proper state—on the moral culture of those who are coming forward to active life—on well ordered communities, and on a comfortable subsistence as the reward of reasonable but not overtasked industry.

Before leaving this subject, we must be permitted to make a remark in relation to our own country. It is true that our large manufacturing establishments afford to their operatives a liberal reward, and the moral virtues are cultivated with praiseworthy care: but in some of our large cities evils and want exist sickening to the heart of the philanthropist. It is not seldom that a mother finds herself cast on the resources of her own industry to support herself and helpless children. An avarice as heartless lives unshamed in New York as in any foreign land. It is but a day or two since, that one of the visitors of the benevolent society for the relief of the poor, found a woman, evidently well raised, struggling to support herself and three or four small children. She had pawned, to procure bread, every article from her wardrobe that decency could part with. She was compelled to pay for her room one dollar per week. Her only resource was her needle, and she was employed in making boys' shirts for some dealer "down town." By great efforts she could make two shirts a day. When carried to her employer, every seam was critically examined, to see that no slight was in any part of her work, and the *benevolent* man seemed anxious to discover something with which to find fault. And what think you, kind reader, was the compensation awarded to this struggling mother? Six and one fourth cents per shirt! Twelve and a half cents for a hard day's work of a woman finding her own room, fire, lights and food! This is but a common instance in this city of the niggardly compensation afforded to woman for her severe labor. And yet in this republican city—this Christian city—some foreign dancer, for exhibiting her limbs and for her shameless antics on the stage, is rewarded with thousands on thousands.

Is it strange that multitudes crowd the courts of infamy, when virtuous industry is thus starved, and wealth and laurels are heaped on the panders to a vicious taste?

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

The celebrated Charles James Fox, or Charles Fox, as he was familiarly called, was born January 24th, 1749. He was the second son of Henry Fox, who was early in Parliament, and one of the best speakers of the day; who, in 1754, was made secretary of war, and afterward paymaster-general of the forces, in which office he accumulated immense wealth, though at the expense of the opprobrious appellation of "Public defaulter of uncounted millions;" finally, he was elevated to the peerage, with the title of Baron Holland, of Foxley. Charles, who was his favorite son, received from the maternal side the blood of two royal lines—his mother being

allied to the two rival houses of Stuart and Brunswick. The father early saw in this son the germ of future greatness, and took unbounded pains to foster and bring out his intellectual powers; and especially to fit him for a successful career in parliament, for which he was early intended. When Charles was a mere boy, the father was in the habit of conversing with him as if he were a man, and used to consult with him upon public affairs. At table the lad was permitted and even encouraged to enter freely into the conversation of men, that he might early form the habit of thinking with freedom, and speaking with readiness and propriety.

The grand principle upon which Lord Holland conducted the education of his children, was to *follow and regulate*, but not *restrain*, nature; he employed no authority, exacted no obedience, cultivated no *sentiments*, and appealed to no *motives* of fear. This principle was carried to its utmost extreme in his treatment of his favorite son, some instances of which, and of a most preposterous character, are authentically given. One day, as the father was winding a watch, his son, who was standing by him, said, "I have a great mind to break that watch, papa." "No, Charles, that would be foolish." "Indeed, papa," said he, "I must do it." "Nay," answered the father, "if you have such a violent inclination, I won't baulk it." Whereupon he delivered the watch into the hands of the youngster, who instantly dashed it against the floor.

Another time his father, wnile secretary at war, having finished a long despatch which he was going to send, Charles, who stood by with his hand on the inkstand, said, "Papa, I have a mind to throw this ink over the paper." "Do, my dear," said the father, "if it will give you any pleasure." The young gentleman immediately threw on the ink, and the secretary went to work very submissively to re-write the document.

Another instance is given of still greater insolence. The father, in the midst of the war, had made out a number of important expresses, and while attentively looking them over before sending them away, Charles, then about nine years old, came into the study, and taking up one of the packets, he perused it with much seeming attention for a time, then expressed his disapprobation of its contents, and deliberately thrust it into the fire. Unruffled at this incident and forbearing any reprimand, his father quietly set himself to the labor of making out another copy. It is no wonder that the preposterous principle the father adopted so soon brought such results. It is rather a wonder that the entire character and prospects of the man were not totally ruined—that anything amiable or even tolerable was left.

There seems to have been not only no restraint upon the *will* of the young man, but none upon the *passions*. These he was allowed to indulge freely, and the means for their indulgence was readily furnished. When at the age of fourteen, he accompanied his father to the continent, and stopped for a season at a place of fashionable resort, Lord Holland gave his son five guineas a night to be spent in games of hazard.

It is well known that Mr. Fox grew up a scholar, a man of genius, and that he became one of the most distinguished orators that ever appeared in the British parliament. Yet he was a man of pleasure, exhibiting great vices of character, and monstrous irregularities of conduct. His father is said to have paid £100,000 to feed the extravagances and discharge the debts of his minority. The passion for gambling thus early formed, became uncontrollable, and in the indulgence of it, he soon squandered all the property he inherited, which was indeed a vast fortune. How melancholy, that such splendid powers should be found in connection with such grovelling vices! Yet this is the legitimate result of that wretched principle, *free, unchecked indulgence*. "His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not;" and hence they became still viler. Such was Eli's error, and such has been the error of multitudes since.

There must be *authority and restraint in the education of children*. Nature is wrong, and it will not do to foster and follow it. The heart is depraved, the will perverse; to fall in with them is to encourage the child in his way to death. It is necessary at times to adopt decisive and rigid measures. The mere declaration of preference, "I would rather you would not do so, my children," is often idle, and will de despised. What can it avail against the whirlwind of passion and the stubbornness of self-will? A mere straw to stop the tumbling of an avalanche. It is kind to adopt a decisive course. A high authority declares—"He that spareth the rod *hateth* his son, but he that *loveth* him, chasteneth him betimes." Had a portion of the wisdom which is from above been allowed to come in and direct the education of Charles Fox, the result doubtless would have been a totally opposite character. The father thought that this discipline which the Bible enjoins was too

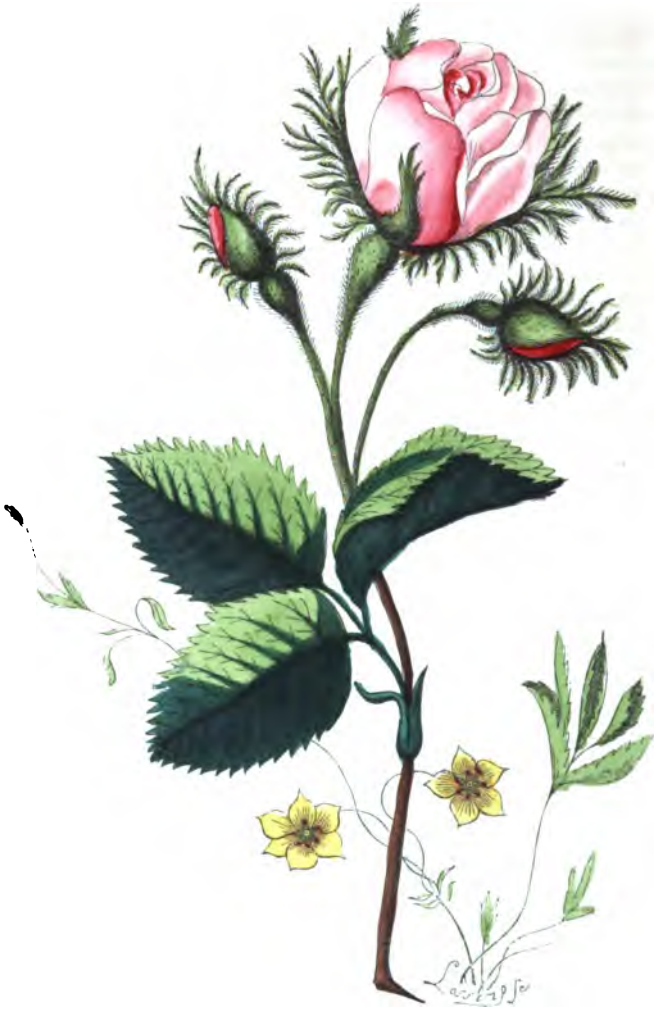
austere—even wrong in principle. Hence he would allow him neither to be contradicted nor punished. "Let nothing be done to break his spirit; the world will effect that business soon enough." That spirit was not broken; that heart was not contrite; that will was not subdued. Perhaps it would have bowed to the *Divine* authority had it been accustomed to the *domestic* authority.

It is obvious that *nothing can take the place of true religion in the heart of the parent.* Everything else is uncertain—unsafe. Mere worldly wisdom, in its highest and best state, often fails; it may lead to the most fatal mistakes. Nothing but religion in the parent can bring down that wisdom which is from above, and which is profitable to direct; nothing but this will ensure a steady and tender faithfulness; nothing but this will keep before the mind the great and true end of the training. The mere worldly parent has a low end—he educates for this life only; the religious parent educates for the future and eternal state, and by so doing, secures the well-being of both worlds, upon the principle that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," whilst the mere worldly parent often loses the interests of both worlds from the lowness and sordidness of his aim. Had Fox been trained for heaven, he probably would have been a Wilberforce on earth.

How important, then, is *right training, even with reference to the present world,* to the influence to be exerted, the good to be done here! What manner of child this will be, the parent may not certainly know. But the parent does know the child will do good or evil—will be in his sphere a fountain of life or death. There may be a tongue there which will speak with the eloquence of a Fox or a Pitt—a mind beneath, which will be felt all over the globe, and to the last day of time. If the child shall be very much what the parent under God makes it, who can estimate the parent's responsibility? or who estimate the parent's reward, if he sends forth from his hearth faithful laborers into the vineyard of the Lord,—benefactors to bless the world?

The parent is exceedingly unwise who seeks great things for his children; because the great things are of little worth, they soon pass away. Mere worldly distinction and display, what a bubble! Then they endanger the soul. If the great things are sought, the good will be neglected. It is far better to adopt Christ's order, and seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Let the parent be satisfied. Let him rejoice when these are obtained for his children. There can be no better wreath, no higher distinction. Greatness without goodness is rather to be deprecated than desired.

One other reflection enforces itself, namely, *how sad is the end of a life of mere honor and pleasure!* How dreadful the fall of those who plunge from the pinnacle of earthly distinction to the infamy of an eternal death! How dark the death-scene without religion! Says Wilberforce in his journal, referring to Fox on his death-bed—"Poor fellow, how melancholy his case! He has not one religious friend, or one who knows anything about it. How wonderful God's providences! How poor a master the world! He no sooner grasps his long-sought object than it shows itself a bubble, and he is forced to give it up. Subsequently he adds: "So poor Fox is gone at last. I am more affected by it than I thought I should be. How speedily has he followed his great rival!" This was in June, 1806. Pitt died only the February before, and he died of a broken heart. Though at the summit of human power and greatness, a favorite on the whole of king and people, he died of a broken heart. His last words were—"Oh, my country!" Truly, "*how poor a master is the world!*" How different the end of the Christian, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"



Rosa Centifolia.

try seats, and so elevated as to command a fine view of the opposite county of Dutchess. Passing a substantial mansion, I observed car-

It was easy to learn from the first whom I addressed, that a young man, the son of parents now advanced in life, was to be buried. The

THE ROSE.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

[See Engraving.]

Of all the flowers with which a kind Providence has decked the earth, the rose is perhaps the most beautiful, and certainly none is so much admired. The genus to which it belongs in botany is called *Rosa*, and it embraces a great number of species, most of which are indigenous only on the eastern continent. Under these species, there are not less than two thousand varieties; and as varieties in plants are the result mainly of cultivation, the number is increasing. It is stated in the Encyclopedia Americana, on what authority we are not informed, that there are not above half a dozen species of the rose in the United States. The statement is incorrect. Modern botanists have enumerated some eighteen species, and ten of these we have seen. The most attractive of this number are the eglantine or sweet brier, in botany *Rosa rubiginosa*, and the wild rose, or *Rosa parviflora*. There is also a beautiful species found only in the southern States, called the Cherokee rose, or *Rosa variegata*. The swamp rose, which sometimes grows to the height of six feet, is a very common species in the northern States.

The engraving in the Magazine represents a variety of the *Rosa centifolia*. It is generally known by the name of the Moss Rose. The *centifolia* is a native of Asia, but was imported into Europe at a very early period, and it now embraces more than a hundred varieties, of which the moss rose is perhaps most generally admired. It has ever been an emblem of pure happiness, and thus represents true religion, from which alone joy and peace flow as a river. A distinguished poet, with a happy allusion to the emblem, has thus sung of this beautiful flower:

"Oh, I love the sweet blooming, the pretty moss rose;
'Tis the type of true pleasure and perfected joy;
Oh, I envy each insect that dares to repose
'Mid its leaves, or among its soft beauties to toy.

"I love the sweet lily, so pure and so pale,
With a bosom as fair as the new-fallen snows;
Her luxuriant odors she spreads through the vale—
Yet e'en she must yield to my pretty moss rose.

"Oh, I love the gay heart's-ease, and violet blue,
The sun-flower, and blue-bell, each flowret that blows,
The fir tree, the pine tree, acacia, and yew—
Yet must they all yield to my pretty moss rose.

"Yes, I love my moss rose, for it ne'er had a thorn;
'Tis a type of life's pleasures, unmixed with its woes;
'Tis more gay and more bright than the opening morn—
Yes, all things must yield to my pretty moss rose."

ACROSS THE RIVER.

"One family,—we dwell in him;
One church,—above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

"One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

About six years ago I was travelling on the borders of the Hudson, and on the most beautiful portion of that noble stream, where its waters seem to rest against the highlands of Fishkill and form the Newburgh Bay. I was riding on the western shore, dotted with elegant country seats, and so elevated as to command a fine view of the opposite county of Dutchess. Passing a substantial mansion, I observed carriages standing around the entrance, and a hearse that plainly indicated the occasion of the gathering. It was something more than curiosity, it was the dictate of natural sympathy, that induced me to stop and mingle with the multitude.

It was easy to learn from the first whom I addressed, that a young man, the son of parents now advanced in life, was to be buried. The

clergyman in attendance was just closing his remarks when I stopped at the door, and after a short but eloquent pause in the services, for silence is always eloquent in the house of mourning, the afflicted father rose, and overcoming the emotion with which he struggled, spoke a few words to the friends that surrounded him. It was unusual, to me altogether singular, for a parent thus to obtrude his grief upon the ear of the multitude, and the effect was therefore, on my mind, unfavorable; but a moment dispelled the feeling, as he spoke, not of his sorrows, but of the consolation which a kind Providence had mingled with the bitterness of his grief. He had a family of sons growing up around him, and, said he, "a few months ago one of them removed to the other side of the river, and resides on the shore in view of the spot where we are assembled. And now I find that my thoughts are over there far more frequently than they were before. I had friends there whom I loved, and I had an interest in the people, but *I had no son there;* but since that child has been a resident beyond the river, my heart is there often and loves to be there. So it has been with me during the few days that have passed since this other son crossed the river of death and, as I trust, has entered into heaven. My thoughts are often there now. True, I had friends there before, a Father there; but I had no child. Now I have an interest in heaven, such as I never felt till one of my own children went there to live!"

It was a sweet thought. As I left the door and walked down the avenue, I looked across the water, and the fields in the freshness of opening spring were smiling in the rays of the declining sun, and it struck me that *that* must be a pleasant land in which to live, and a pleasant spot for a father to look upon as the dwelling-place of his son. And then it was natural, after what I had heard, to say:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between."

The attractions of heaven! Who, that has ever read, can forget the beauty of those conceptions with which the mind of Dr. Nevins was filled after his wife was taken to glory? We thought his mind was much on heaven before. He often spoke of it and wrote of it; but when one whom he loved so tenderly was introduced into its society, he thought there were attractions in heaven of which he had no previous comprehension. He had *such* an interest in it as he had not felt till then.

The husband of Wilberforce's sister, in a letter to that great and good man, years after her decease, speaks of the return of the day on which she entered heaven as a day of peculiar joy to the spirits that welcomed her to their bright company. He seemed to think that heaven must be a happier place for angels since one so lovely had joined them; certainly *he* loved heaven more, and so must they.

But there was something in the thought of the bereaved father that had touched my heart, and made an impression not soon to be effaced. It was a similar thought that the Saviour gave to his disciples when he said, "I go to prepare a place for you, that *where I am* there ye may be also." The thought of re-union should comfort them while asunder, and the fact that Jesus was in heaven should be its chief attraction. So to every believer the presence of Christ is the crowning glory of heaven, and not the least of its anticipated joys is the meeting of those who have gone before.

"Oh, talk to me of heaven! I love
To hear about my home above;
For there doth many a loved one dwell,
In light and joy ineffable."

And though it is not to me a matter of the least importance whether or not in that better world the friendships of earth will be renewed in the purity of holiness and the strength of immortality, yet it is a source of well-founded hope that love is the native element of heaven, and that attachments formed or reformed there will never be dissolved.

"There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere."

So when the fond parent commits to the dust the ashes of a beloved child, he follows, by faith, his spirit ascending to the innumerable company of the redeemed; he enters with him into the enjoyments of angels and saints; he becomes more familiar with the delights of heaven; in the midst of his daily cares, and especially when the calmness of evening settles on his dwelling, his heart wanders from earth and is at home with his child in glory. The parent is thus drawn upward, and the ties that fastened him to earth are weakened. He finds it good to be afflicted, and while one he loves so tenderly is there, he is ready to sing—

"Oh weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonesome grave,
As breezes sweep the withered grass
Along the restless wave:
For though thy pleasures may depart,
And darksome days be given,
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet bliss awaits the holy heart
When friends rejoin in heaven."

GENEVA.

BY REV. ROBERT BAIRD.

THE view of Geneva and the country surrounding it, obtained from the summit of one of the neighboring mountains, is of surpassing beauty. The fertile plain, cultivated in every part, and crossed by the winding Rhone, with that beautiful expanse of water, which poets have sung and philosophers praised, and the distant towns and villages with which those fields and the shores of that lake are studded,—are contrasted with the magnificence of the huge Alps, which appear like heavy clouds behind, with their peaks, their glaciers, and, highest of all, the snow-clad Mont Blanc.

The city of Geneva is situated in the midst of the valley which is bounded on one side by the regular range of the Juras, and on the other by the Alps. It stands at one end of Lake Leman, and is traversed by the Rhone. It is of very ancient history, being mentioned by Cæsar in his commentaries, as "the extreme city of the Allobroges, and the nearest to the Helvetian territory." Throughout the middle ages, it was generally an Imperial city, forming part of the Germanic Empire; but, at the epoch of the Reformation, it was a free town. It was more than once besieged by the Duke of Savoy, but was rescued by the Bernese, who sent their forces to aid it. As the refuge of Protestants from France, and other countries, and the centre of the French Reformation, it has since become so famous as to receive the title of "Protestant Rome." It preserved its independence, though its territory was restricted to the city itself, till the year 1798, when it was annexed, together with a great part of Switzerland, to France. By the treaty of Vienna, in 1814, a small territory surrounding it, partly French and partly Savoyard, was given to it, and it was joined to the Confederation of Switzerland, of which it till then had formed no part, under the name of the City and Canton of Geneva. Its government, of republican form, is composed principally of two Councils, the greater and smaller. It has recently undergone some slight revolutions, and its constitution has been remodeled. The arms of the city represent the half of an eagle, with a key, and this inscription: "Post tenebras lux;" (after darkness, light.)

By the augmentation of its territory, a great number of Roman Catholics were added to its population; and, of the 60,000 which the Canton and City now contain, about 36,000 are Protestants, and 24,000 Catholics.* The religion of the State is nominally Protestant; but it has degenerated from the doctrines bequeathed to it by Calvin, Tarel, and other Reformers, into Socinianism. There are, however, several faithful pastors connected with the state; but it is to the dissenting Church of Geneva that such men as Merle d'Aubigné, Gaussen, Malan, and other distinguished theologians belong.

Geneva is situated on both sides of the Rhone, just where it issues from the Lake Leman, as well as on an island in that river. On one side it is bordered by the Lake; and the others are surrounded by double ramparts and ditches, which have been converted into beautiful promenades and gardens. The most wealthy and populous part of the city is on the southern side. There, on the brow of a hill, stands the fine old Cathedral, in which Calvin preached; and there part of his pulpit is still preserved. The dwelling of this great Reformer is still pointed out; but his grave is unknown and undistinguished, in the cemetery.

The city possesses, among other interesting buildings, an excellent public library, containing, with a great number of rare books, an invaluable collection of ancient manuscripts. There are many volumes of manuscripts and autographs of the great Reformers. The Gallery of Paintings is very interesting and precious; in it may be found many masterpieces of the Genevese artists, some of whom are quite distinguished. The Botanical Gardens are extensive, and were laid out under the supervision of celebrated botanists.

The environs of Geneva have become celebrated as the retreats of some of the greatest writers, philosophers and naturalists, that Europe has produced. The names of Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, Necker, De Stael, Byron, De Saussure, De Candolles, Sismondi, and others, have rendered famous the villas and villages which are seen on every side. One of the most celebrated of these, the Chateau of Voltaire, at Ferney, is worthy of some notice.

The village of Ferney is situated at about three miles from the gate of Geneva, on the side

* By far the greater part of the Catholics are in the Canton, not in the City proper, which contains but one Catholic church.

towards France. In the midst of a fine garden, with a magnificent prospect of the whole country surrounding it, stands the dwelling of Voltaire. Two rooms are still preserved as he left them: his parlor and bedroom. The despicable vanity of this great but corrupt man is displayed in a miserable painting, hung over the door of his bedroom, and which was executed by his orders It depicts him as presented by Henry IV. to Apollo, who places a crown upon his head; fame is sounding his praises abroad, and demons are tormenting his enemies. His bedroom contains this inscription, written in large letters on the wall: "His heart is here, but his spirit is everywhere!"

The authoress of "Corinne,"—Madame de Stael, resided on the bank of the Lake; her grave is pointed out in the beautiful garden surrounding her chateau. The widow of one of her sons, the late Baron de Stael, occupies it at present. On the brow of a hill on the south side of the Lake, and about a mile from the city, is seen the Villa Diodati, Lord Byron's home; the scenery surrounding which he has described with the peculiar beauty of his verse.

The society of Geneva is very delightful; for the Genevese usually display all the frankness of the Swiss, and the vivacity of the French character; commonly mingled with a little national vanity, peculiar to themselves, and certainly very pardonable. Education, among the lower classes, is pretty general; that is, with those who are of Genevese birth and extraction; for, from the great immigration of ignorant Savoyards into the city and territory, a large portion of the laboring classes of the population have not even had the most common instruction. The higher classes usually receive quite a thorough education. The Academy, or, as we should call it, the University of the city, is an excellent institution; and generally a young man is there taught not only the classics and various sciences, but one or more modern languages besides his native French.

But by far the most interesting institution in Geneva, to one who takes a deep interest in the progress of true religion, is the new Theological School, at the head of which stands the celebrated Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, the eloquent author of "The Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century." A brief notice of the circumstances which led to the opening of this School may not be unacceptable to our readers.

About the middle of the last century, a species of cold semi-Pelagian Christianity began to usurp the place of the glorious doctrines of the Reformation in the Church of Geneva—a legitimate fruit of its unhallowed alliance with the State. From that epoch till the end of that century, error gradually and steadily made progress, until, in the commencement of the present, the monstrous heresies of Arianism, Socinianism, and Rationalism, or Neology, became fully developed and established. So great and so universal was the declension from the truth that there was not, probably, one pastor in active service in the city or Canton, in the year 1817, who was sound in the faith. Great was the effect upon the spiritual interests of the Church, and upon the morals of the city, of this sad departure from the blessed doctrines of the Gospel.

In 1817, it pleased God to bring Cæsar Malan, and several other young men, to the knowledge of the truth. This was the commencement of the resuscitation of true religion which we now behold in that ancient city. Through the efforts of these men, two independent chapels were opened, one within the city (in the *Bourg-de-Four*), and one without (at the *Pré-l'Evêque*), in which the doctrines of pure and primitive Christianity were proclaimed; nor were they proclaimed in vain. Since that time it has pleased God to raise up a few faithful ministers in the National Church of Geneva, most of whom, such as Diodati, Duby, Barde, remain in it. One, however, of the most distinguished was expelled from it about fifteen years ago: this is the celebrated and excellent Dr. Gaussen. To his deposition, the new Theological School owes its existence; for upon its occurrence, some wealthy and pious laymen in that city, seeing no security for evangelical religion in the Established Church, resolved to found an Evangelical Society, for promoting the truth, upon the voluntary principle, both in their midst and vicinity, and also in France. This Society was formed in 1831. One of its first enterprises was the founding of a Theological Seminary. This was absolutely necessary, inasmuch as the men who sit in Calvin's seat in the Genevan Synagogue, have, each in his own way, departed from the faith that saves. The first two Professors who were appointed in this new Institution were Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, a native of that city, but who had been residing five or six years in Hamburg, and five or six at Brussels, whence the Belgian Revolution had driven him, and M. Gaussen, of whom we have just spoken. Almost at the same time, the late lamented Steiger, the friend and pupil of Tholuck, was appointed, in the department of Biblical literature. A few years ago, the Theological Faculty

of this Institution was strengthened by the addition of Messrs. La Harpe and Pilet. It is now composed of four able men, who fill, with distinguished zeal and talent, the departments of Theology, Ecclesiastical History, and Pastoral Care.

From small beginnings, this Theological School has attained very considerable importance. The present number of its students is about forty-five. It has already sent forth a number of excellent preachers, who are laboring mostly in France and Switzerland. The celebrated Haevernick, now a Professor in the University of Koenigsberg, Prussia, and who, it is supposed, will take the place of the late distinguished Gesenius, at Halle, was, for a while, a student in this Institution.

In conclusion, it may be said, that although the city, within the walls, owing to its streets being very narrow, and its very high houses (all built of stone), cannot be said to be very pleasant, especially the older parts of it, nothing can exceed the amenity of the environs. Innumerable villas and gardens are to be found on either side of the Rhone and Lake Leman. On this account, it is a place of resort, during the summer, to great numbers of strangers, of which the English form by far the majority.

By means of the three or four steamboats that ply on the lake, as well as by the "diligences" which run on the fine roads that border that beautiful sheet of water, delightful excursions may be daily made up to Coppet, Rolles, Lausanne, Vevay, and Villeneuve, at the head of the lake. Near the last-named place stands the celebrated Castle of Chillon, of which we may speak at another time.

NOVEL WRITERS AND PUBLISHERS.

BY M. M. BACKUS.

Christopher Martin Wieland wrote himself into a reputation by a novel, which he called Agathon: and although he christened it with so good-omened a title, and said many good things in the course of his production, he administered stimulus rather than catharticon to the sensuality of his readers. He interspersed his feeble denunciations of vice with such glowing descriptive tints of its alluring scenes, that his audience turned their steps forthwith to those theatres, whence lessons of virtue were supposed to be learned by gazing upon the unveiled deformities of sin. An anatomy of the character of the popular novels of our own day would be injurious in the same form, if the anatomy presented prominent beauties enough to counteract the more offensive portions of the skeleton. In this, however, the artist is as culpable as the subject of his pencil. Wieland wanted money for his pleasures, and money was ready for fascinating pictures of scenes, in which a voluptuary rejoiced to revel. Callow debauchees bought Agathon: that was to Wieland a substantial recompense. Reviewers praised its flippant wit, its brilliant fancy, and its endless variety: that was capital for future trade. With hard money in his purse-nettings, and a flood-tide popularity to bear him up, he might laugh to scorn the stereotyped dullness of moralists; and he lived without fear or favor of them all.

But Agathon has perished from the roll of readable novels: its place has been supplied with wit and fancy, and variety of a more piquant and seductive caste, in the presence of which even Agathon might blush for very shame. Novels have risen above the literary horizon, been put in circulation by moral men through a moral community, and introduced to our domestic circles—the very contact of which Wieland would have avoided as the plague. But such is the innate tendency of the novel—it is earthy, downwards, grovelling. The creatures of God, as all naturalists discover, strive to level upwards; and so manifestly is this design permeating the whole created system, that one monomaniac of natural science ventured to suggest that man was originally a shell-fish, and had passed through every stage of the animated creation, till he was finally developed into a man. But the creatures of man have a reverse tendency: they level downwards by essential gravity, and seek the lowest grades of organism. Already the novel has degenerated from its primitive purity, and become the lowest and vilest of the dregs of the intellectual creation. Its primitive purity! Nay, we tripped there:

for, although the true novel is of modern date, its first rude progenitor was an offspring of iniquity, and the impurities of the original blood are constantly appearing in the tetters and blotches upon the features of its legitimate children.

The Greeks made the first attempt at a novel; but their productions were flat, shabby, vulgar affairs, and the imagination can hardly conceive of more insipidly loathsome sentiments, than Daphnis and Chloe are made to entertain and utter of the passions and motives of the human heart. The Romans, thanks to their severe sobriety, were never guilty of an effort to cast their passions in a fictitious mould. Then came the Troubadours, thrumming amorous ditties under balconies by moonlight, and dancing attendance upon lovesick, enervated dames for their daily bread. In their hands they grasped all the materials of the novel, but few among them had the patience to write a volume, where a ballad of a dozen stanzas would secure the expected praise and douceur; and none had the self-denial to read a volume, when a few moments' audience to the notes of the guitar, and the flattery of a starving minnesinger was sufficient to satisfy the cravings of passion, and keep alive the formal glare and hollow hauteur of chivalry. From the Troubadours to the French school of Madame Scuderi, and the English school of Richardson, is but a single step: and though we are thus introduced to stiff and lifeless masses, we discover the same clay and the same corrupting ingredients. The English character divided the stream which thus re-appeared from its subterranean passages, into two channels, the one of which followed the course of history and the past, and the other that of domestic scenes and the present. Scott has his thousand imitators in the former, and Fielding his endless copyists in the latter. The French character is uniform only in the matter of ceaseless change; airy, frivolous, epigrammatic, and mock-heroic, the French novel skims the very uppermost stratum of society, just dipping the tips of its wings upon the stagnant and miasmatic surface. But we are outrunning our subject.

A novel, purely and legitimately such, baffles description. It borrows so much from poetry, history, and the actual of life, which is not its own, and borrows it only to corrupt, that a strict definition will fail to include all that may and does enter into its composition: and it is so diversified by national propensities and customs, that a loose definition would comprise every department of belles-lettres. Philosophy in Jean Paul, voluptuous sentimentalism and Spinosism in Göthe, and mesmerism in Jung; infidelity in Voltaire, superstitious deism in Rousseau, classical criticism and poetry in Madame de Staël, bagatelle in Balzac, and the Munchausenism of cut-throats in Sue; history in Scott, graceful villany in Bulwer, charitable sympathy in Dickens, with a pertness, as recent events have shown, full as effective for niggardly as for humane objects, not to carry the dissection through our own land, all unite, or may unite in the composition of the novel; but in addition to these admissible ingredients it has certain qualities, which are found to be its universal accompaniments. Upon the negative side, then, which may pass in review first, a novel must proscribe religion; and by religion we understand a garment of vital godliness, worth a man's wearing before his fellow creatures in honor of his Maker.

The religion of the Waverly novels—and we designedly take the best—is that of asceticism, intriguing in the cabinet, or pandering in the byways; of hypocrisy disgracing the Christian name with vices of every hue; or finally of passive, simple, good-for-nothing good-nature, which doles out a sentimental charity, that would be ridiculous for a sane man or woman to practise. The religion of a manly, well educated, well-directed, well-proportioned character—such an one as would honor its possessor—such an one as we may meet every day of our life—active, intelligent, planning, directing, and constituting the very nerve and sinew of society, is not discoverable upon Scott's pages. His devotional temperament has been proudly claimed upon the evidence of such casual lyrics as "The Day of Judgment;" but we have never discovered upon his pages any tokens of even charity for sincere religionists, and every one has certainly discovered symptoms of irreverence in the caricatures, which uniformly set off the peculiarities of the religious fervor of the Scotch. Did no better piety exist in the Highlands? Were there no nobler exemplifications of Christianity, even in a barbarous age, either north or south of the Tweed? Yes; but there was an insuperable objection to the admission of such personages upon the same stage with the fulsome, selfish, swaggering chivalry of the mediæval era. They were clothed with a character that would not amalgamate; it lacked flexibility to yield to caricature, and it lacked the propensities of the fool to be wheedled by the flimsy artifices of chivalrous and legitimatized villains: therefore, religion was proscrib-

ed without benefit of clergy, or at least forbidden to appear, except under a veil of diseased sentimentalism, to cover those brilliant colors which would cast a dimness over the tawdry nobility of semi-Quixotic character. We have selected the purest, and the best of modern novelists, and if such be the case with the chief, how is it with the retainers of the camp?

Again; the novel discards the useful and practical of life. It is a common mistake to attribute the success of some modern writers of fiction to felicitous limnings of domestic or vulgar scenes: it is the wit and oddity of exaggeration, that imparts to them animation and zest, which the art of the writer contrives to keep in that state of pendulous equilibrium between desire and gratification, most favorable to the securing of his own purposes.

Rejecting, then, these essential elements of our being, the novel universally builds up its sovereignty by appeals to the more grovelling and assailable passions of the heart. It makes overtures to vanity, mawkish or infuriate love, malignity, and our propensity to the marvellous; it decorates these passions with every variety of dress, but a natural one, colors them like anything but life, and presents them under every phase, but the one that is visible to common optics. Always in a tempest, and a flutter, straining, tugging, and bracing up the intellectual powers to some novel conceit, or some unheard-of coincidence and catastrophe, which may without inconvenience lack all the interest and probability of real life. To do this successfully the author must frequently consult the landscape he would delineate; associate with the characters, to whom he assigns the honors of heroes; eat the viands they eat, drink from the bowl they use in their libations, seek the haunts to which they are driven, taste the pleasures they exult in, and make himself one with the *dramatis personæ* of his subject. This has been done and is even now in process of repetition; and like the proverb "set a thief to catch a thief," you must make a villain to describe one. It requires no effort on the part of minds of a certain calibre and frame to pay that tribute of degradation and servitude for their capital. The roué, the enthusiast, and the fool are characters formed with remarkable facility; and the vast ocean of letters is constantly flinging to its surface bubbles and refuse enough to perpetuate the race. A little learning, a well practised wit, without study and without design, are all the qualifications requisite; the rest have a spontaneous growth, and strengthen into manhood with use and activity.

We need not at present diverge into a disquisition upon the proper uses of fiction; nor even point out the broad interval which separates the tales of Hannah More from the ordinary novel, and the fictions of Scott from the exaggerations of Sue. Their dissimilarity is too obvious to require such a modification of our statements, as will exempt the former from the ban, under which the latter justly fall. The entire object is dissimilar, the minor plots have another aim, and the spirit of the language and sentiment is as different as the upper air from the exhalation of a marsh. The legitimate modern novel is a moral distortion: an arbitrary concatenation of busy, exciting scenes, adjusted by the rules of plot and complot, to inebriate the baser passions, and keep up a delirium of empty excitement. It is like dainty viands, destined to gratify an animal appetite, and to 'perish with the usage:' to be devoured with the voracity of a gourmand and to be remembered only for the qualms, which the revulsion of the surfeit causes, and exacts as the penalty of an abused economy. The scenes which promise fairest to whet and gratify this artificial excitement, are those, in which common sense and common life have the least to do: the plots which perform the most service are those in which few men are witlings enough to be accomplices; the objects which interest most are those on which no man would throw away his hours either out of friendship or self-love. A genuine modern novel is a species of intellectual distillery, hot with fermentation and decomposition: it lives upon the disorder it creates: it fattens on the intellectual poverty of those, who draw nigh unto its intoxicating cup. The strongholds of fiction upon its devotees are the ulcers it engenders upon the literary stomach: and the potence of its sway is exemplified in the delirium tremens with which it hurries many of its votaries into an immature grave. This is no exaggeration. Göthe's Werther, and Ottilie, can count their converts and disciples in suicides; and suicides, too, among the noble, the learned, and the affluent in life. And if fiction can bring such strong delusion over man that the spirit can be nerved by its influence to the last reckless act of cowardice and high crime, we need not stay to question its power in alluring men to the minor peccadillos, which fill up the picture of human infamy.

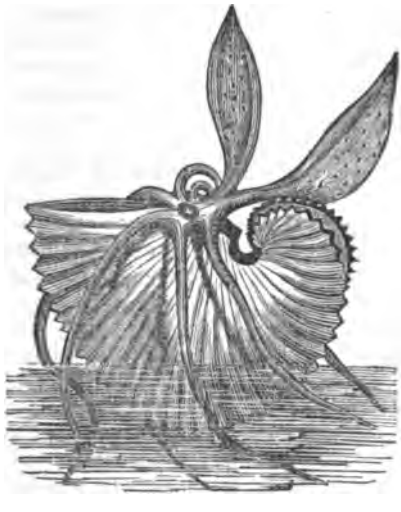
The habitual use of the stimulus of fiction is

always enervating to the intellect, as that of alcohol is to the physical system. It operates to gradually contract the mental powers within a certain field of exercise, and divest them of that vigor and strength, which are requisite for the acquisition and enjoyment of valuable knowledge. A propensity to novel reading is a state of intellectual debility and megrim. It is dissipating, also, to the moral principles and character, introducing confusion into any system of ethics, and discrepancies into any course of conduct. It blunts the sensibilities, and deceives the votary with the substitution of a false edge, which will endure no service. We have heard even Christian men account for the influence of the novel by the dreamy theory that fiction is a reaching forth unto the first estate from which man has fallen—an effort of the soul to picture to itself the purity and happiness which once attended our first parents in paradise. Nothing so effectually blinds the moral vision, as a contemplation of the original dignity of human nature. "We are His offspring," sang one of the poets, and Paul confirmed the truth of the saying. But our Saviour also said of others, "Ye are of your father the devil." If, then, the theory must stand, that fiction is a foretaste of eternity, the question still recurs—of what eternity? And if the tree shall be known by its fruit, we shall have no difficulty in determining the parentage of modern fiction.

In addition, however, to all these natural infirmities of fictitious composition, others of a darker and a deadlier character have, of late years, been introduced, to poison the streams of moral life; we allude, of course, to the garbage of French novels, which is exhaling its pestiferous odors over the fair and fruitful fields of our land. The literary character of these productions, like the moral character of their authors, may be unimpeachable in a court of criticism or justice; but there is an air of the careless voluptuary attending both, which renders their society and communion repulsive. We are in the presence of finished villany, which circumstances alone restrain from the crimes on which its fancy dwells; which can reap a richer reward by describing than by playing the brigand; which can cater to every vicious passion in others, and thus secure the means of cultivating its own base appetites. Being in such society, we find debauchery deified, and crime portrayed as a species of school for the education of beauty and virtue. We have passion held up as the crowning charm of an angel; riot, as the condition of social happiness; sin, as a misfortune which never entails its ills upon its offspring; monsters, as the universal specimens of the human species; intrigue, violence, and wantonness, as the sole employments of human activity. A drama of crime, in which the actors are never villains enough to excite our disgust, and only virtuous when they are fools. We have the most degrading circumstances of life collected into a solid mass, and fused in the crucible of a lascivious infidelity; we have these materials arranged and adorned by a genius, tossing under the feverish spasms of its diseased fancy, till the putrifying collection has been surcharged with suitable medicaments, and the fetid odor of vice drowned by the fumes of incense. Moulded into organic shape, it appears a stripling cherub, with a coronet surmounting his flowing locks, borne aloft upon the party-colored wings of fancy, and waving a silver wand to guide its magic steps. It is sin clothed in the white robes of virtue, deism consecrated as our holy faith, and the spasmodic palpitations of lust adored as the end and aim of our being.

Strange to record, while there are none so poor as to do reverence to this living monster, there are thousands who are standing on tiptoe to commune with him under the concealment of his mask; while few would, in real life, either associate with, or give countenance to such patchworks of crime, there are multitudes seeking such scenes under the disguise of literary condiments. Eugene Sue's most impure conceptions are laid upon the drawing-room table, where Sue, in his cleanliest attire and most sober mood, would be turned from the door; and Christian men and Christian presses have entered into a competition who shall scatter the most of those principles, which they profess to abhor, and give the widest popularity to those mysteries of iniquity, which they have pledged their highest hopes and their sacred honor to oppose with all the weapons which God may place in their hands. The ingenuity of man can find apologies for almost every degree of crime, and can even metamorphose idolatry into religion, intoxication into temperance, and blasphemy into prayer. But if anything deserves the highest reprebation of a moral community, it is the pliancy of that principle, which will not only allow evil to be *called* good, but which, in the ardor of gain-getting and rivalry, practically confounds right and wrong, and teaches others, by the irresistible eloquence of example, to go and do likewise. Our presses have reached a fearful crisis in this high career of contributing to the diffusion of covert debauchery and infidelity; the very ink

might blush red with shame for the tales it is constrained to tell; the very paper might blacken with horror at the passions to which it is made to pander. Wherever the responsibility may fall—and we suppose each participator, before his fellow-men, will contrive to shuffle off the load and its consequent ills—the duty of every honest and principled man is clear enough; to shut his shop and his purse against the infected merchandise, in order to confine the plague to the quarters from which it springs; and let it rage, if needs it must, within those circles whose interests and rivalry lead them to call it harmless, and would gladly thank the bountiful Giver for an increase of their store, even if obtained at the price of the temporal and eternal ruin of His immortal creatures.



THE NAUTILUS.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

One of the most interesting objects in the whole range of Natural History, is that which forms the subject of the present brief sketch. The principal characteristic of its structure, the delicate sails with which it ploughs the surface of the deep, and its habit of thus navigating the sea, have long been known, but for centuries, from the days of Pliny and Aristotle, the specific character of the animal inhabiting the beautiful shell which bears its name, has been the subject of speculation and uncertain theory. It has been linked with the superstitious honors of mythology, has called forth the admiration and curiosity of every age, and has been made the model of the mariner, and the theme of the poet. As teaching one of the beautiful lessons to be learned by every one who breathes the spirit inspired by Nature's loveliness, it has thus been referred to by Pope:—

"Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—
'Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
Learn from the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale!'"

The genus Nautilus comprises many species, of which the Nautilus Pompilius is the prominent representative, but of which, however, until 1829, no living specimen had ever been captured and described. The shells which beautify the sea-shore, and fill the ocean-caves with their infinite and often gorgeous and magnificent hues and varying forms, are all tenanted by some one individual of the great creation of sentient existences, by some one link in that chain of animated nature, which rises from materiality through a constant succession of innumerable forms and gradations, to the ideal and the spiritual.

Perhaps a more appropriate description of the Nautilus cannot be given than in the words of Pliny, who thus speaks:—

"One of the greatest wonders in creation is a certain shell-fish, called by some the Nautilus, and by others Pompilius. When this extraordinary creature wishes to rise above the water, he turns upon his back, raises himself by little and little, and in order to swim with greater facility, throws out all the water contained in his shell. His body being thus lightened, he lifts up his two foremost claws, or arms, and stretches out between them a fine membrane. This serves him for a sail above water, and with his other he works his way beneath it, directing his course with his tail, which serves the purpose of a helm. Thus he traverses the ocean like a ship in full sail; and if anything occurs to frighten him, he immediately fills his little shell with water in order to increase his weight, and betakes himself to his dwelling in the fathomless abyss."

The shell is divided by transverse plates, concave to the mouth of the shell, into a number of chambers through which, from the outer one, where the animal finally takes up his abode, a syphuncle or tube passes to the innermost and most minute. These chambers were formerly supposed, as is above stated by Pliny, to have been filled alternately with water and air, but Dr. Buckland, in his Bridgewater Treatise on Geology and Mineralogy, satisfactorily shows from the structure of the fossil Nautili, as well as from the known history and physiology of the living species, that it is filled with air alone. He gives it as his own opinion, that the cells are filled with air, and that the animal is furnished with a sac surrounding the heart which is filled with a pericardial fluid, the latter being alternately discharged into, or withdrawn from, the syphuncle or tube. When the arms are expanded the fluid remains in the pericardium or sac, and the pressure from the air in the chambers being thus removed, the specific gravity of the body and shell is diminished and it rises; but when the body and arms are contracted, and drawn within the shell, the pericardium being compressed the fluid is again forced into the tube, the air is condensed, and the specific gravity or weight of the whole mass being increased, it rapidly sinks to the depths beneath.

This view of the uses of the tube and the general structure of the Nautilus, is perfectly consistent with the hydraulic principles involved in its physiological characteristics, and is familiarly illustrated by the philosophical toy which most, perhaps, are acquainted with, by which small water balloons and images are made to ascend and descend in a closely covered glass jar, by pressing the elastic seal—the air in the image is compressed and it descends; on the pressure being removed the image follows the upward tendency of the diminished specific gravity.

We are chiefly indebted to Prof. Owen, of England, for a full and definite description of the anatomy and physiology of this interesting animal. He was presented with a specimen captured by Mr. George Bennett, on the 24th of August, 1829, off the island of Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides' group. This being preserved in spirits, was made the subject of a minute account by Prof. Owen, published in 1832, and has left nothing more to be desired than, as one author has observed, "that some fortunate collector may speedily capture a male specimen, and put it into his skilful hands."

Without dwelling too long on the natural history of the Nautilus, the closing remarks of Dr. Buckland, on the Cephalopods, to which family this animal belongs, contain some beautiful thoughts, and forcibly present the great argument of design in the works of the Creator. "These beautiful arrangements are, and ever have been, subservient to a common object, viz., the construction of *hydraulic instruments* of essential importance in the economy of creatures destined to move sometimes at the bottom, and at other times upon or near the surface of the sea. The delicate adjustments whereby the same principle is extended through so many grades and modifications of a single type, show the uniform and constant agency of some controlling intelligence; and in searching for the origin of so much method and regularity amidst variety, the mind can only rest when it has passed back through the subordinate series of second causes, to that great First Cause, which is found in the will and power of a common Creator."

The cut at the head of this article represents the Argonauta, which has been separated from the chambered genus, and is so called from the Argonautæ, who accompanied Jason in the voyage of the Argo to Colchis, to recover the golden fleece. It is much more delicate than the Nautilus Pompilius, and from its remarkable thinness and brittleness, is called the Paper Nautilus. The safety with which these frail tenements of the insignificant, but expert, mariner ride the sea, and the facility with which he escapes to his dwelling in the unfathomed deep, are beautifully set forth in the lines—

The tender Nautilus, who steers his prow,
The sea-born sailor of this shell canoe;

The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea.
Seems far less fragile, and, a as! more free;
He, when the lightning-winged tornadoes sweep
The surf, is safe—his port is in the deep
And triumphs o'er the armadas of mankind,
Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind!"

The history of the Nautilus suggested the thoughts which have found utterance in the following lines, and which differ from the others in their having reference to the moral of the lesson to be drawn from the peculiar habits of the Nautilus:

The tiny sailor on the watery deep
An emblem is of MAN—with outspread sail,
How oft the prosperous breeze we gladly keep,
And ride the sea of life with gentle gale,
Thoughtless that every moment it may fail;
It will not always thus continue fair—
Dangers approach where earthly pleasures hail,
And broken, wounded, leave us sinking there,
Down to the dark wild ocean caves of deep despair.

And yet the Nautilus, which seeks in time
To flee from danger, when he sees it nigh,
In submarine exploring finds the clime
Effulgent with the beamings from on high;
'Tis thus with MAN—would he as well rely
On the sure guide of Truth when troubles rise,
He, too, might pass away, anon to lie,
Pure, perfect, full of God, beneath the skies,
Where everlasting bliss shall roll its symphonies.

THE MORAL ASPECTS OF THE WORLD.

OUR periodical commences its existence near the middle of the nineteenth century. Our earth has measured its circuit some four hundred times since types and presses have become the copyists of authors. The world is filled with books, and yet craving appetite continually cries, give, give.

It is well in launching our bark on the wide sea, and in spreading our sails to catch the breeze of popular favor, to cast our eye over the earth and see where is the wide waste of waters, and where the shores, and what their moral products.

In tracing back the history of the world, we seem to see the stream of time moving so placidly, that to the observer it appears to stand motionless within its banks, and again, rushing forward, foaming and fretting and roaring, as if impatient to dash headlong into the distant ocean.

But to leave this figure, which already threatens us with shipwreck, we look upon the world in its past history, and find it sometimes, with its nations and kingdoms, standing almost motionless for ages, as if advance and retreat were both cut off, and change or modification unknown. One king succeeds another, children their fathers, and yet the history of one generation needs scarce more than a change of dates to make it fit the succeeding. Again there is a movement—kingdom dashes against kingdom—nations are swept away as by a whirlwind—new cities erect their spires, and new empires spring up as by enchantment. At times mind unmoved in its even tenor stamps no impress on successive ages—for generations the world seems but a petrification of living actors. Again the beacon-fires of intellect are lighted up, and the horizon reflects far onward their brightness. And yet again we see these fires dying away, till scarcely a living warmth remains in their embers, and not a gleam relieves the thick darkness.

But these were not days of types and magazines.

We cannot call back the ages which have swallowed up the successive inhabitants of our earth, or make light to shine on intellects long since quenched in death. We deal, therefore, with the present and not with the past. And we purpose to hold converse with those who would prefer, if choice were theirs, to live in the present age, whatever its imperfections, to having stood by the side of Alexander, when the world was a bauble too small for his ambition, or to have listened to Homer when his song enlivened the feast, and waked the loud plaudit.

The Londoner and the Parisian are each sure that their respective cities are the centres of the world, or at least of all that is desirable on its surface. We Americans are not reputed to be behind our neighbors across the ocean in that pleasing quality, vanity; why may not we then, in this American metropolis, put in its claim to be regarded as the centre? Our sister cities, one some hundred miles south-west, and another something more than twice as far in a contrary direction, are brought so near our doors by the help of steam, that if we were to claim them as suburbs, no great harm would be done, if we could but persuade them to look on themselves

in this light. But we choose to awaken no jealousies, and therefore give them leave to jog on in their own way, while we sit down here, to gather up monthly such ideas as shall help the thoughts of the thinking world into right channels. And from this point we look out to discover what are

THE MORAL ASPECTS OF THE WORLD.

No age has gone before us more pregnant with changeful events. It is true that no sudden moral revolution has in our time broken up, as by an electric shock, long settled habits of thought and action. The wars that for a quarter of a century made Europe a battle-field, and crowns and sceptres but ordinary playthings, have now for another quarter of a century hushed their clangor. But the energy infused into the public mind by these conflicts, has found other objects on which to expend itself. In former ages, wars might be succeeded by apathy, but the power of the press, the multiplication of new inventions, and the increased means of intercommunication, bringing the inhabitants of the world into compact proximity, have kept every nerve of body and mind in activity. The increased attention to education and the diffusion of intelligence in a greater or less degree throughout Christendom, has given to popular opinion, even under the most despotic governments, a power which it has not had before. It is an experimental age—the leading tendency is to change. Antiquity is fast losing its power to command reverence, and both truth and error are subjected to the crucible of unrestricted discussion.

China, so long shut out from the rest of the world by her own exclusiveness, has had her barriers thrown down and the light of a different civilisation, and the improvements of modern times—the arts and manners of Europe and America,are breaking into her fastnesses, with all their vivifying and renovating influences. While we reprobate the war made on this ancient empire by Great Britain to force on her a trade in a vile and stupifying drug, we can have but one opinion as to the beneficial moral effect that will be the result. Nor are we prepared to say that it would have been either unjust or unwise for the nations of Europe to demand of her, a discharge of the social duties of neighborhood, to ask an abandonment of her isolation, and to require her to take her proper station in the community of nations.

The British power over wide and populous regions of India is firmly established and is every year extending. A guilty ambition and a mercenary spirit have been the incitements to many and wanton aggressions on the rights of independent nations there; but yet both the natural consequence of throwing on those nations the light of modern civilisation—the opening a highway for Christianity and knowledge, and an overruling Providence which causes even the wickedness of men to work out its great and beneficent purposes, and will make this overturning of ancient dynasties a rich blessing of many millions.

We look again at Western Asia, and missionaries from our own shores are silently diffusing the light of the gospel on regions long darkened by Mahomedan superstition. The steamer with its rapid movement breaks up the torpor of the Mussulman, and the habits on which ages had fixed their seal.

Throughout Asia the inhabitants are awaking from the sleep of centuries. The first symptom of consciousness—the half-opened eye catches a glimpse of a new day, and, however the dreamer may turn from side to side and court a drowsy insensibility, the time has past when sleep can close the eyelids. A new youth must succeed to dotard age; the birthplace of our fathers will be modernized; our cousins of the family of Noah, despite themselves, from the effect of constant intercommunication, will find themselves insensibly assimilating in thought, feeling and action with their distant relatives. The old stereotype plates, which, generation after generation, have fixed their impress on character, will be broken up. New thoughts, new impulses, the energizing power of the Christian religion and the potency of European civilisation, will, in less than a century, work a total transformation of moral and physical character throughout the wide realms of Asia.

In Africa there are changes, but yet a deep darkness broods over her arid plains. The missionary here and there has erected his tent, but the slaver yet frequents her shores, and will continue to do so, so long as a mart is found for human sinews.

We cast our eyes over Europe, thickly studded with cities, and planted with empires. The busy mart meeting the traveller's gaze wherever he wanders; the hum of business, untiring industry, active enterprise, the haughtiness of wealth, the pride of birth, unrestricted power, the depths of poverty, the lowness of degradation; universities, and schools, and lyceums, and learning, and debasement, and ignorance;

all that ennobles, and all that degrades; all that lifts the soul to heaven, or presses it down to hell; all that is pure and holy, and all that is corrupt and devilish; the beauty of gospel simplicity, and the deformity of superstition; the crowned prince and the lazaroni beggar; the palace and the dungeon; cold-hearted avarice and warm-hearted liberality; whatever is high, and noble, and good, and whatever is low, and grovelling, and wicked; all are here, all side by side, and yet all in their far-off extremes.

But throughout these busy nations there is an onward, upward progress. Authority in the schools is losing its power to guide. The claims of power are investigated with unaccustomed freedom in western Europe, and if in the eastern empires the people are yet forbidden to meddle with the affairs of state, the rapid diffusion of intelligence among all classes will soon give to the popular voice, whatever the form of government, or however unchanged in its theory, a controlling and resistless influence. A highly educated and intellectual people will be a well-governed people, for the very reason that no monarch can successfully war with a settled, enlightened, and united public opinion.

Public opinion, in its controlling influence is, in one aspect, of modern date. In former days it only took the attitude of resistance. It opposed itself to change, and, with sturdy immobility of purpose, resisted any attempted new order of things. It never went before the government, and marked out its way, but followed after, with tardy and sullen reluctance; but now public opinion leads. The Autocrat of all the Russias, or the Kaisar of Austria, may well regard it as a power too strong for armies to cope with—as beyond the reach of cannon, of musket, or bayonet.

However pliable it may be at times, and ready to take form and shape from a skilful hand, it has the rigidity of iron when opposed by the naked power of arbitrary will.

This great moral power has its influence over a nation in its association with the family of nations, as well as over rulers. No intelligent people can endure to have the finger of scorn pointed at them, or fail to be affected by the opinion held of them by surrounding nations. Here is a safer, and more salutary arbitrament of national quarrels than the sword; and as the one seems passing out of fashion in Christendom, we hope to see the other fully installed in its place.

Throughout this most important portion of the globe, with the single exception of Turkey, the Christian is the prevailing religion, and, like every religion, it has had a controlling, or at least, a modifying influence over the minds of the people, and over the institutions of the State. But for the most part, unhappily, the deadness of forms is where the vivifying influences of its spirituality should be felt. The Christian religion, in its simplicity, takes direct hold on the heart, gives to conscience a sleepless activity, and rightly claims control over the outward act and the secret thought. The stereotype order of a ritual service, the stately ceremonial of canonical formalism, and a clerico-politico churchdom, must ever, in their very nature, interpose an impregnable barrier between the spiritual power of religion and the conscience. A mountain of polar ice might as well be expected to give out vital heat, as the Christian religion, decked out in meretricious frippery, to awaken sincere repentance for sin, and an earnest desire for holiness of life. When rational piety exists in the midst of such systems, it has its being despite of them, and not by them. It catches no warmth from the garnished altar, but lit up from above, the fire burns in the heart despite the icy coldness of bleak and cheerless winter abroad. But there is the dawn of a better spiritual day.

As we traverse these regions teeming with busy life, every spot has its history, every hamlet has been the scene of tragic events, every highway has been the path of armies; scarcely a town but has heard the roar of hostile cannon, scarcely a field that has not drunk blood, and witnessed the onset, the pursuing victor and the flying vanquished. Europe has been, indeed, the slaughter-house of nations.

Here, near the western coast of Europe, is a little island—a bare speck on the map of our globe; if suddenly sunk, it would scarce produce a bubble on the surface of the sea. Yet this diminutive island—this speck in the waste of waters—possesses an earthly ubiquity; she is felt in every Cabinet of the civilized world. When Napoleon, in his mad ambition, strode over Europe, and crowned courtiers danced attendance in patient waiting in his ante-rooms, Great Britain stood unmoved, in proud and sturdy defiance. Her fleets sealed up his harbors, while every other nation was trembling at his name. At the touch of her wand, his alliances were dissolved, and armies, as if starting out of the earth, stood in marshalled phalanxes against him. As if her very hills were gold, she took nations into her pay, and made her wealth the life-blood of concentrated opposition, and by its

means wheeled armies into line on a scale of operations which made Europe an arena for field exercise.

This nation, loaded with debt, is the creditor of the world. Her national debt, enough to sink any other country, is a family matter—is but the accumulated earnings of her own people. Her wealth is not in mines of precious metals, but in the more productive mines of active industry, unequalled skill, indomitable perseverance, and in a commerce that stretches itself into every part where human life exists.

In moral influence the Anglo-Saxon race, including its offshoots on this side the Atlantic, stands unrivalled. The history of the world records nothing like it. In practical common sense, they are giants; in the elements of their character there are a compass and a compactness—a fixedness of purpose, a concentrated energy, that constitute resistless moral power.

On this islet of the ocean wealth and poverty exist in their farthest extremes. With a slavish deference to rank, there is mingled a sturdy independence of thought, and withal an undoubting conviction of the incontestable superiority of their own nation, that makes the English people the proudest race of mortals on earth. Whatever her faults, or her defects of character, however, in a thousand instances, her power has been felt in unprovoked aggression; and whatever spirit of aggrandizement has ruled her councils, yet to no nation or people has the world ever been equally indebted for the extension of great moral and political principles of vital interest to human weal.

We pause here. It was proper before taking a survey of this new continent, and more particularly of our own cherished portion of it, to rest a moment on the shores of the fatherland; but before we pursue the survey here, we give our readers—what will probably be an agreeable licence—leave also to pause.

THOUGHTS UPON THOUGHT.

BY REV. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME.

Here are some thoughts worth *thinking* of. They are borrowed for present use from a foreign book.

"It must be admitted, that the man must be master over his thoughts, or his thoughts will gain the mastery over him. True courage is proved by antagonism. Where there is no opposition, courage is not required—energies are enervated by inaction. The struggle and the conflict invigorate every power. The palæstra, and not the couch, is the nurse of mental greatness. Easy conquests acquire small glory. There are sham-fights on the arena of mind—petty skirmishes, in which both parties are agreed, before the battle, which is to conquer. Bad thoughts are no airy combatants, nor can a victory over them be obtained on easy terms. Resistance, delayed or relaxed, weakens energy on one side, and imparts vigor to the other. Decision and perseverance, are antagonists before whom the stoutest enemies must crouch and ultimately fall. But, if decision quail, and perseverance withdraw, they put the chaplet of victory within the opponent's reach. The question to be determined here, is not, what is the measure of mental strength an individual has at command, but, does he use it decidedly for the accomplishment of the desired object? An infant's strength, decidedly and persevering-ly employed, may accomplish more than a giant's arm, fitfully and hesitatingly exerted. Continuous application accumulates force and achieves wonders. "A continual dropping wears away the stones." The element proverbial for its weakness—in its smallest divisible quantity constantly applied—perforates one of the hardest substances. This is the achievement of a small but concentrated power. And the man of very moderate mental strength, may, by decided and continued application, accomplish much more than the man of genius with his infrequent and fitful efforts. The very nature of the antagonist requires the exercise of this decisive perseverance. The subtlety, the rapidity of thought, enhance the difficulty of exercising over it a decisive control. That very accumulation of difficulty is an additional reason for an uncompromising decision. Remit attention, and the difficulty becomes more formidable. Persevere, and the conflict is less diffi-

cult—the conquest more certain—and the prize nearer attainment. And the prize of victory over the thoughts is far more valuable, and more lasting in its result, than that in the Olympic games."

There is no mystery, no transcendentalism in these views, or in the words that clothe them. They are truths that every one whom God has endowed with an immortal mind should lay up and act upon.

A very easy matter it is to forget the power within us, the mighty instrument for good or evil that works always, and though unseen is never unfelt. A man must master his own thoughts or they will master him. The wild imagination of the young, the reckless imagination of the vicious, the dark tide of passion that swells in the bosom of the malignant, lead their several victims on to pleasure, sin and ruin, while a steady helm in the morning of their career would have guided them safely to honor and peace.

Even in solitude, which some great men and some good men have thought favorable to the cultivation of virtue, the mind has sought out evil, and rioted in the indulgence of a depraved appetite, at the very hour when an external observer might have fancied that the soul was holding high and holy communion with spotless purity itself. The aspirations were after base and earthborn gratifications, while the eye and perhaps the lips were seeking for God, and the hallowed influences that gird the throne on which He reigns.

Hence, in the very spring-time of the affections, when the smile of beauty lures, and the blandishments of sin entice the feet astray, it is no small matter that the light-hearted youth is warned to set a guard over his soul; to put a chain and clog on his thoughts; to fasten his imagination upon those things that are lovely and pure and of good report, while he restrains his wanderings after the vanities that flatter to destroy.

In Pearl street, New York, a young clerk, the son of pious and doating parents in Connecticut, entering upon business with bright hopes and no fears, was accustomed to dwell in secret upon the indulgences of which he had heard as congenial to the tastes of youth, and, although, among his companions he found no difficulty in denouncing *vice* and commending *virtue*, so that he was looked upon as one above suspicion, yet in the secret of his own unrenewed heart, there was a constant longing after sin, a longing that at last gained the victory, drove him upon the outer verge of a vortex that caught him in its mighty whirl, and swallowing him, body and soul, in its remorseless and returnless depths. Before his friends dreamed that he was in danger, his own heart had made a covenant with hell, and heaven had yielded him to his chosen doom.

He is not safe then who harbors a bad thought. Out of the heart comes death. Think of it, ye, who now drink iniquity like water; who love to be esteemed as models by the admiring world, and applauded for excellences that ye do not possess, think that in your own bosom may be a fountain of pollution whose streams would make the earth a desert. Purify that fountain and have the blessed consciousness of being what you *seem* to be, of being loved in heaven as well as here.

Great is the power of thought over one's-self, great when from his mind it escapes in the form of words. It goes with the image of its author to stamp the same image on the minds perhaps of millions—of millions yet to live and yet to die. Somebody has spoken of thought moving around the earth unceasingly from mind to mind, wielding its circle daily, moving thousands and thousands whom its first projector never embraced within the sphere of his imaginings, until the whole race of civilized men are brought under its influence and impressed with its power. I would not ask that this shall be the actual result of a *spoken word*, in order to convince me that spoken words have power that no finite mind can estimate. Follow in the foul train of one of the obscene thoughts of the latest imported novel of the French school. See its effects in the snow-white breast of her whose hands tremble as her heart, never tainted with the thought before, now heaves with emotion as the thrilling passage comes beneath her languid eye! The poison is at work; sweet it was to the taste, and to be desired like the fruit that was first forbidden, but there is agony yet to come when the poison works, as it will, and the fair victim writhes under its power. Follow the same thought on and on from one heart to another, one family to another, one land to another, for oceans are no barriers, till millions of just such bosoms have been pierced, and the same virus has been planted, and the same winding-sheet has been woven around the deathless spirit.

Thought, the image of its author! There is something in this worth looking at a moment. A bad man, like Bulwer or Sue, perpetuates himself by sending out his thoughts, the world over; they are *like* him, and those who adopt

them become *like* him; the image is in the soul, and the likeness speaks not to the outward eye, but is vivid to him who sees with him who sees within. And when the guilty author of these thoughts meets in the world of spirits those whom he has ruined by his licentious pen, may it not be one of the keenest tortures of that just doom that he meets his own image haunting him, like ghosts of murdered friends, whichever way he turns his eyes in that dungeon of despair? And if each lost spirit thus destroyed were armed with scorpions, and long eternity employed in scourging him who brought it there, justice would never suffer, though every stroke were laid in blood and fire. Nor would justice be reproached if those who aid in this work of ruin were doomed to bear a part of this fearful penalty.

These are the thoughts that have forced themselves on me from the stirring text which the book has given me. The application shall be short and to the point. I would go into every CHRISTIAN PARLOR, and there whisper in the ear of every youth whose eye now rests on these lines, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." Think only of that which conscience commends. Commune only with those minds and those books whose soul is purity and whose lessons are truth. So shall the morning of thy life be sweet as May, and the noontide of thy career be bright as summer, and the future that awaits thee pure as the breezes that fan the hill of heaven. For out of thy heart are the issues of life.

MAY-DAY IN NEW YORK.

"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and water bubble."

I WOULD write of the first of May in the good city of Gotham. But pens, ink, paper,—where are they to be found? Joyous May-day!—crowns, garlands, wreaths, sparkling eyes and happy faces—whither have they been banished? All the fairy scenes of my youth—gone, gone. It is not enough that winter has held the earth in its grasp, till not a flower can be gathered from the fields to form a roseate crown. It is not enough that we are pent up amid bricks and mortar, and that no balmy air invites to the open plain; but home itself has no attractions. Home! Why the home of one-half of our population is in the streets—ourselves and our household goods turned out, rain or shine, to find some new shelter. Our home last night in one place in the midst of direst confusion of carpets rolled up—dirt and dust—dishes packed in tubs and baskets—beds where we can catch them—to-night to be in confusion still worse confounded; and worse than all, having exchanged our own dirt which we could endure because we knew how it came, for other people's dirt which we can no how abide. And we shall scold and berate the filthiness of the house we enter, while our successors, we are perfectly conscious, are declaring us the vilest housekeepers that ever lived under a metal roof. And to comfort us for the annoyance of the last night, and to prepare us to enjoy the coming evening, we see nothing the live-long day but carts, drays, wagons, hand-carts and hand-barrows, bearing from place to place the motley collections of every species of furniture that is doomed to seek a new resting place for the next twelve months—mothers scolding—children crying—husbands fretting—draymen cursing—crockery breaking—beds in the gutters—drawers tumbling from their places—caps and laces stolen by the winds and worn by them in mockery of our grief—everything exposed to everybody's gaze—and the very things which we would most carefully conceal from prying eyes placed by carmen in broadest light—our choice furniture tossed on at one door and rattled over the rough pavement to be tumbled off at another. Oh! oh! Where is the May-day of the poets? One of the fairy nine would not venture to perch on our highest steeple for a month after a Gotham May-day.

But suppose the *gude man* has been so lucky as to take his house for another year—dreading the turmoil of a move, he has submitted to such exactions as his landlord may have made upon him. He goes from home looking complacently on the troubles of his neighbors, and his heart

dancing at the thought of all the misery he is escaping. He returns at night rejoicing at the thought of his household all in quiet, and feeling that he will rest more sweetly at the very thought of his neighbors' troubles. Alas, poor short-sighted man! He enters his dwelling—chairs are piled on chairs and tables on tables—carpets huddled into corners—dust darkening one room, and scrubbers drowning another, and white-washers besmearing a third—place of safety or chair to sit on there is none—wife ordering—children running, and everything just where it never was before. In the bitterness of his heart he wishes himself a bachelor, and escapes into the back yard for breath. But here he finds his condition not at all bettered. He thought he saw everything that he had ever seen before piled up in the house—but, in the yard it seems as if some evil demon had suddenly turned everything that had ever been in the house out of doors. Unlucky being! He finds neither quiet nor resting-place on earth, and in his despair turns his eyes up to the moon riding so quietly in the heavens and looking as bright and calm and peaceful as if May-day with her was past. He wishes—and wishes, and wishes again that somebody would lend him a ladder to climb up to the good-natured planet, there to take up his abode, if he could only get some substantial office to insure him against the pains and terrors, not of a broken neck, but of May-days and house-cleaning.

DEATH.

I WOULD not love to die where all
Around me would the things recall
Of human mould—
Amid the ever-pressing throng
That hastes ambitiously along
For gold.

I would not love to die, where death
Is pictured with an icy wreath,
Hateful and dread;
For I would take without a frown
Its garland, and would calmly crown
My head.

I would not love to die, where they
Will weep around my couch, and say:
"Adieu for ever!"
For I would live in many a heart,
From which no powerful sword or dart
Could sever.

O, I would love to die, where heav'n
Is pure, at the approach of even;
Where nature's hand
Is seen, and I could look above;
And where my cheek with breath of love,
Is fann'd.

O, I would love to die, when flowers
Are withering in their summer bowers;
When leaves are flying;
And roses fade in autumn's clime;
For even flowers have their time
For dying.

C. W. B.

HOME.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. What sight on earth more blissful Than that domestic scene, Where union pure and

2. There, discord is a stranger; There, strife can never come; And many a fear and

3. And there, how sweet and precious The grateful song to raise To Him so kind and

peace - ful As sun - lit clouds at e'en; Each kin-dred heart en - light - ens With

dan - ger Are ex-iled from that home; While in-do-lence and fol - ly Are

gra-cious, Who claims the high-est praise; With glad har-mo-nious voi - ces Pa-

many a heaven-born ray, That ever shines and brightens "Unto the perfect day."

banished with their train, And converse pure and holy Ex-erts her gentle reign.

rents and children join, While every heart rejoi - ces In blessings so di - vine.

4. In such a habitation
May we be ever found,
Where waters of salvation
In healing streams abound;

Affection's voice to chide us
Whene'er we go astry;
And mercy's hand to guide us
Along the narrow way.

H.

And the Angel of God called to Hagar out of Heaven

God, in counselling the father of the faithful } tude, * * * thou shalt bear a son, and shalt cal

THE

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HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

(SEE PLATE.)

Deep is the desolation in the heart of Hagar. Sent away by the father of her child, she is an outcast, without home, or shelter, or friend. In her wanderings she has carried with her a crushed spirit—a heart heavier in its sadness than the burden on her shoulder. Can we tell how high had been her hopes, or how fondly she had anticipated for her son the inheritance of Abraham's wealth, and what was more, that all the promises, not unknown to her, would center in him? But a child of Sarah's had come between her and her hopes.

If it was wrong, it was yet but too natural when Hagar found herself a mother, and her mistress in the wane of life, and yet childless, that her heart should be elated, and that pride should usurp the place of humility. And with envyings on one side and consciousness of advantage on the other, it is not strange that between the childless mistress and the mother-servant there should be jarring discord. That child was not to Sarah what she thought it might be when she voluntarily gave her maid as a wife to her husband. She now felt that her own importance was lessened and that of her servant increased, and she murmured at a result from which she had looked for satisfaction. And now when Isaac is born and Sarah is herself the mother of the promised seed, a rivalry springs up with its bitter fruits, and the father finds himself compelled to banish his elder son with his mother from his dwelling. But God, in counselling the father of the faithful to submit to this necessity with cheerfulness, is kinder than the now elated wife.

We cannot follow Hagar in her wanderings Her tears—her wearisome steps—her communings with her own spirit and with her son, as they trod alone the desert, have found no place on record; yet fancy may well paint them to the mind. The mother—her own famishing state forgotten—thinks only of her son. She has no hope—probably no wish to live, but she cannot endure to see that son die—to die of want which she has no power to relieve. Perhaps she heard him murmur, in his feverish dreams—"water—mother, give me drink." She has retired from a scene which her nature cannot endure. Mark her! her desolate, broken heart speaks in that countenance. The sorrows of a mother are painted there. The deep anguish of soul is written in that face.

But Hagar, thou art not forsaken—there is an eye resting on thee before which all the future lies open. A well of water in this desert close at hand, invites thee to slake thy thirst—go dip from it and cool the lips of the boy.

In looking on Hagar here, to human view just ready to perish, it is interesting to compare the promises and prophecies with what is now the history of the past, or present reality. Before the birth of this child the angel of the Lord had said to her, "I will multiply thy seed exceedingly, that it shall not be numbered for multitude, * * * thou shalt bear a son, and shalt call

his name Ishmael, because the Lord hath heard thy affliction. And he will be a wild man; his "hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." And when Abraham prayed with a father's heart, "O that Ishmael might live before thee!" the gracious answer was: "And as for Ishmael, I have heard thee; behold I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly; twelve princes shall he beget, and I will make him a great nation." In her despondency these promises had failed to assure her of needed help. She had "cast the child under one of the shrubs, and sat her down over against him, a good way off, as it were a bow shot; for she said, 'let me not see the death of the child.' And she sat over against him and lifted up her voice and wept." But again a kind voice comes to her from Heaven in words of encouragement and assurance, "what aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thy hand; *for I will make him a great nation.*"

These promises are sure. In this day we read their fulfilment on the page of history. For nearly four thousand years the descendants of this elder son of Abraham have been wild men, "their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them." In that wilderness where the mother and son wandered and were just ready to perish, yet dwell the untamed, unsubdued children of Ishmael. Mahomet claimed his descent from this wild man. A large part of Arabia, more especially Arabia Petrea, has been their home. On these barren sands they have multiplied into millions, and from these, some twelve hundred years since, they issued forth in hordes fierce and terrible, sweeping with their armies half the then known world. The hosts of Asia and Africa, and of Europe, have quailed before them. The twelve tribes of Jacob have been scattered among the nations of the earth, and no narrow spot of the globe now owns their rule. But the twelve tribes of Ishmael, unchanged in character or habits, are still in the land of their progenitor. The attempts of the most powerful monarchs, and the efforts of generals accustomed elsewhere only to victory, to bring them into subjection, have been abortive. The Bedouins, descendants of Ishmael, still roam in all their wildness.

The greater portion of the world has been the scene of changes so entire as to blot out nations with their characteristics, kingdoms with their dynasties, and to introduce new inhabitants, new governments, and new laws and customs in place of what had been. The descendants of Ishmael, with some other Arabian tribes, can alone trace back their origin through nearly forty centuries to progenitors who dwelt where they now dwell, and with no breach in the continuance of their possession. No other people can so fully establish a prescriptive right to their country, or claim for their customs the stamp of so remote an antiquity. In the days of Jacob the Ishmaelites traversed the desert on camels, bearing the rich merchandize of "spicery, balm and myrrh." After more than thirty-five hundred years they are still found in the same pursuits, even the bearers of their merchandize, the patient camel, descended perhaps from the same beasts which Joseph in his unnatural bondage was forced to accompany into Egypt.

What intercourse may have been between Ishmael and his brother Isaac, after this separation, we are not informed. When their father died they united in burying him. Their pursuits were probably so different as not to bring them into collision, and Ishmael, in love of that wild life to which his descendants still cling, may have cheerfully yielded up to his younger brother the wealth of their common father.

Probably the best—indeed the only specimen of life and manners as they existed in the early ages of the post-diluvian world, are now found among the descendants of Ishmael. Time has only swept away one generation, to place in its stead another, identical in everything, except personal being.

Now Hagar, as described in holy writ—thy despairing sorrow told in the unadorned language of nature—thou art as palpable to our imagination as thy image in the picture to the eye. Thou didst live in a time when God held intercourse with his creatures, and when angels were sent to speak in audible voice to human ears. Thou thinkest thyself and son ready to perish, notwithstanding the promises of Him who cannot lie. We see thee, desolate as thou lookest, the fountain head of a mighty stream flowing on in unbroken current for thousands of years. But a day shall come when the fierceness of thy children shall cease—when the delusions of Mahomet shall be broken in their charm—when the sheick with his clan shall gather around the simple minister of Jesus, and the Bedouin shall cease from his plunderings to listen to the words of gospel truth, and instead of the war shout, shall be sung the joyful song of the world's redemption.

THE FAMILY INSTITUTION

It is natural and creditable to men to regard with a degree of veneration the institutions, monuments and usages of ancient time. That man is not to be envied or trusted who is unconscious of a sentiment of reverence towards the dim and hoary PAST—towards the fathers of empire, the founders of government, the lawgivers of mankind. If this remark be just in relation to things and institutions human in their attributes and origin, much more must it apply to an institution whose origin is coeval with the commencement of man's history, and whose founder is GOD. Such an institution is the Family; the most ancient, venerable, permanent and universal of all the forms of society—commencing with man's history, and ending not until he is no longer a dweller upon earth. The family institution was prior to every other social form. It is not a creation of government, a product of legislation. It is not the offspring but the parent of states and of civil authorities; and it has been the wisdom of states in all ages to regard the family constitution with reverence. "The common law itself," says Lord Bacon, "which is the best bound of our wisdom, doth often prefer the prerogative of the father to the prerogative of the king." Fathers were before kings, and the patriarchal staff before the sceptre of royalty, and the simple majesty of parental rule before the oldest thrones. Kingly and imperial sway are mere ephemera in comparison with the family; the first rude domestic tent of palm leaves ever spread by the Euphrates, was the emblem of a power more enduring and pervading than that of the Cæsars, more majestic than imperial Rome; to be known and honored from the rising to the setting sun, and till the last parent and child of the race pass in the wreck of matter and the downfall of the stars.

No earthly association was ever known comparable to this. We are struck with its permanency. The ocean changes its boundaries often—this never. The history of civil and political forms is a history of changes rapidly succeeding each other in an endless progress—but the Family Form, as if designed to be a similitude of the government of its great author, has survived the decay of the proudest kingdoms, and sustains itself among men of all nations and climes, and whatever changes may yet take place in earthly governments, and whatever the form that shall ultimately prevail, the permanence of the family is guaranteed to the end of time.

The moral power of such an institution as the Family cannot but be great. It is organized with a view to efficiency, by the God of Wisdom himself, and whether its influence be good, or through perversion bad, in the nature of the case it must be prodigiously great. There are, say, three millions of families in the United States. Now what would be the impression of statesmen if they knew that there existed within the limits of these States, three millions of small societies, each efficiently organized, its members compacted together by ties of the most inviolable nature; if, too, they had already taken possession of the country,—and were educating our rulers from the lowest to the highest, and training our officers of church and state of every grade? Who would not apprehend the worst consequences from the wrong exercise of their influence; and hail as vitally propitious to the interests of the nation and the world the discreet and wise management of each and every of this vast array of societies? Such are the families of the land and such their sway. The soil is theirs—the power is all theirs—the living, thinking, acting population, the men under authority, and the men in authority, are all theirs—they are the proprietors and lords paramount of the territory and mind and body of the nation.

It is hardly possible, therefore, to overrate the importance of throwing light and the saving influence of God's Spirit and grace into the families of our country and the world, that a right direction and impulse may be given to their amazing power over the character and the temporal and eternal destiny of mankind. Oh, if our families were but baptized with the baptism of eternal love, the predicted and prayed for day of glory would be already here.

The family is by its constitution and ends essentially a religious organization. Its origin is from God. He designed it as the seminary, not only for the nurture of our physical nature through infancy and weakness, but much more for the inculcation and beautiful growth of those sentiments and principles, which prepare us for the service of God and mankind, in all the offices of love and duty, of patriotism, humanity, religion, and form the character which heaven, through grace in Christ, can admit to its everlasting man-

sions. This is the proper scope and purpose of the Family Institution, and no adequate substitute for its agency exists on earth. How beautifully and by what a sweet process, is the education of the heart and its affections, conducted in the bosom of a judicious and holy family, through infancy, childhood and youth! A presence and a power are there hallowing all they touch, felt in the depths of the soul in the visitings of strange joys, in the ethereal dreamings of hope, in the balmy air of love and fond tendernesses, in the soft and holy light that falls from heaven on the family altar, the patriarchal priest, the big old Bible, and the mother's eye so mild and saint-like. What wonder that in all life's changes, roam where we may, and in whatever circumstances, the Christian home of our childhood is remembered with religious yearnings; the green sward, the brook, the cottage, bathed in mellow light, never fade from the past, and thither back from our most distant wanderings, we repeat the gladly made pilgrimage to that "Palestine and Mecca of the mind;" and often amidst the strifes of the world and the vaultings of ambition, we are both reproached and soothed with the hope, that on the spot where our infancy uttered its first innocent lisp, our old age may disburthen itself of sin and care, and slumber as sweetly as we then did upon our mother's bosom!

We say there is no substitute on earth for the family influence on the moral training of the heart. Men in their self-sufficient wisdom have tried it, with what results let history declare. Sparta tried it, substituting the state for the parent, and she reared a commonwealth of brutes. It has been tried repeatedly in a system of divorces for convenience sake. The consequences alike in ancient Rome and modern France, were fearful. Perhaps the most impressive example of the mischievous tendency of renouncing the Family Constitution and the domestic influence, is supplied by the history of the Romish Clergy. The Church of Rome pronounced marriage a sacrament, yet imposed perpetual celibacy upon her priesthood, and this whole order of men were thus excluded from the humanizing influence of family relations. They were forbidden to be husbands and fathers; they were denied the sacred moulding influence of Home, and they became incarnate fiends in the temper of their minds. The sun never looked upon men so bereft of every attribute and sympathy of humanity. Estranged utterly and without remedy from every sentiment of kindness and compassion, they outstripped in diabolical and cold-blooded cruelty, in intense and unrelenting ferocity, all the world ever dreamed of in its most barbarous ages. They became, says an eminent living author, in every sense, immediate and figurative, the sons and ministers of hell, and their fierce malignity and bitter hate as exhibited in their persecutions, scathed and withered every inch of earth they ever touched. The cruelties of Nero were tender mercies compared with theirs. "The fiercest pagan persecution was infinitely preferable to the mildest popish. Who would not have fled from the office of the holy inquisition, and taken refuge upon the pagan rack, or among the wild beasts of the Roman theatre?" How shall we account for the unbounded and atrocious ferocity of these men—for they *were men*, and once drew life from maternal bosoms. The answer which chiefly explains it is—they had ejected themselves as a body from the humanizing influence of the domestic organization—its soft and gracious sway reached not to them, waked not, nurtured not the natural affections in them. In the language of the writer just referred to, "they had no kindly relationships, no natural cares, no mild hopes,—they were not social, not domestic. They were not husbands, fathers, friends, neighbors, or citizens; they had no fireside, no home,"—and they became demons. Such is the inevitable consequence of invading the order of Providence by forbidding marriage. The Institution of the Family cannot be thus set aside without dire and monstrous results. It was ordained to fit men for usefulness, for kindness, for deeds of generous benevolence, love, and mercy, and no substitute for it can be found. As the process by which the fruits of the earth are brought forward from the bud and blossom to finished ripeness and beauty, by which is imparted the inimitable and living blush, the fragrant odor, the perfect flavor, can be carried on only by nature, by laws of assimilation, affinity, and thousand-fold eliminations, above all counterfeiting art of chemist, painter, and sculptor, so the process of forming, training, ripening the heart, can be achieved only by the thousand-fold influence of the Family Institution. All the philosophers and artists in the world cannot make a peach—all the schools and governments in the world cannot make a MAN, and put a warm and gentle heart into his bosom. Alas! how many stupid attempts to do it have been made and failed. Train vines on the north side of an iceberg, moisten their roots with Dead Sea water, and expect juices

bland and nectarean as from fruits mellowed beneath Italian skies. Train man's heart elsewhere than amid the select and sacred influences and associations of Home, and with equal reason expect from it the gentle and generous beating of humanity. There are no springs of love where there are no gushings of household memories.

The family institution, we hardly need say, derives its principal charm and power, as an educational agent, and as a source of happiness, from the presence and influence of religion. This is a truth not at all impaired by the fact that many families are found making no pretensions to religion, and yet enjoying a considerable share of social happiness and respectability in the world. So far as happiness springs from natural affection and refined morality, they may attain it—but still it is owing to the influence of religion pervading a community that morality and natural affection are not as nearly extinguished there as among the heathen. Religion exerting its influence directly or indirectly, is in fact the source of all the order, harmony, and propriety which distinguish the families of a Christian from those of a heathen land; and in exact proportion as the power of the religious influence is increased in families will be the increase of their blessedness and usefulness. Of the particular mode in which religion tends to this result we only observe generally that it does it by linking the family on earth to the family in heaven; by securing the friendship of God; by quickening and sanctifying the social affections, by causing the domestic circle to dwell together in unity and love, and predisposing each heart to the fulfilment of the whole detail of home's sweet charities and gentle offices of love and kindness. And it deserves to be remembered that domestic happiness, the peace and loveliness of the family, are greatly dependent upon the prompt and right fulfilment of these small offices. It has been well remarked by a philosophical observer that the misery of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily; in all but the singularly unfortunate the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of a man's life are easily counted and distinctly remembered. The happiness of life, the happiness of the family especially, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a gentle word, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful raillery, these, and the countless other little kindnesses of genial feelings, make a perpetual summer in the household where they prevail. And if there be a spot on earth which angels might long to visit, and where they might fondly linger, it is the loving Christian family, where parents and children, husband and wife, brothers and sisters, bound together in the blessed compact of love, and moving in harmonious spheres of duty and affection, fulfil the holy and beautiful purposes of the Family Institution.

The task which the Christian Parlor Magazine has undertaken is one of delightful yet solemn responsibility. To visit the domestic circle and firesides of our country; to furnish aliment to the mind, and force and freshness to the graceful charities of domestic life; to inspire cheerfulness without levity; to develope the treasures of the heart's deep affections without beguiling the fancy or corrupting the imagination, is an aim worthy of the ablest pens and the loftiest ambition, and a consciousness of success will be a sweet reward.

We conclude this paper by urging upon all the members of the family the importance of each contributing to the ends of its organization. In every important respect the well-being of all social forms depends upon the same principles. The causes of prosperity or destruction which operate in a nation, conduct to the same result in a family. The prudence and economy, the justice and moderation, the intelligence and piety which advance the one exalt the other; the luxury, licentiousness, pride, ignorance, unkindness, discord and impiety, which are ruinous to the one are fatal to the other, with this important difference, that mischief operates much more slowly upon national than upon family character and happiness. But still the God who rules the nations of the earth, rules its families also, and the same great principles of government are applied in both cases.

Internal discord has been one of the most common and fatal causes of national destruction. And no more potent mischief can invade the family. Love is the golden chain that binds the family group, and the only one that can bind it permanently and firmly. Let discord, suspicion, unkindness or alienation enter there, and the garden of its hopes and joys is blasted. Hence, parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, masters and servants, should individually and collectively seek to realize the benevolent designs of the

family institution. An unkind word or feeling within this sacred enclosure should be regarded with similar dread to that which is created by mutiny in a ship or civil war in the state. And since the family organization came from God, and was designed ultimately to lead to God, all should feel the indispensableness of pure religion. A family without religion possessed, enjoyed, exemplified, is a temple without divinity or altar; a vessel without steersman or helm, that lies rotting on the sea. Earth has no more melancholy object than a family living, dying without a God. In the midst of a nation's stir and bustle, it seems not so strange that God should be forgotten. But in the family circle, to find no God—to follow it through all the interesting and solemn phases of its history—through health and sickness, joy and sorrow, life and death, and hear no prayer or praise, and find no God and no Saviour recognized in its arrangements, shocks a reflecting and serious mind. When such a family separates at the grave who will not mourn?—when they reassemble in eternity, who will not be filled with amazement?

IOTA.

A VISIT TO GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

IT is now eighteen years—it seems hardly as many months—since I visited the Friend of Washington, the Hero of Three Revolutions, at his country seat, La Grange, about twenty miles from Paris. I had seen him, a year before, in his triumphal progress through our country. I stood amidst the thronged multitudes of my native city, when wealth, and learning, and beauty, came forth to do him homage; and I seem even yet to see him with his animated gestures and his speaking countenance, at the moment when the populace, with a sudden burst of feeling, had taken the horses from his carriage, and were about to drag him through the streets themselves, how he begged, entreated, *commanded* them to desist from such a mode of testifying their respect, so unworthy of a free people.—The pageant passed by: he left us in a few hours on his way to Boston, to assist in laying the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument; and I thought I had looked upon his venerable form for the last time here on earth.

In a few months, however, my health sunk under the duties of a laborious profession. As a last resort, I embarked for France, about the time of his departure for home in one of our public ships; and arrived a few days after him, while the kingdom was still ringing with the news of his return, and of the reception he had met with among a grateful people. Passing into Italy, I found my constitution gradually renovated under the influence of its genial climate, and was again at Paris in the month of July, soon after the anniversary of our national independence. The Americans there had celebrated the day by a public festival; and LA FAYETTE was invited in from his residence in the country, to grace the occasion with his presence. He was still in town, and I called on him in company with my friend, Mr. E., who had recently come out from America, to join me in a tour through Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium. The General, with that quick recollection of persons for which he was so much distinguished, instantly knew me; mentioned our having sat opposite to each other at a public entertainment in N—— a year before; and invited me to go out with him to La Grange, in company with Mr. E., to whom he felt under peculiar obligations for an act of delicate kindness during his visit to America.

The next day we left Paris, in company with his son, George Washington La Fayette. The General went before us in a low carriage which was built for him, while in this country, on account of his lameness: it was one of the numerous presents which drew the eyes of all classes upon him wherever he moved. After a pleasant ride of three hours, we arrived at Rosay, a town of about three thousand inhabitants, where we were to leave the high road, and cross the country a mile or two, through the fields. Here it was necessary to report ourselves to the police; and it was curious to observe the different treatment which La Fayette experienced from the agents of the government, and the people of the village. His recent visit to America had made him an object of jealousy and hatred to the King; and it was therefore the business of the police to annoy and humble him, by every act of petty oppression in their power. For this very reason, the people of the

country, wherever he appeared, made double efforts to do him honor, for it gratified their resentment against Charles X., and their affection for the General. Though he had left them but a few days before, all the inhabitants of the place, young and old, came forth in a body from their dwellings to welcome his return. It was beautiful to see with what calmness he endured the insolence of the police, and how he soothed the exasperation and checked the muttered curses of the people, to prevent them from being embroiled with the government on his account. After a short time spent in this way, our passports were ready, and the General took me into his carriage for the remainder of the journey.

We had proceeded hardly a mile, when in the midst of an animated conversation, he suddenly broke off, and pointing to what seemed a forest of about a mile in extent, exclaimed, *Voilà La Grange!* At an earlier period of my travels, I should have considered such a collection of trees, as a sure sign that we were far from the habitations of men. But I had already learned, that what in our country is the indication of an uncultivated tract in a state of nature, is in the north of France the indication of an extensive domain, in the highest state of cultivation. It is customary there to encircle a large estate with a deep ditch; and to plant the mound which is thus formed, with maples, elms, or apple trees, whose branches intermingle as the trees grow up, forming a dense enclosure, through which the eye of the traveller can scarcely penetrate. Such was the case with the farm of La Fayette. In a few moments we passed the belt of trees, and entering what had seemed a forest, found it to be a richly cultivated tract of about five hundred acres, spread out before us in one open field, with here a patch of wheat, there of rye, barley, oats, peas, &c., in all the variety of French tillage, without a fence or hedge to separate them, and bounded simply by their leafy enclosure of more than three miles in circuit, which shuts them out from the world. At one extremity, on a beautiful lawn, skirted with shrubbery, stood the family dwelling; and it was exactly such a dwelling as one would have desired for the residence of La Fayette. It was a large feudal castle, five hundred years old, once a hunting seat of Charles IX., standing in the freshness of its age—an apt emblem of its owner—

> "Like some bold chieftain grey in arms,
> And marked with many a seamy scar."

Imagine a spot selected in the lawn mentioned above, two hundred feet long, and one hundred feet broad. At each of the four corners a round tower is erected of massive blocks of limestone, thirty feet in diameter and sixty feet high, surmounted by a conical roof rising fifteen feet higher, and terminating in an iron point. These towers are united by a line of buildings filling up the space between, on each of the four sides, and forming an enclosed court open only to the sky above, and entered on one side by an arched gateway, fifteen feet wide and twenty feet high. Such was the castle as originally constructed; and such it still remained, except that the court was laid open for the free admission of the sun and air, by demolishing, on one of the sides, the line of buildings which extended from tower to tower. As we drove towards the gate, the General pointed out an ivy which threw its luxuriant foliage along the walls of the castle, and hung in festoons over the entrance. It was planted three years before by Charles James Fox. In a moment we passed under the gateway, and a hasty glance showed us the court within, surrounded by buildings three stories in height, whose windows looked down from all the three sides on the enclosed area. The lower story was occupied by the eating apartments, the kitchen, and the numerous offices connected with the domestic establishment. The second and third stories were the residence of the family. The carriage drew up at a noble staircase, on the side opposite to the gate. "Welcome," said the General, as we alighted, "welcome to my house, as every American is welcome to my heart." He led us up stairs as rapidly as his lameness would permit, and in a moment we were surrounded by his family. It was delightful to see the tenderness and veneration with which they all received him. His wife, indeed, was not there. She had sunk under a complication of diseases, produced by her voluntary confinement with him in the prison of Olmutz. But there was a widowed daughter, and the wife of George Washington, who was head of the family, together with a host of grand-children, all of whom crowded around him with the warmest expressions of affection and reverence. He introduced us as friends from America, and we were placed at once on the footing of old acquaintance.

It was nearly five o'clock, and time to dress for dinner. We were, therefore, conducted soon after to our apartments. Mine was in the third story of one of the towers described above, a circular room more than twenty feet in diameter, with tall, narrow windows, looking down through the massive walls five feet thick, on

the lawn below. Within less than an hour a servant came to conduct me to the *Salle-à-manger*, or Dining Room, on the ground floor, where the family were already assembled. It was a large hall sufficient for the accommodation of sixty or seventy persons; there were about twenty present. Dinner, in France, is always an important affair. It is, in fact, the only considerable meal of the day; and being taken just at evening when all business and care are over, it is considered as the chief season of social enjoyment, when the family assemble, quite as much for conversation, as to satisfy the wants of nature. *Vive la bagatelle*, is the motto. A thousand pleasantries enliven the scene, and the meal is rarely ended under two hours. We rose from table a little before eight, and as the evening was fine, the General proposed a walk round the farm. One of his grand-daughters, who had taken me under her special charge at dinner, gave me her arm, and we sallied forth just after sunset, in one of the most beautiful evenings of the year. She began by lamenting that she could not talk to me in English.

"We tried hard to learn it," said she, "while grand-papa was gone. We made a law that nothing should be spoken in the family but English: we meant to be a little colony of Americans in the midst of France."

"And how did your colony succeed?"

"Oh, it broke up after the second day, for it tied all our tongues."

"A hard case for a Frenchman!"

"What, then, do you say of a French *woman?* Besides, you know how *natural* it is to talk French. Don't you think it was always intended to be the common language of mankind? Every other language is so hard, and French so easy."

I could see she was full in the faith, that French was the original speech of Paradise; and that any one who talks any other language, violates the first principles of his nature.

She went on to tell me, how thankful they all were to the good Americans, for their kind treatment of her dear grand-papa. "Do you think," said she, "we did not expect anything of the kind. We thought he would get into the *diligence* at New York like other people, and travel quietly on to Boston, and then round by Kentucky (she was not very deep in our geography), to Philadelphia and Washington. But to think of a procession of steamboats going out to meet him, and conduct him into port; of tens of thousands standing ready to receive him on the wharf; of his passing from town to town and city to city, amidst the joyful acclamations of a great and generous people—oh, it was too much"—and her eyes began to fill with tears.

"And then," said she, "we got the atlas as the letters arrived, and followed them on their journey from place to place; and oh, how we did laugh to think of little fat Levasseur (the General's secretary) tumbling over into the water, on the Ohio river! I asked him, when he came back, how he felt. Oh, said she (mimicking his English), he said '*it was very in-con-ve-ni-ent.*'

"And then the kindest thing of all was, when grand-papa had been to a town called Connecticut, just after his arrival, and had been writing letters all night on his way back in the steamboat, to send us by the Havre packet, do you think it had sailed only an hour before he reached New York; and when he felt *so* bad, and knew we all should feel *so* bad to have no letters, a kind gentleman sent the steamboat out to sea after the packet, that we might have our letters!"

"Do you know who that gentleman was?"

"No."

"There he is before you, walking with your mother on his arm."

"Oh, I must run and tell him how much we love him for his kindness;" and in a few moments she contrived that her mother took my arm and she had Mr. E. entirely to herself.

The wife of Washington La Fayette had a seriousness and depth of feeling, not commonly manifested by French ladies. She spoke of religious subjects with interest and solemnity; and I could not but hope, that the misfortunes of the family might have been made the instrument, under divine grace, of imbuing her mind with true spiritual feeling.—Our walk ended about nine, and after an hour of general conversation, each one retired to his own apartment; and by the time when the splendid saloons of Paris were filling up with their glittering throngs, all was buried in repose at the quiet residence of La Fayette.

The next morning, the General took us round his farm, to exhibit his stock and improvements in agriculture, of which he was justly proud. In the course of conversation, I asked him what history of the French Revolution he would recommend as best. Mignet's, he said, was brief, comprehensive and correct. The only error he mentioned, was a false theory—a kind of FATALISM, in respect to the atrocities of the reign of terror, as if they were a necessary part of the re-

volution. "It is not so," said La Fayette, with much strength of feeling, "there was no need of 'wading through slaughter' to the establishment of free institutions."

"But the sufferings resulting from those atrocities," I replied, "will at least furnish a salutary caution against plunging again into such scenes. France will not see a second revolution."

"France *will* see a second revolution," said the General, in a deep and solemn tone. "She *will* see one."

"Do you think it possible that the French people will incur the danger of a new reign of terror?"

"There is no such danger. The people hate the government—they hate the Jesuits, who completely govern the king. A revolution must come; perhaps not in my day—certainly not under my direction. But the people have arms concealed by thousands throughout the country. Those arms *will* come forth, and a few days will decide the conflict."

I confess I was utterly unbelieving, and regarded these remarks as a proof of that credulity with which Lafayette has been often charged. But in less than four years, his prediction was fulfilled. The people of Paris, maddened by oppression, flew to arms, and in three days the revolution was completed. La Fayette was called to Paris to organize a new government. He might have placed himself at the summit of power; but he preferred to call Louis Philippe to the throne. For a time his opinion had the force of law. But he was destined again to experience the ingratitude of those whom he had raised to power. He retired from Paris, carrying with him only the blessings of the people, and the increasing admiration of every lover of virtue.

The day passed away in varied and instructive conversation. It was delightful to follow La Fayette through the momentous scenes of his life, and to listen to his remarks so full of wisdom and benevolence. At evening, the carriage was announced that was to carry us to the nearest large town on our route to Geneva. La Fayette accompanied us to the extremity of his estate; and throwing his arms around us, with the warmth of a true Frenchman, gave us his parting embrace.

"Farewell, General," said I, "we part at last to meet no more."

"Say not so," he replied with great quickness. "In France we never speak of a *last* farewell. We always hope to meet again."

May that hope be realized! May the trials of his eventful life have prepared him, through divine grace, for an inheritance in the kingdom of God; and may he who traces these lines, be training up through the same grace, to join him in those mansions of rest, where no enemy shall ever enter, and whence no friend shall ever depart. C. A. G.

DIVINE TRUTH.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"There failed not aught of any good thing, which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel."
JOSHUA, 21. 45.

"*Fail'd not!*" *How could it fail?*
Thou who didst bid
At God's command, the sun and moon stand still,
Astonished in their mansions, it is fit
That thou shouldst teach the fickle tribes, what truth
Dwells with Omnipotence. Jehovah's word
Hath not the mournful property *to fail.*
This appertaineth to the breath that man
Upon his fading clay lips fashioneth.
He, with his secret heart doth make resolve,
To do, or not to do. But, straightway comes
A sound—a wind of doctrine—or a change,

In the wan features of the pale-fac'd moon,
And lo! his deed and resolution stand
Divorc'd,—the poles apart.

Anon, he speaks
A pleasant promise to his neighbor's ear,
Round which the expectant vine of hope doth climb;
But he, frail being, finds his sky too cold
To ripen what he planted, and retires
Crab-like, with looks of shame.

Yea, some there are,
Who with their false and glozing words, are fain
To cheat the simple-hearted, and exult
Over the ruin and the wreck they make.
God shall reward them. He,—to whom belongs
The vengeance, and the right to recompense—
"He is not as a man, that he should lie,"
So spake the son of Beor;—"hath He said,
And will He not fulfil it?—every word,
Shall He not make it good?"

Who cometh on,
From Carmel, up to Gilgal, with his host
In warrior pride? Dejected in his train
A captive king is led,—while lowing herds,
And bleating flocks innumerous, show the spoils
Of conquer'd Amalek. The son of Kish,
The sceptred hero, with his towering head
Higher than all the people, treads in pomp
His native vales.—Yet rankling in his breast,
And 'neath the flush of victory, ill concealed,
Is consciousness of error, and the sting
Of keen remorse.

Behold, an awful Seer,
The silver-bearded, and the lightning-eyed,
Meets him with stern rebuke. The flimsy veil,
With which the evasive monarch strives to shroud
His disobedience and venality,
Is rent away, and in Jehovah's name
The truth disclosed.—Reddens the royal brow
With shame and terror, as the avenging doom
Majestic Samuel utters. Hear we not
Those closing tones, that awe the listening host
Of armed warriors, leaning on their spears?
"Behold, the strength of Israel will not fail,
Nor like a man repent."

Therefore rejoice,
Ye who in meek obedience keep His law.
Gird on the shield of faith, from whose clear disk,
Like diamond pure, all envious shafts recoil.
Earth's props, indeed, may break and pierce the heart,
But the Eternal promise standeth sure.
So walk with tranquil brow these shores of time,
And do His will whose changeless truth you trust.

DANTE; HIS RELIGION AND POETRY.

BY M. M. BACKUS.

The political enterprise and magnificence of Florence, at a period when Northern Europe was still sunk in a state of semi-barbarism, have so long been the themes of the novelist and the poet, that we have come to look upon the whole as a fancy sketch. We have retained a vague notion of a beautiful and fertile vale, embracing upon its bosom the gently gliding Arno, and breathed upon by the mildest and healthiest breezes of sunny Italy. In the centre of that vale, we have in like fancy deposited Florence *la bella*, adorned it with the noblest efforts of architectural skill, enriched it with the choicest treasures of art, filled its coffers with the gold and the pearls of a thousand tributaries, and blessed its enterprise with the fundamental principles of a republican government: and now as the morning sun shed its pure rays over the city, it was enlivened with the grateful hum of commerce and the hammer of the artisan, with merry tradesmen and swarthy seamen, hastening to and fro with the cares and plots of merchandise. A thousand fairy tales have their scenes amid its endless palaces and luxuriant gardens; the cathedral and the convents were peopled with cowled monks having nothing of their St. Anthony in them but his fire, and with religieuses in black robes and jewelled crucifixes, laid in a moral death-house to putrefy unseen: the streets were filled with brave knights and ladies fair, the princely palace with grave counsellors, the environs with nutbrown maids and honest yeomen, the groves with the twittering, wanton songsters, the air with perfume, and the sky with the clear sunlight,—thus the picture was wont to fill itself up with discordant materials, till its irregularity made us sick of what was fancy, and sceptical of what was fact.

And yet if we compare what fancy has ascribed to Florence with what she has showered upon other portions of this earth, or form our judgment even by what a modern schedule of tabulary statistics, with item this and item that in exact series, would award to her genius and national policy, the same picture of beauty and prosperity again rises before us with its graces and its artless symmetry to distract and enchant the beholder. It is all true. Florence once pushed her agriculture to the tops of the Apennines, supplanting the chestnut by the blade of corn, in places now left desolate in despair: once the fabrics of her artisans were famous throughout Europe: once her sails were wooing and kissing every breeze: her arms made her terrible in the earth, and covered her with military glory. The painter and the sculptor embodied the manifold forms of beauty, and the poet in glowing numbers flung the bright halo of sparkling song around her brow. Her judges presided in wisdom, and her princes ruled in splendor. But the vision has passed. Indolence, torpor, spiritless vanity now brood upon her palaces and her fields: the industrious live by the negligence of an imbecile government, and the rest are too lazy to dig, and just mean enough to do the thief and the beggar in a small way. The fires which were once kindled in her realms, have long since been extinguished: her former energy and her opulence have fled northward to the fast-anchored isle, and her political genius and spirit have travelled westward over the Atlantic, and rested on a soil then unknown to her geography.

In the latter years of the thirteenth century, Florence was the scene of a violent political contest between the Bianchi and Neri, or the Whites and Blacks. It was the design of the latter party to co-operate with the selfish schemes of the Pope, Boniface VIII., and, at his suggestion, resign their city to the tender mercies of Charles of Valois, Count of Anjou, and brother of the king of France. The independent character of the Florentines had for some time annoyed the pride of the Pontifical See, and every opportunity had been sought by both parties to maintain the spiritual and temporal prerogatives. But it was a day of darkness, superstition, and slavery. Few men knew enough of freedom to think it worth struggling for: common folk and gentle folk were allowed just that amount of religion, which made them tremble at a priest, and just that amount of knowledge, and in that form, which left the impression that it was a thing for angels instead of creatures of flesh and blood. Men were born with innate impressions of servitude, and were baptized into the name of the Pope and the Prince. The glass, through which mankind might see heavenly

things darkly, had become smutted over with the dingy smoke of scholasticism and mysticism, till human eyes could not see through it at all. All was disease and wretchedness and despair. But God had reserved unto himself many choice spirits, and was ordering events for the speedy release of his oppressed creatures. Upon the very lands where the darkness was the deepest, He was pouring down the silent and lively beams of truth; and was placing motives in their hearts and weapons in their hands to assert and maintain the rights, with which He had endowed them.

In Florence the little band of Bianchi, with the prior of the city at their head, were holding their ground as witnesses to the doctrine of inalienable rights. They had their nocturnal meetings and their esoteric maxims, their secret oaths and their inspiriting watchword, their indomitable purposes and their ennobling aims. In the year 1300, this true-hearted band had for their leader a man, who had seen some thirty-five summers, and had studied philosophy at Bologna and Padua, theology in the schoolmen, literature in Virgil, arms and glory at Compaldino against the Ghibelines of Arezzo, love in the eyes of Beatrice Portinari, and domestic infelicity with Gemma Donati. With a heart generous as the rain of heaven, a temper firm but engaging by its many virtues, a wit busy with the fascinating forms and images of nature, a spirit burning with the purifying fires of patriotism, he moved amid the narrow circle of leagued liberators, the very pride of the band. His hours were engaged in laying skilful plots to countermine a wary foe. One day at Rome, the next at Florence, and the third at the court of some neighboring prince, he pushed his negotiations, and put every means in motion to secure the best interests of his countrymen. But a stupid race, and a barbarous age, discarded his philanthropic efforts: even his fellow-citizens looked on with an indifferent air, and he found himself, after several partial successes, in a small minority and in poor repute within his native walls.

Dante Alighieri—for he was this prior, and politician, and poet—determined to resist to the last the encroachments of Boniface. We can fancy the little knot of Bianchi gathered in their nocturnal assembly room, discussing the changing events of the day, proposing and weighing various expedients for their often emergencies, lamenting the fickleness and sluggish stupidity of the Florentine populace, and seeking through the thick darkness to catch some far off ray of hope in the distant future, when their free and just principles should triumph in the world. But they saw none; and yet, with true patriotism, when they were rejected of their countrymen, and with true religion, when they were anathematized by the supposed vicegerent of God, they clung to their homes and their faith with unfaltering purpose; while Dante, the very joint and sinew of the society, still swept the loud chords of his lyre in mingled tones of submission and rebuke.

O Almighty Power!
Who wast in earth for our sakes crucified,
Are thy just eyes turned elsewhere? Or is this
A preparation, in the wond'rous depth
Of thy sage counsel, made for some good end,
Entirely from our reach of thought cut off;
So are the Italian cities all o'er-thronged
With tyrants, and a great Marcellus made
Of every petty factious villager.

Turning from the sad scene, which met his eyes everywhere in Italy, his heart wanders back to his *Firenze la bella.*

My Florence! Thou may'st well remain unmov'd
At this digression, which affects not thee—
Thanks to thy people who so wisely speed.
Many have justice in their heart, that long
Waiteth for counsel to direct the bow,
Or ere it dart unto its aim: but thine
Have it on their lip's edge. Many refuse
To bear the common burdens; readier thine
Answer uncall'd, and cry, "Behold, I stoop."
* * * * * * * *
If thou remember'st well, and canst see clear,
Thou wilt perceive thyself like a sick wretch,
Who finds no rest upon her down, but oft
Shifting her side, short respite seeks from pain.
Purg. Canto VI.

A company of such choice spirits, feeding the flames of liberty with holy hands, without an example in story to encourage them to believe their principles practicable, making head against the ecclesiastical purple with not a precedent in Christendom of successful opposition to her wiles and power, forgiving and forgetting the ingratitude of their fellows, constant amid difficulties and indomitable amid despair—such a company is worth looking in upon. It assures us that even in that dismal period there was other light besides the external rays of the sun, that there was other generosity besides what existed in the bountiful bosom of nature; and with our clearer vision, and brighter prospects, we seem to go back to that secret chamber, and mingle with that devoted band, and speak to them words of consolation and hope, "Brothers, have good cheer. The night is far spent."

The Neri triumphed, and in 1302 the leaders of the Bianchi were banished. Dante, being on an embassy to Rome, was mulcted by the Flo-

rentines in the sum of 8000 lires, and condemned to two years' exile. Unable to discharge the fine, his property was confiscated, and shortly afterwards, in the month of March, a sentence was obtained by his enemies, condemning him, if taken, to the stake. To this unjust severity he alludes in a prediction in the seventeenth canto of Paradise.

> Such as driven out
> From Athens, by his cruel stepdame's wiles,
> Hippolytus departed: such must thou
> Depart from Florence. This they wish, and this
> Contrive, and will ere long effectuate, there,
> Where gainful merchandize is made of Christ
> Throughout the livelong day.

From that hour his life was a series of misfortunes. Failing to secure a permission to revisit his native city, he wandered about Italy, dependent upon the generosity of friends for an asylum and a subsistence; and yet never fully releasing the hope of a remission of the sentence, he seems to have harbored a bitterness and dejection of spirits, from the annoyance of which even his friends were not exempt.

> This is the first shaft
> Shot from the bow of exile. Thou shalt prove
> How salt the savor is of others' bread;
> How hard the passage, to descend and climb
> By others' stairs.

Having seen the fall of his political enemy Donati, he finally entered beneath the hospitable roof of Signori della Scala, of Verona, where a firm friendship was soon established between the patron and the poet, which lasted until death—a friendship which he characterizes as

> the contrary to that
> Which fals 'twixt other men, the granting
> Did forerun the asking.

Twice he visited Paris, and one early commentator extends his pilgrimage even to Oxford. During the last years of his life he resided with Guido Novello da Polenta, at Ravenna, where he died in 1321, of a disease brought on by disappointment and melancholy, at the failure of a negotiation, which he had undertaken to effect between his patron and the Venetians. His funeral obsequies were celebrated in a gorgeous and sumptuous style by Guido, and one hundred and fifty years later a splendid monument was erected to his memory by Bernardo Bembo. His countrymen sought to wipe out their injustice to the living by expiatory offerings to his ashes, but as to this day their service is mere lip-honor, without any true sympathy with the principles which inspired the poet's song, they have only perpetuated their own meanness and infamy; even the bad commentaries, which they have hung round his great poem, and the mincing, idle lecturers they have appointed to sit in judgment on his genius, only furnish still stronger evidence to the man of taste, that the infatuated Florentines are stubbornly bent upon the burial of his deathless numbers, and the extermination of his principles.

The Divina Commedia, by which the name of Dante is rendered illustrious and immortal, is in its conception and in all its parts, essentially a creation of the fourteenth century, of an anti-papal Catholic, and of Italy. It is religion and political law in allegory, with an outline of the events and characters of his own day skilfully interwoven with the frail texture and dignified with Roman learning. Though denominated a comedy, it is not a drama: but in accordance with the arbitrary criticism of his contemporaries, by which eloquence was distributed into three forms, tragic, comic, and elegiac,—the first representing those pieces which, with a happy beginning, had a painful conclusion, and the second those of a reverse order—Dante named his poem a comedy. The epithet Divina is of later origin, and arose from the character of the subjects, upon which its hundred cantos were employed. The poet introduces us to a vision which is said to have passed before his fancy, in the year 1300, representative of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. This furnishes him with a ready threefold division to his poem, of which he avails himself in a very masterly manner. The shade of Virgil becomes his conductor through the realms of Tartarus, and they enter the fearful regions of Hell hand in hand.

Hardly have they passed beneath the heavy portals, when their eyes fall upon a gang of drones and idlers, whose punishment it is to be for ever stung with gnats and wasps: in this worshipful company they discover Pope Celestine the Fifth, who had abdicated his office to play the sot with a more comfortable *abandon*. Ferried by Charon over the Stygian waters they meet first the spirits of those, who, before the coming of Christ, lived lives of godlessness: the second is a group of sensualists, who are succeeded in regular series by gluttons, spendthrifts, choleric spirits, heretics, malefactors, debauchees, and traitors. To illustrate these characters the poet selected the choicest actors in Italian history; and from the supplies it is made to furnish, the papacy would seem to have been a sort of academy of sin to prepare and train pupils for that higher or rather deeper university of crime and wo. Besides Celestine we meet

with Nicholas the Third, Clement the Fifth, and even Boniface the Eighth, under the title of 'Prince of the Pharisees.' Nor are the popes even in death deprived of their cringing parasites. Cardinals, and bishops without number, swarm in every circle, and are immortalized with every degree and species of immorality, from a sickly gourmandism up to simony, perjury, and coolly calculated murder.

Reappearing in upper light, the travellers rest upon an island from which they are directed by Cato of Utica on their road to Purgatory.

O'er better waves to speed her rapid course
The light bark of my genius lifts the sail,
Well pleas'd to leave so cruel sea behind.

The journey over the mountains of Purgatory by a steep and narrow path, pent in on each side by rocks, is full of incident, and diversified with all the charms of descriptive poetry. Seating themselves on an eminence with the sun upon their left, they recover from their fatigue and interrogate the passengers upon the causes of their several dooms. Discovering Sordello, an old and tried friend, Dante flings himself into his arms, and bursts out in bitter invective upon an ungrateful land.

Ah, slavish Italy! thou inn of grief!
Vessel without pilot in loud storm!
Lady no longer of fair provinces,
But brothel-house impure! This gentle spirit
Even from the pleasant sound of his dear land
Was prompt to greet a fellow citizen
With such glad cheer: while now thy living ones
In thee abide not without war: and one
Malicious gnaws another: aye of those
Whom the same wall and the same moat contains.

Falling asleep, the dreamer is carried still farther up the mountain, and two hours after sunrise is admitted with Virgil to the realms of Purgatory. As they advance, wide surfaces of white marble are seen artfully adorned with allegorical representations of deeds of humility. The souls of the proud meet them bent down beneath the weight of large stones: then succeed other etchings in illustration of the same sin. Upon the second buttress the sin of envy is expiated, and upon the third that of anger. Advancing through the mists he meets Marco Lombardo, with whom he carries on a dispute upon the free-will, summing up the matter in these sensible lines:

If then the present race of mankind err
Seek in yourselves the cause and find it there.

Issuing from the thick vapor, they approach the fourth cornice, where the sin of gloominess is cleansed. The fifth, assigned to the sin of avarice, has among its tenants for a wonder, Pope Adrian the Fourth, who confesses that his induction to the pastorship of Rome first opened his eyelids, and enabled him to discover "the dream and cozenage of life." After passing the fifth cornice, the two poets are overtaken by Statius, who accompanies them on their way, all communing

Mysterious lessons of sweet poesy.

Escaping beyond the seventh and last cornice, Dante is accosted by several of his friends, whose characters he sketches with rapid and vivid strokes. Before these realms are abandoned for ever, the travellers are overtaken by nightfall and pleasant dreams, and when they awake again, Virgil, not being permitted to enter the gates of Paradise, resigns his office of guide and commits his friend to his own judgment till he shall meet with Beatrice to conduct him through the streets of the Eternal City.

The reunion with his first love forms the centre of interest for the poem, if centre it can be said to have. Beatrice he had first seen at the age of ten years, and at twenty loved her. His warm affection was felt and responded to, but death intercepted the consummation of their happiness. At twenty-five he buried his relish of life, and his hopes of earthly enjoyment, in the grave with her. The earth covered her body, but the vision of her features, the soft tones of her voice, and the kindness of her heart, burst from the earthy encasement, and roamed over the world with Dante. They lay down with him and rose up with him, they were ever present images in his eyes, they echoed like the memory of past joys through his ears, they swept over his spirit like a voice from heaven, they became part of his very consciousness. And if the half, that is told of her, be true, she was worthy the homage of such a mind. To the memory of this being he turned after a life spent in vexation and anguish, persecution without and domestic discord within, and he fondled the thing of fancy with all the fervor and artlessness of a child. To this being, when he enters the regions of the blessed, he resigns himself as his conductress and prophet.

Ascending towards the first heaven, his celestial guide resolves certain of his doubts upon the nature of the objects which meet his view. The moon is assigned to those, who on earth made profession of a religious life. Among the illustrious tenants of Mercury, or the second heaven, is Justinian, who recounts the victories of the Roman Eagle, and discovers to Dante the true

policy of the Italian States, in relation to their unhappy dissensions. As they journey on up to the ninth and last heaven, Beatrice discourses to him of human redemption, and the necessity of faith; but the larger part of the doctrinal expositions are put in the mouths of Thomas Aquinas, Buonaventura, Bernard, and the Apostles. Upon the empyrean his vision is strengthened by looking upon a river of light, by which he is enabled to discern or rather contemplate the brightness of the Divine Majesty. Beatrice silently retires from his side, and he is admitted to a faint glimpse of the mysteries of the Trinity, and the union of man with God:

But the flight was not for my wing:
Had not a flash darted athwart my mind
And in the spleen unfolded what it sought.
Here vigor fail'd the tow'ring fantasy,
But yet the will roll'd onward, like a wheel
In even motion, by the Love impell'd,
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars.

Our imperfect analysis may give some faint idea of the action of the poem. Of its incidents, as rich and diversified as the scenes of nature herself, its images endless and choice, and never feeble, its variety always pleasing, its language vigorous and elegant, its versification melodious and exquisitely modulated, we can say but little within our present limits. It is an allegory of the boldest kind, transporting the present into the future, and awarding to virtue and vice their respective dooms. The characters are of an historical, and therefore permanent interest: the basis of the vision is laid upon Revelation, and even where it is in some of its parts at variance with our clearer knowledge of that Revelation, it loses half its offensiveness by the unobtrusive manner in which it is introduced. We come now to speak more particularly of its political and religious character.

We suppose no one would open the Divina Commedia to study theology, or political law. Whoever the adventurer may be, who shall set himself upon such a task, will find himself in the issue at loggerheads with all the world and with himself also. Pagans in heaven or on their way thither after death have too strong an odor of sentimentalism to suit the Protestant; Popes in hell are not very relishable food for rumination to the Romanist. The worship of the blessed Virgin as "*Regina Cœli*," purgatory as a place of moral *preparation* for heaven, and Paradise distributed with a great parade of astronomy over the planets of the solar system, are not the things most congruous with the Bible and the developments of modern science. We stop not now to contemplate its faults and its blemishes. They are many and great. Nor shall we delve in every fleeting dash of the poet's pencil to catch a faint foreshadowing of some great traditional system, which would fain have a resurrection in these latter days. Nor again for our present design shall we chase off into his political treatise *De Monarchia* in glorification of the Romans, and in prophecy of their destiny as the future rulers of the Universe. All this, well enough in its season, is wholly irrelevant to the important question, What is the religion of the Divina Commedia? Man has so long and so effectually made his wit and acquirements subserve the ends of his passions, that in an analysis of any given character, we have come to consider not how he reasons, nor what formal statements he makes of his views, but what his object is. The heart in this case overshadows the intellect, and the latter does duty as a hireling under the lash. Dante in his work on Monarchy glorified the Romans to tickle the vanity of the Emperor, and secure his assistance against the Pontiff: he ascribed prerogatives to a Cæsar, which would have constituted a fouler and a sterner despotism than that of the Vatican. He reasons, and subtilizes, and poetizes, till he gets an Empire into the seventh heaven of political perfectibility, and carries up there with it many of the most odious features of Catholicism. All this seems anything but pleasant for an American heart: but we care not a whit for these vagaries. We put the thing in another light by the common sense question, why did he so compromise his nobler principles? And when history answers, it was to awaken a stupid race and a superstitious Emperor to a sense of the spiritual degradation to which the Papacy reduced them, we are satisfied: we thank the poet for his motives and objects, and reject his means. Leaving then such moot points, we go in quest of a more important fact, which is to answer a more practical question. What is the genius of the religious sentiments of the Divina Commedia? What its pervading spirit, and whitherward was the poet's helm directed? And we hesitate not to affirm that that genius and spirit are Protestantism, and that helm is 'hard down' for Evangelicism. We affirm it in the face of sacerdotal copes and stoles, and tapers, and saints' intercession, and all the doctrines of the schoolmen in their most subtle or stupid form, scattered through its endless *terzinas*, and adorned with all the tasteful drapery of a true poet. We affirm it in the face of the universal popularity

of the poem with Catholic Italians, of its specious and artful defence by that prince of controversialists, the Cardinal Bellarmine, and of its ingenious believe-nothing, and doubt-nothing analysis by that prince of historical critics, Bayle. Dante has impressed upon it his own signet, and that signet does not read Popery, nor Christianity, nor Paganism, nor fiction, nor caprice, but——Dante. It is individual, with a dash of the monomaniac; religious, with a just detestation of a horde of usurpers and apostates, and Christian-like, with as much of the Spirit as could eke through the turmeric of Missals and Pontificals. His inner life was fed by principle, instead of form: he loved truth, he eschewed hypocrisy, and he clung with rapture and enthusiasm around the living and life-giving doctrines, which even through a spurious Christianity and a tyrannical government, he could catch a glimpse of, and could discern to be the only, and the sure safeguard of spiritual and political liberty. He was a Catholic—a Romanist, if you please—because the Bible was a sealed book, and he knew no other form of Revelation. But in his poem he chose of Catholicism what was best, and most approximating to Evangelicism. He was a poet; and as such sought communion with kindred spirits of former days, and with the lovelier and purer shapes of nature. He was a sworn adherent to his holy faith, but he shrank from its impure exposition at Rome, to hold sweet converse with the scholastics, and ventured with them to the farthest verge of the catholic circle, to enjoy the healthful exercise of that liberty, wherewith God makes free. He was a generous spirit, and a bruised one: and far from rebuking the dejection of his latter years, we are moved to prize the more highly that humane temperament which could suffer continued exhaustion from such miscreants and ingrates as those, with whom his lot was cast, without drying up for ever the fountains of sympathy and kindness. He loved the pure poetry of his Virgil, the angelic vision of his Beatrice, the truthful doctrines of freedom and the holy consolations of revealed religion. He hated Popes, Cardinals, and bishops; intriguers and despots; lechers, gluttons, and misers: but, what is far above all this, he heartily detested the union of Church and State. He denounced it in didactic essays, and in the rapid eloquence of song: he preached against it to his countrymen, and drew his own good blade in evidence of his sincerity and trust: and it was his ardor to subvert the papacy which carried him over to what is just as bad, high monarchism. These are the affections, and principles, and purposes, which enter into his great poem: and they glow there like liquid gold in every line, every image, every word. As Protestants we follow the Ghibelline with our hopes and prayers through all the changes of his allegory: and at every step we are conscious that a Catholic garb is concealing an evangelical person, because in every light and under every circumstance, he is acting upon the fundamental principle of evangelicism, individuality as opposed to massive organism.

Dante was a fourteenth century man with his face toward the millenium instead of the deluge: an inhabitant of a dark age, but not like the obscure bat bending its wings towards the dens and caves of the earth, but like a young eagle peering for light and setting his eye full upon the dazzling sun: he was leaving confusion and death behind him, and had hope before to cheer and enliven his pathway: and when he lacked wisdom, his heart did not turn towards any Mecca to worship and ask, but he bent his eyes upwards and looked upon heaven through its own veil of pure ether, and made the air the glad communicator of his orisons, the omnipresent confessional for his trespasses.

There is in heaven a light, whose goodly shine
Makes the Creator visible to all
Created, that in seeing him alone
Have peace: and in a circle spreads so far
That the circumference were too loose a zone
To girdle in the sun.

The poetry of the Divine comedy is that of a fertile imagination and varied learning, under the conduct of eloquence and honest indignation. The theme, and the minor parts, were those which stirred and animated his soul of souls: they brought up strange pictures with dark colorings of bitter wrongs before his memory, and melancholy threw her sable garment over his fancy. Now he is carried away by an impassioned eulogy of the good and the noble, now he pours forth torrents of scorching rebuke upon the vices of Italy, and now he brands the sloth and tetchy wantonness of the Pope and his minions with epithets of biting sarcasm. With a lively sympathy for the beautiful and the gentle, he seldom views them in their feminine attitudes, and never paints them. Alone of all the poets of Italy he never wrote a line of twattle or slip-slop. Hell in his vision is gloomy, frowning, malignant; vice has lost its seductive charms, and is bold and froward in despair. Suffering only nourishes the fiendlike hate of the tenants of that nether

pit: horror, like a glare of fire in murky darkness, rests upon every countenance. The heavy hand of fortune had almost identified Dante's thoughts with gloom and sullenness: and it may truly be said of him, what Johnson unjustly said of Milton, that 'hell grew darker at his frown.'

It is the poetry of learning, erudite, scholastic, and occasionally ostentatious. His era was that of the revival of Roman letters; those of Greece and the East being yet unknown. It was the age of angelic and seraphic Doctors in subtle theology: when thought began to recover the use of its limbs, but had to turn infant again, creeping along the ground, and amusing itself with rattles and rubbish. But the marks of a towering genius are manifest in the selection that is made of materials, and the groups into which they are disposed. Dante poured the lifeless dogmas into the crucible of his heart, and purified and vivified reason by passion. In the peculiar province of the poet he stands unrivalled in rich variety of images, and in the picturesque character of language. The ordinary actors upon the same stage with him are introduced with great skill, and neither their numbers nor their obscurity are suffered to act as dead weights upon the interest of the composition. The chief events of history are sketched with a few brilliant strokes of which the only blemish is that they are suggestive rather than didactic: a few brief notes, however, are sufficient to guide the reader, and the fewer and briefer they are made the better for the object of the poem and the memory of its author.

Dante is blessed with a translation into every tongue, whose literature is worth the mention, and is cursed with a thousand dull commentators, who are seeking, like barnacles upon the hull of a mighty ship, to traverse the ocean of time. To the English reader the translation of Cary, which we have employed in our extracts, offers as correct a notion of the spirit of the man and the genius of the poet, as a translation can. It is polished, and sometimes labored: animated and frequently brilliant; always full, without overrunning the measure of its office. Dante deserves a wider acquaintance with Americans, for it may be safely said, that an American Protestant can alone echo the fervor and the spirit of the Anti-papal poet.

SABBATH MORNING.

TO MY WIFE WHEN AT A DISTANCE.

THAT holy calm which breathed from heaven,
  Around the spot where Christ abode,
Which speaks the joys of sin forgiven
  And lifts the beaming eye to God,—

That holy calm where passion's rage,
  And earth-born fears and hopes are gone
While o'er the soul's brief pilgrimage
  A milder radiance is thrown—

That holy calm thy breast shall feel,
  As breaks the Sabbath's dawn once more,
And to thine inmost soul shall steal
  The presence of the COMFORTER.

Around the throne already meet
  The unnumbered millions of the Blest,
And tune their softest notes to greet
  Another Sabbath's sacred rest.

Though high above our feeble aim,
  Rolls on their "inexpressive"* song,
Our souls communion still shall claim,
  And mingle with the happy throng.

On earth below, in heaven above,
  The song, the joy, the praise are *one*,
And soon these souls from earth remove,
  Where naught but heaven remains alone.

C. A. G.

* Milton.

AMERICAN WILD FLOWERS.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

(SEE PLATE.)

WHAT an array of beauty do our forests, fields and meadows present at this season of the year! We admire the richness and splendor of the garden and the green-house; we are delighted with the magnificence of the immigrant from a foreign clime—the magnolia, the rhododendron, the camellia, the peony—they dazzle by their gay and splendid hues; but more than these and all their companions, we love the modest, unpretending flower, blooming in its native haunts. We belong to the 'native American party,' so far as flowers are concerned. It is not that we love the foreigner less—but we love the American more. It is because we prefer nature to art. It is for the same reason that Cowper expressed a preference for the country—because

"God made the country, and man made the town."

It is because we see less of God in a garden of exotics—in the forest and mead more. It is for the same reason that we are more pleased in viewing the features of the human face, as God made them, though exhibiting no uncommon beauty, than we are after the application of the *rouge*, or any of that genus. Something of this feeling the author of the "Deserted Village" seems to express, when he says,

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art."

Cultivation, in almost every instance, changes the natural peculiarities of exotic plants. With some, indeed, the effect produced by culture in a foreign clime is such as to destroy almost entirely their identity. The change, it is true, may be a desirable one, so far as their general appearance is concerned; but when subjected to minute scientific examination, these flowers are found to be unnaturally developed, and to have lost some organs altogether.

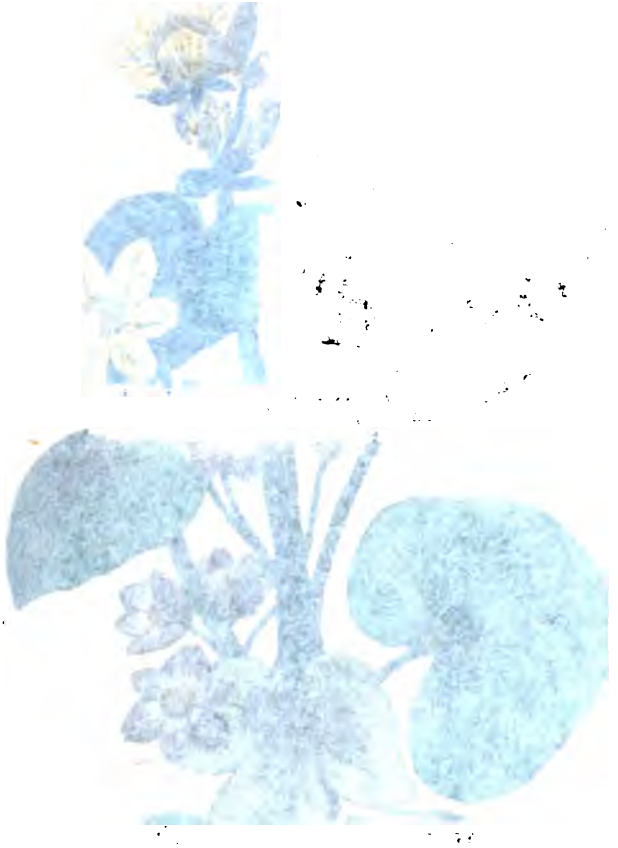
A beautiful emblem this of the general effect of luxury on the physical, intellectual, and moral condition of men; especially if they have been accustomed to a poorer and humbler walk in life. Such men may be more respected; perhaps their society will be universally courted; but, on the whole, luxury more generally mars and injures here, than it improves and beautifies.

We have often wondered that the flowers of our woods received no higher marks of attention from the horticulturist. How common is it for those who certainly are not in the main deficient in floral taste, to collect for their gardens and green-houses, even at great expense and pains-taking, a multitude of exotics, while they overlook altogether the aborigines of the soil, within a mile of their own door! Why is it? Why this passion for every plant indigenous to other climes, so that scarcely a particle of enthusiasm can be afforded for those that smile so kindly upon us from their native haunts? Why is it, when a group of these sisters, from their mountain home, are presented as candidates for the favor of some fair friend, that we so often hear the remark, "Oh, they are nothing but wild flowers!" To us, it seems a want of correct taste, to say the least. It seems more than this—scarcely less than a disrespect to our citizens, by preferring foreigners to them.

Strange that these wild flowers should be neglected, when, as it should seem, most of them are endeared by some of the sweetest recollections of childhood. We never gaze upon these familiar faces in their solitary abodes, without feelings akin to those which the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming" has expressed in such beautiful numbers:

"Ye wild flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true;
Yet wildings of nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold."

Some of the flowers of spring, which, in the latitude of the State of New York, have now disappeared, are perfect gems of beauty. The *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, or blood root, is one of the earliest. We have seen it in the month of March, unfolding its delicate white petals, which would not suffer in comparison with many of our most admired exotics, while the ground was covered with snow. Two species of the *Anemone*, found generally in the forest, appear somewhat later. One of these species, the *Anemone Thalictroides*, or rue anemone, with white blossoms, some three or four inches high, is perhaps the fairest of the family, and



abounds in shady locations about the first of May. There is the *Claytonia Virginica*, too, the spring beauty, as it is aptly termed, which prefers the same locations, and is in flower near the same time. The *Trillium Pendulum*, or wake robin, blossoms in May. Though not so common as either of the former, it is more gay and splendid, and is more likely to please the casual passer-by. We have found it in Oneida county in considerable abundance. The *Aquilegia Canadensis*, or wild columbine, a sister of the columbine so generally cultivated in gardens, is by no means an uninteresting flower. It may be found growing in clusters, often hanging on high rocks, where there seems scarcely soil sufficient to sustain it.

Among the vernal flowers which attract most general attention, are the two which embellish this number of the Parlor Magazine—

THE HEPATICA AND CALTHA.

They are drawn from natural specimens, and engraved expressly for the work. They are designed not merely as embellishments, but as illustrations of the beauty of our native wild flowers.

The blue flower in the engraving is the HEPATICA AMERICANA according to De Candolle; the *H. triloba*, according to some other botanists. It is one of the first flowers which appear in the Northern and Middle States, and on this account, as well as in consideration of its intrinsic beauty, is a very interesting plant. Its pale blue flowers are often seen before the snows of winter have entirely disappeared. The leaves are not formed until nearly a month later—the leaf which appears in the engraving being the growth of last year. The more common name of the plant is LIVERWORT. Prof. Eaton, with some reason, as we think, objects to the name, as being the same applied to a plant belonging to another genus—the *Marchantia Polymorpha*—and suggests that it be called LIVERLEAF.

The *Hepatica* is also interesting on account of the notoriety it has recently obtained in this country, for its supposed medicinal virtues. We pretend not to determine what consequence ought to be attached to it in medicine. Prof. Tully thinks its excellence is somewhat overrated by some physicians; and the authors of the American Dispensatory affirm that, excepting it is slightly astringent, it has no valuable medicinal properties whatever. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

The CALTHA PALUSTRIS, or AMERICAN COWSLIP, accompanies the last mentioned plant in the engraving. It grows naturally in wet, marshy locations, and is on this account quite difficult to cultivate in the garden. Its gay, yellow blossoms form a happy contrast with its deep green leaves and the grass where it grows. Many a sweet bard has honored it in his song, or perhaps we should say, many a song has been honored by it.

There is not, perhaps, in all the year, a more charming month for a ramble in the country among its wild beauties, than this same month of June. Multitudes of flowers are now in bloom, which are interesting and attractive, whether examined with the eye of a scientific botanist, or viewed simply as specimens of the unrivalled handiwork of God.

Improve this season, thou votary of the world, and its alluring pleasures. Go abroad where the wild flowers bloom in their native loveliness, and for awhile at least, forget thy dollars and cents, thy ambition, and thy gay amusements. Go, and let thy heart beat free from the rust of business and care. It will make thee better, happier, to acquaint thyself with these creatures of Infinite Wisdom and Beneficence. Art thou a misanthrope? Hath thy brother man played thee false, and hath a thorn pricked thee from among the roses of life, so thou must needs whine, and find fault with thy species, and everything else, and call this world of ours a bad world, unworthy of thy confidence and love? Learn to see the beauties of the world, and be somewhat blind to its deformities and defects. Peradventure, it is not so bad, after all. Go talk with the birds, and trees, and flowers. Why,

> "Methinks it should have been impossible
> Not to love *all* things in a world so filled,
> Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
> Is music slumbering on her instruments."

Go make friends of every flower that blows. They will instruct thee—they will teach thee how to love; and if thou canst learn to be a good lover, thou wilt be content to see the world, and let the world see thee. Art thou pent up in some crowded, bustling, dusty Utica of a city? Give thyself a holiday—go away from the rattling of omnibuses, and the cries of radish-venders and chimney-sweeps, and place thyself awhile under the influence of these wildings of nature. O, there are homilies in the wild wood flowers, worth all the wisdom of the schools. Read them, man of the world—they cost thee nothing—and BE SURE THOU READ THEM ARIGHT.

BENJAMIN AND THE "MONSTER FATHER."

Our readers will not have forgotten the astounding incident recorded in the last Number of this Magazine, of the father who sought the country over till he found a school for his son in which there was no religion! He found it away in the heart of Virginia, and there he left his boy.

A correspondent, signing himself "Benjamin," and assuming the Quaker style of "thee" and "thy" in his communication, has addressed to us an epistle in which he justifies the conduct of the father so far as the use of the Bible, in the Protestant version commonly called "King James' Bible," is concerned. He says that he has discarded this book from his family on account of its vulgar words and allusions, and because one of his children asked him some queer questions on it, which he thought it would be indelicate to answer. Having stated these *grave* reasons, he says,

"*I would feel really obliged if thee would answer the above objections to King James' Bible, or if thee can tell me where I can get a decent Bible.*"

It may be questioned whether it is of sufficient importance to treat this call seriously, as we are by no means willing to believe that our correspondent is what he professes to be, a sincere seeker after truth. But the letter gives a fit occasion to speak of the very subject which we should wish to discuss in these pages, and our thanks are therefore due to "Benjamin" for the opportunity he has offered of securing the reader's attention. The question is simply this, "Is the English Bible a suitable reading book for the family and school?"

"Benjamin" points us to several passages which he says are indelicate, and to certain words which he would not allow his children to read. These are in the record of historical facts which are in themselves or in their relations of importance, and are expressed in language that was perfectly chaste and proper at the time the translation was made. In the history of the early ages of the world, and in other parts of the sacred volume, it is deemed important by the inspired penmen to commit to writing with great minuteness some things which uninspired men would doubtless have omitted even in history! Is there nothing in this fact that proves the divine origin of the Bible? This very *objection* would occur to any one who was counterfeiting a *sacred* book, and we should have had from such a source a volume that "Benjamin" himself would let his children read! If there is anything in the teaching of the volume, that even by implication can be fairly construed into the approbation of evil, it is a valid argument against its divine origin; but good men have never found anything in the Bible that approves of sin, and bad men hate it because it is opposed universally and decidedly even to the appearance of evil.

But it has vulgar words in it! That depends on what you mean by *vulgar* words. If words are vulgar that two hundred years ago were used in ordinary conversation among refined people, then the charge is true. But we contend that a book written in a style that was pure and proper in the age that gave it birth, ought not, on that account, to be condemned as unfit to be read at any other age. When the "Paradise Lost" and "Pilgrim's Progress" are as old as King James' Bible is now, the "Benjamins of that day will find some very vulgar words in them, and will find it necessary to discard them from their families for fear their children will ask them queer questions. In fact there are some passages in Milton which a less fastidious taste than our correspondent's, would even *now* condemn, but what shall be done with them? Shall a new edition be made by some poor poet, that the grand conceptions of the blind bard may be recast into the fashion of this delicate age? Perhaps "Benjamin" would like to try his hand at the new version, and thus bless the world with an improved copy of the matchless poem, which a child may read without putting his morals in peril!

Now, let us see what the effect of reading King James' Bible is upon the morals of youth. "Benjamin" does not allow his children to read it, on account of its *indecency*. His children are therefore doubtless very pure-minded boys and girls: they have never been sullied even by the pages of God's Word. But let us look at the families that make the Bible their daily study, where the children are permitted and encouraged, perhaps by promises of reward, to read it in course, and not once only as they read the most of books, but to read it again and again, through and through, history, poetry, prophecy and precept, and what sort of children are they? They read the Bible more than any other book in the world, and King James' Bible too? What

is its effect on their morals? Does it make them vulgar and licentious? Did the world ever hear of such a tendency until "Benjamin's" children asked him those queer questions? Where shall we look for families that are models of purity and delicate tastes and sensibilities, that shrink from moral pollution, and blush at the very thought of shame, where the breath of suspicion never soils the mirror of a stainless heart, and virgin loveliness dwells on every lip and in every eye, where, but in the bosom of those homes that cherish the Bible as their parlor and fireside companion, their morning and evening counsellor, their daily teacher and everlasting guide? Whence did the Puritans drink but from the wells of living waters opened in the soil of this same *vulgar* book? And where was a loftier delicacy ever reflected than from the chaste hearts of the sons and daughters of the Pilgrims? O, "Benjamin," thou hast not studied well the history of thy own literature, the character of the fathers and mothers of thy own people, or it would never have come into thy mind to think of the Bible as not good enough for thy children. It will not harm them, friend: we hardly think it would harm *thee*, shouldst thou venture to study it a little more.

And now, turn thee to the families that discard the Bible as friend "Benjamin" has done, and what improvement in morals have they made? Do you often find the licentious novel, the obscene newspaper, the amorous poem, in any other houses than in those where the Bible is not made the daily monitor? Visit the abodes of vice—the gorgeous palaces of gilded sensuality—the glittering gateways of the damned—and do they read the Bible there? Or go to the miserable dens where lust and shame have hid themselves from sight, that in secret they may work all unrighteousness with greediness, and will one of those bloated and beastly monsters tell you in answer to the inquiry what brought you here, "I am a victim of Bible reading." Do the annals of vice record one such instance? Did infidelity ever dare to suggest the danger of such a result? Then turn thee to the lanes and the streets, or the wharves and the parks of this or any other city, and catch the first boy whose vulgar words mark him as a fit specimen of the corrupting influence of the Bible, and ask him where he learned to use such foul terms. And thinkest thou, friend "Benjamin," that he will tell thee, "*My mother made me read the Bible, till it spoiled me?*" I see thou smilest, "Benjamin," perhaps thou art somewhat ashamed of thyself for writing such a letter, Thou doest well to be ashamed.

But, our correspondent, "Benjamin," urges another objection to the use of the Bible; he says that Abraham practised duplicity with Abimelech, and "God sanctioned it." This is new to us. That Abraham sinned in the matter we well know, and the historian, with a pen of impartial truth, has put the stain of his shame upon him never to be washed out till the end of time. But thy pen, friend, was not dipped in truth, when thou wrote that "God sanctioned it." The Bible tells us that David sinned and Peter too, but God never sanctioned their wickedness. Thou slanderest the Almighty when thou sayest that he ever approved of sin. Repent thee of this calumny and ask pardon.

And "Benjamin" objects to the New Testament, because it tells us that Jesus Christ cursed the fig tree for not bearing figs when the time was not come. Now, verily, we cannot see why the New Testament should be discarded on this account. Every reader of travels in the East knows that there are two seasons of figs in a year, and those who were in the Saviour's company doubtless expected to find fruit upon the tree, while the Lord knew well enough that it was barren, and seized upon the occasion to display his power, and teach his astonished disciples a lesson of awful weight.

These objections which we have mentioned are all that our correspondent urges as the grounds on which he has taken the Bible out of the hands of his children. For these reasons he discards a book every line of which may be read in the midst of the unsullied purity of heaven: a book which angels would love to study, and which saints have studied with emotions of ineffable delight: a book that has been the solace of the afflicted, the guide of the young, the comfort of the aged, the hope of millions now in glory and on the way. This same book that "Benjamin" discards, is the volume from which philosophy has drawn its profoundest wisdom, and holiness its highest motives; it has made innocence more pure, beauty more lovely, and bliss more sweet. The poet, the orator, the scholar, find in this volume the finest models, and if there were no heaven and no hell, if this same book were valueless for all it reveals of a world to come, it would still be the noblest and the best of all the volumes that now adorn the world. Any other might be spared with less loss to man. And this book our correspondent has cast out of his family, shut out its history, its eloquence,

its poetry, its teachings of heavenly wisdom, its soothing melody and seraphic love. As well might he forbid his children to rejoice in the sunshine, to sport in the fields, to weave garlands of God's flowers, and sing with the glad voices which God has given them. He was a "monster father" who sought a moral dungeon in which to immure his son, lest the religion of the *clergy* should find him, but "Benjamin" is a tyrant of more despotic rule. He has torn from his children the Bible with all its lessons and all its hopes, and if there is a God in heaven or a conscience in the human breast, this father will yet mourn in bitterness his foolish and wicked decision. The worst enemy of his own children, he may yet rue the edict that has cut them off from the fountain of everlasting life and joy.

TO MOUNT BLANC.*

WRITTEN IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMONIX, IN THE SUMMER OF 1843.

All hail, Mount Blanc, thou mountain-king,
In slumbering beauty crown'd!
The snows of years a mantle fling
Thy stately form around.
There, like the death-chained Corsican,
The icy rocks thy face upon,
Their peaks thy head surround.

Entranced at thy stupendous sight,
Beside thy feet I stand,
And, wondering, view the awful height,
O'erlooking many a land.
And thou, unmindful of our praise,
Thy noble head dost ever raise,
The loftiest in command.

Ten thousand years have passed thy snows,
Unheeded still by thee;
The sun, as when it first arose,
Thus views thy majesty.
Pure as in first creation's day,
Greeting the morning's earliest ray,
As glorious as he.

The last soft beam of evening's sun
Kisses thy forehead white;
And Luna, when *his* course is run,
Bathes thee in silver light.
The first to greet; the last to leave,
Each loveliest look thou dost receive,
Upon thy mountain-height.

A lofty pyramid of ice,
Of white, untrodden snow,
Thy frozen granite on thee lies,
And mantling clouds below.
Around thee when thy spotless belt
In streams and torrents clear doth melt,
Thy robe thou dost renew.

There firm, there motionless thou'lt lie,
While years pass like a day;
And men will rise, and men will die,
Like bubbles blown away.
But on thee, like thy Maker's Word,
No change is seen, no sound is heard,
Save the whirlwind when at play.

C. W. B.

* Mount Blanc is the highest of the Alps; its summit is covered with eternal snow. The outline of this mountain bears some resemblance to the profile of Napoleon Buonaparte on his death-bed.

THE WINTER PAST.

The Songs of Solomon "were a thousand and five." Of these but one remains,—a most beautiful specimen of ancient lyrics,—and worthy to be styled—"The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's."

The scene of this poem is laid in and around the city of David; the season chosen is the opening of the spring—the season, when

"The shining moisture swells into the eyes
In brighter flow, the wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild, kind tumults seize
The veins, and all the yielding soul is love."

In language full of beauty, the bridegroom, whose love is the theme of the poem, is heard addressing his spouse, and inviting her to come forth from her habitation to regale herself with the delights of the happy season;—"Rise up, my love! my fair one! and come away; for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love! my fair one! and come away."

The whole passage abounds with poetic grace, and is worthy of its high original. The cheerless gloom, and the chilling damps of the winter, have passed away. The frost-bound earth grows warm again and invites the plough. The balmy breeze and the genial sunshine refresh and gladden all nature. The vegetable world, long slumbering as in the sleep of death, awakes and puts on its "coat of many colors."

"From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells and deepens to the cherished eye.
.... The juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed
In full luxuriance."

"The flowers appear on the earth." One by one, they come forth in their season, to bedeck the earth and regale the senses of man, until the whole country seems

"One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms."

"The time of the singing of birds is come." The feathered tenants of the grove, driven far off by the piercing blasts of autumn and winter, return again to their former haunts and pastimes, and once more lift up the voice of joy and love.

"Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony."

"The voice of the turtle" dove also, that symbol of simplicity, innocency and love,—that emblem of the Holy Spirit of God, "is heard in our land." The vine and the fig-tree contribute their charms to the all-inspiring season. The green and tender fruit, anticipating the expanding of the leaf-bud, appears on the fig; while the delicate blossoms of the vine fill every vineyard, and all the circumambient air, with the most delicious fragrance. "The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

Such is the season, so lavish of charms, that is chosen in this divine song for exhibiting the love of the Redeemer to his church, and the longing desires of the spouse for the presence of her Lord. How beautiful and touching, in such a connection, is the voice of the "beloved," as in accents of love it falls upon the ear of the bride—"Arise, my love! my fair one! and come away!"

The Spring has many sweet voices by which it speaks to the heart. In the ten thousand charms with which it bedecks the earth, it teaches *A Lesson of Praise.* If

"The undevout astronomer is mad,"

what else is he who, at this inspiring season, can walk forth upon the budding, blooming, verdant earth, and nowhere see the foot-prints of the Almighty? In every swelling bud, in every expanding leaf, in every tiny blossom, in every tender blade of grass, as well as in the vast profusion of verdure and sweetness, with which the senses are regaled and charmed, is seen the hand of God. The Christian, at such a season, finds his heart stirred up with renewed and glowing emotions of wonder, love and praise, while in every varied voice of reanimated nature, he seems to hear his Redeemer say—"Arise, my love! my fair one! and come away." He loves the Spring, not only because of its superior attractions, but because it brings his God so near;—because it reveals on every hand, and in every change, some striking illustration of the all-pervading, wonder-working power of

the Omnipresent. His, at such a time, is the language of the poet of "the Seasons:"—

"Hail, Source of being! universal soul
Of heaven and earth! essential Presence! hail!
To thee I bend the knee; to thee my thoughts
Continual climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touched.
By thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew;
By thee disposed into congenial soils
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
The juicy tribe,—a twining mass of tubes.
At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap,—detruded to the root
By wintry winds—that now, in fluent dance
And lively fermentation mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-colored scene of things."

To one who has obtained a release from the cheerless domain of sin and death, and has just opened the eyes of his new-born soul upon the fair creation, how vocal is the new-clothed earth with the praises of his great Redeemer! How beats his panting heart as with joy unspeakable, with emotions too big for utterance, he perceives in every plant and flower,

"The unambiguous footsteps of his God!"

Herein he finds one of the evidences of a renewed nature. He now perceives as never before, the hand of God in all his works. Says President Edwards, in reference to the exercises of his mind shortly after his conversion,—"The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm beautiful appearance of divine glory in almost everything. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in everything; in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers and trees; in the water and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind." Such, can many a Christian say, has been my own experience,—an experience more or less renewed with every opening spring.

It is not only the *being* of a God that is then revealed to the admiring eye, but his overflowing *goodness* also. When the waters of the deluge had retired, and Noah had renewed the bloody sacrifices with which, from the days of Abel, the believer had testified his faith in the atonement, it pleased God to say,—"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." Winter may and will come with all its dreariness; but

"Spring shall all its wastes repair."

In all his works the goodness of the Lord appears. "The earth is full of his goodness." But at no time does it so deeply affect the senses as when,—to use the expressive language of "the song of songs,"—"the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come;" when the dullness of winter gives place to the liveliness of spring, and the bleak desolation of the ice-bound earth, to the most abundant vegetation. For then "he sendeth the springs into the valleys, he watereth the hills from his chambers, he causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth,—oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart."

Such a manifestation of the divine goodness is eminently fitted to call forth the praises of every intelligent being, and especially of man, for whom all nature is thus laid under contribution. Praises well accord with the gladness of the season. It is the time of praise. Earth, with her ten thousand various, but not discordant, voices, daily and hourly,

"Hymns forth her great Creator."

The very air is vocal; for

"Every sense and every heart is joy."

How then can man, for whom all this profusion is poured forth from the lap of infinite love, be silent? "Sing praises to God—sing praises! sing praises to our King—sing praises."

"And yet was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
E'en in the depths of solitary woods
By human foot untrod,—proclaim thy power,
And to the choir celestial Thee resound,
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all."

The opening season also teaches

A Lesson of Hope. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." As the gloom, and frosts, and desolations of winter are sure to disappear at the coming of spring, so is it, so shall it ever be, with him whose the Lord is. However dark and desolate, trembling believer! thy soul has been,—however cheerless and cold,—look up. The glorious Sun of righteousness,

"Whose single beam has, from the first of time,
Filled, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky,"

with one ray of love can dissipate the mist, dis-

perse the clouds, and fill thy soul with radiance and bliss. Yes—and he will do it, if, with an humble and believing heart, thou seekest his face with the prayer on thy lips—"Lord! lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me." Then will he put gladness in thy heart, more than in "the time that their corn and wine increased." Then will he "blow upon his garden that the spices thereof may flow out." Then will he "come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruit." Even now in every voice of exulting nature thy heart may hear him say—"Arise, my love! my fair one! and come away."

Thus the season speaks encouragingly in its lessons of hope to the sorrowing, to the dreary and the desolate. But in a peculiar manner it teaches a lesson of hope to the heart-stricken mourner, from whom lover and friend have been taken away by *death*.

By what strange power is it that the leafless tree and the withered shrub retain amid the frosts and ice their unseen life? How is it that the bulb, the tuber, and the tender fibrous root, through all the desolations of winter, covered with snow and ice, amid frosts and thaws alternate, live on and wait their time to sprout and germinate anew? By what strange and mysterious energy is it that where death abounds through all the vegetable world, there life and luxuriant vegetation do so much more abound? Behold an emblem here of the *Resurrection* of the body! The seed that in autumn was sown by the bounteous hand of providence, though it has lain for months to all appearance dead, now lives and flourishes. So shall it be with this mortal body. "It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory."

Give place, ye mourners! to the cheering hope that is thus so strikingly confirmed. Take to your hearts the joy of the gospel. Inspired by the season, and much more by the Spirit of grace, hope on;—hope for yourselves,—hope for your kindred in Christ. That dear flesh that sleeps in the dust shall Jesus bring with him. Look forward and upward. Here winter reigns; there, "the winter is past"—past for ever. Why afraid to die—to lay thy body in the grave! Why not rather hail the coming of the messenger, and bless God for his approach? Let us each with a cheerful and panting heart exclaim,—

"Lord! I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come;
Where the saints no winter fear,
Where 't is *spring* throughout the year."

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

BY HENRY M. PARSONS.

In the fall of his foot, in the flash of his eye,
In the curl of his lip I discovered
The strength of his purpose to write his name high,
Where the pinion of genius has hovered.
By the light of the taper that burned in his room,
When the humble in dreams were reposing,
I knew he was tossed by a tempest of foam
The sea of ambition inclosing.

Again in the heat of mid-summer we met,
Where the gay and the invalid throng,
And the being he led, in my thought, lingers yet
Like a strain of some favorite song.
To crimson her cheek with the feelings that burned
In the depth of his own restless breast,
The hues of the garland of fame were inurned,
E'er his fingers its blossoms had pressed.

While his step was still buoyant—his brow still untraced
With the etchings of manhood's deep care,
The passion of love in his heart was displaced,
And the empire of mammon raised there.
The name and the beauty that charmed for awhile,
Were as shadows that steal o'er the plain—
In musings alone he would frequently smile
At himself, for once owning their chain.

His hair was yet black and his form yet unbowed,
When anew I encountered his gaze
In the midst of a solemn and worshipping crowd,
Who had joined in an anthem of praise.
And I felt as he spoke of the hopes he had cherished,
Of the joy now illuming his way,
That shadows of happiness only had perished,
The substance itself to display.

THE MORAL ASPECTS OF THE WORLD.

In our last, after hastily glancing at the old world, we paused in setting our foot on this Western Continent. Here now we stand in the midst of rivers, whose length in miles is counted by hundreds, and sometimes by thousands, whose mountains swell up amidst fruitful valleys, and whose lakes are oceans, bearing on their waters a rich and increasing commerce. From the frozen seas around the northern pole, to the stormy antarctic circle, this is a new world. Whatever may have been in that period of time whose history is shrouded in darkness—the period before the deluge—some four thousand years afterwards trod on their course without a whisper reaching the coasts of Asia, of Europe, or of Africa, from this western continent. How or when peopled, no trace is found in history, and the curious have toiled in vain to find a parentage for the red men of the new among the nations of the old world. But we may not pause here on the past, amid a field of wild conjecture. Our business is with the present, with only a glance at what has been, to gather from it a premonition of what shall be.

In looking at that large portion of this continent which was claimed and settled by Spain and Portugal, we find but one cause and one motive prompting every enterprise—the love of gold. It is true, that in an age when superstition had usurped the place of religion, the priest, with his crucifix, accompanied the soldier with his arms of death, but it was to baptize into subjection to a foreign domination, and not into spiritual life. Ship after ship, and fleet after fleet, sailed the newly-found path across the deep; but in them all, and deep-rooted in every breast, all-controlling and all-pervading, was the passion for gold. With a spirit omnipotent for evil, blotting out liberty, and happiness, and life, in their progress, the Spaniards established their power over Mexico, and a large part of South America. Within a few years past, an impatience of control, rather than the love of rational liberty, has stimulated their descendants to assert their independence. Provinces have become sovereign nations. But, instead of regulated liberty, anarchy has held her court in all these regions, and in place of settled governments, faction has succeeded faction, in the exercise of supreme power. Gross ignorance, and grosser superstitions, must give place to education and to the religion of the Bible, before rational liberty and a happy prosperity can shed their blessings on these wide regions of America.

We leave these moral wastes, to look over the land most dear to us. We will not stop to tell the thrilling tale of hardships endured, of difficulties overcome, by our ancestors, in the settlement of Northern America. Others have painted in language glowing with living truth, the spirit that burned in the breasts of our ancestors, and which prompted them to live, and toil, and die, for their posterity. To that spirit, under God, are we indebted for what this country is, and what it shall be. Sixty-eight years we have written ours an independent nation, and the scarcely three millions in 1776 have become nineteen millions in 1844. Would that every man among these millions could stand erect and claim himself a freeman!

The love of political and religious liberty burned with a living and enduring flame in the breasts of the first settlers of these States. Its influence has been felt with increasing power down to the present day. It is true, that it is not at all times, and everywhere, in our land, of that large, expansive, and unselfish character, which ought to distinguish it from a mere impatience of submission and control—that it is not always, and in all breasts, a generous emotion which, spurning shackles from our own limbs, with equal indignation rejects the idea of imposing them upon others. It is not always that high and ennobling spirit which looks to liberty as a positive and attainable good in which all have an equal interest, and feels that a cherished and valuable principle is invaded by every act of oppression, however distant in its operation from our own persons.

Although emigrants from various nations have mingled in the settlement of the country, yet the English and their descendants have exceeded in numbers and power to so large an extent as to give their language to the people, and to make the English mind predominant. Our literature and character are essentially English. The English common law—that mighty monument of practical wisdom—is the law of the land, except in the single State of Louisiana. The spirit of liberty breathes in that law with such force, that under its pure influence uncontrolled by statutory provisions, a slave brought under its protective power at once becomes a freeman. So held the illustrious Mansfield, and no jurist questions this long-established doctrine. It is

only by legislative invasions of this law that existence can be given to slavery. To the common law the right of property in man is unknown. This law, with such modifications as our form of government and circumstances have introduced, we claim as our birthright; and as a system, it can no more be abolished than our language.

But though American mind is English in its great characteristics, yet it has necessarily received modifications from circumstances. The shackles which an hereditary monarchy and aristocracy fastened on this mind in England, have fallen from it in America. We recognize no virtue in mere descent. From the highest in intellect to the lowest in ignorance—from the millionaire to the beggar—we stand on the same level platform of equal personal and political rights. There is no station which mere birth gives us, or from which it debars us. And instead of being pent in by seas, on a narrow island, we are here in the midst of a country as boundless as the most restless love of change can desire. And mind, while still essentially English in its strong practical common sense, and in its naturally sturdy independence, has received a new impulse from the largeness of the region which invites to active enterprise. At the North, the descendants of the pilgrims, whether in their own New England home, or giving shape, and form, and character, to society, through the Middle and Western States, are emphatically a thinking people; and in inventive genius, they have already placed themselves in advance of the world. At the South, mind, less patient of continued labor, and less fitted to contend against difficulties, which yield only to stubborn perseverance, but impulsive in its character, often reaches its object at a bound, and the individual just seen at the base, now stands on the pinnacle at a giddy hight.

The religion of this people is Protestant, and whatever fears may at times prevail, of the aggressive efforts of Romanism, it must continue to be so, unless a radical change can be made in the essential character of their minds. Habit, thought, feeling, are all eminently Protestant, partaking of its large and free spirit. Our institutions and laws, from base to apex, are inwrought with the principles of this religion, and must be demolished to their deepest foundations, before the puerilities of Romanism can make themselves a home, or its slavishness be substituted for independence of thought. Politicians may at times become the panders to papal religionists, and to secure the votes of naturalized foreigners, be ready to barter away cherished principles; but, as in recent examples, they will find a rebuke from the people too stern to be again lightly risked. Romanism has nothing in its past history or its present character, to commend it to a nation, where superstition has little power, and where all have been accustomed to examine and think and decide for themselves. With us it is foreign in all its features, and can no more be Americanized than the religion of the Koran. It possesses no irradiating, vivifying, liberalizing principle. On the contrary, it calls on mind to gather itself from its expansion into the narrowness of a nutshell. Imported by foreigners, it must ever be isolated from American principles and feeling. There is a vigor of intellect and a moral power in this land, competent in its strength to vanquish every danger which can be brought to our doors from the Vatican of Rome. We must cease to be American in principle before we can become Roman in religion.

In the free expression given to our opinions, or rather in the unrestrained indulgence of speakers and writers in our heated political contests—in the dismal pictures of coming ruin drawn by one party and retorted by another—foreigners, looking at us from a distance, have more than once fancied that they saw the volcano of revolution just bursting forth to engulph our boasted institutions. But yet, an election over, however one party may chafe and grumble at the result, we sit down in submission to the will of the majority, with not the first thought of resistance, yet with a stubborn resolution to essay every art to change that will at a succeeding election. John-Bull-like, we may abuse the government with all the vigor of our souls, but yet stand ready to fight the whole world in its defence.

We may be thought, thus far, to be glancing at the character of the people, rather than viewing the moral aspects of the country. Whether our remarks are pertinent to our title we shall not stop to inquire—it is enough that they are apropos to our purpose. In pursuing our subject we may not rightfully magnify the virtues or close our eyes to the faults of our people. We shall not flatter that national vanity with which we have been too justly reproached from abroad. There is much, very much, when contrasted with the moral condition of other nations, over which we may rejoice; and there is not less, when contrasted with attainable perfection, over which to mourn.

In all ages, there has been a prevailing dispo-

sition to regard the present as inferior to the past. Men are naturally inclined to magnify the virtues and to forget the faults of their ancestors. A better patriotism, a holier spirit of piety, and a higher grade of moral virtues, are attributed to those who have gone before us, while we reproach our own as a degenerate age. This respect to our sires and reverence for antiquity is not without its use, so long as we find much in the present to regret, and much that demands rebuke. It is not without its effect in awakening a generous emulation in whatever is good and excellent. Yet, it should not repress an intelligent comparison of the present with the past. If a general advance is discovered, it will at the same time be found that some virtues in our ancestors have lost their vigorous power in their descendants.

In the United States full scope is given to the promulgation of opinions and to the agitation of any subject of morals which individuals may choose to embrace. Public opinion is the tribunal before which every question of politics or morals is brought. This tribunal has been acquiring power in other countries, but the means of creating and influencing public opinion are there comparatively limited. With us the means are abundant. The pulpit, the press, public lectures and discussions reach at once the masses. Truth, in its contests with error, has only the power of its own intrinsic merits. And neither truth nor error is so consecrated by antiquity that the one or the other can safely rest on any established order of things in thought or action. Both must stand forth on the public arena, and mind grappling with mind, makes our country a moral battle-field. Though error may gain an occasional triumph, yet we have an abiding confidence that this must be temporary in its power, and that truth will ultimately be victorious. Notions, crude and absurd, acquire, sometimes, a momentary popularity by the boldness and impudence with which they are brought forth, but the better judgment of the community, when it has time to operate, sets its seal of condemnation upon them. And assault after assault on the great principles of moral truth, while they keep up the active energy of mind, will also result in rendering that truth more apparent and more unassailable. Authority, save the authority of the Bible, has less power over public opinion than in any other nation—all claim the right to think and decide for themselves. There is no safety for dogmas, and they who cannot make good their positions by convincing the understanding, however strenuous the struggles of bigotry, must ultimately submit to defeat.

Since the Reformation, no age of the world has presented scenes of such stirring moral interest as the present, and no nation holds a more prominent position in these scenes than the United States. Our influence is felt through the nations of Europe and Asia, and among the tribes of Africa. The spirit of liberty from our shores has awakened new ideas in rulers and subjects throughout Christendom. We have shown to the world that religion can exist by its own intrinsic power without the aid of governments, and that to its spiritual power human laws can add no efficiency. Against intemperance our banded forces are counted by millions. Our apostles of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, have been welcomed to the courts of kings, and have gathered converts from all the nations of Europe. The principles of temperance reform, having their origin with us, have worked miracles over the whole extent of Ireland, seemingly the most unpromising field on the earth. In Asia, and on the ocean, these principles are making their way with irrepressible energy. Our missionaries stand on every shore proclaiming the truths of the gospel amid the dark superstitions of heathenism. We claim, then, that young as we are in the family of nations, we have done something for the world beyond even our own borders, and we have done this while society among ourselves has been only in its forming state, and while we have had annually thousands or hundreds of thousands from other shores to care for.

During the last quarter of a century, peace has prevailed, with slight interruptions, among the nations. A public sentiment has been rapidly forming that national misunderstandings may be settled by a better arbitrament than the sword, and by more rational means than human butchery. Changes within this period have been in progress promising much for the regeneration of the world. In the great moral battle now fighting, and which will wax hotter and hotter, till He, whose right it is, shall reign, this country, as she has commenced, must continue to bear an important part. With stout hearts and unbending resolution must the ministers of a pure faith, and all good men of every creed, nerve themselves to the work. There must be a moral courage in the pulpit ready to rebuke error in all its forms—that shall not falter before the pride of station or the influence of wealth—that shall not fear to hold up to just odium

every vice, however intrenched in the strongholds of fashion. What has been accomplished must be—will be—but the precursor of still greater achievements. Light, and love, and purity are to bless the nations. Past experience is full of encouragement—the present signs all beckon us onward in the good fight, till radiant light and glory shall beam on a world acknowledging, in its every moral aspect, allegiance to the KING OF KINGS.

CHILLON.

BY C. W. BAIRD.

"Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart.
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavements were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—may none those steps efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

Lord Byron, Sonnet on Chillon.

THE Castle of Chillon, which the writings of Byron and Rousseau have rendered so celebrated, stands at the head of Lake Leman, about fifty miles from Geneva. It is surrounded by a branch of the Alps, and is situated at the foot of one of them, on the edge of the water. The lofty hills around it, which cast their deep shadows upon its white walls, washed by the waves of the Lake, give it a gloomy appearance. It is a very large building, with several high towers, and is visible at a great distance on the Lake.

The foundation of Chillon rests on a huge rock, projecting into the water. It is separated from the shore by a deep moat, filled with water. The visitor, after crossing a small bridge and passing under a portcullis, enters a small courtyard in the interior of the Castle. Hence he is led down a few steps into a large hall under ground. This is the entrance to the dungeons, and here soldiers were stationed in ancient times to guard the prisoners. Further on, he enters a small cell, where the light is so dim that it is some time before he can distinguish a large beam hung across it; this was the gallows on which the condemned were hung; and from the little window opposite it, their dead bodies were thrown into the Lake below.

A low and narrow door leads to the dungeon where Bonnivard, the "Prisoner of Chillon," was confined. This dungeon is rather lighter than the others; several small grated windows admit the light. Byron, in his beautiful poem on this subject, exercises the license of his art when he describes the only light of this prison as being

"A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp."

Seven "pillars of Gothic mould" support the

ceiling; the floor and part of one wall are excavated from the damp rock on which the Castle stands. The seventh column is close to the wall at the further end, which is perfectly dark; there the spot is shown where the two brothers of Bonnivard where buried. At each column there still remains an iron ring, and around the pillar to which the "Prisoner" was chained, the rock seems somewhat worn. On this column are inscribed the names of Byron, Victor Hugo, and, I believe, Rousseau. From the narrow holes which admit the light can be seen the waves, dashing against the rocks below.

At the further end of the dungeon there was formerly a secret staircase, now walled up, which led to the Hall of Inquisition above. There the victims were tortured, and their fates decided; and from this Hall they were led either to the dungeons or to the gallows. Above this are seen the rooms of the Duke of Savoy, which he occupied on his visits to Chillon. These royal chambers, with their immense fireplaces and dreary appearance, would scarcely suit the royalty of the present age.

I can hardly imagine a more beautiful and striking scene than a sunset at Chillon. The sinking orb, reflected with doubled glory in the transparent lake, casts its last rays upon the surrounding mountains; while the shades of evening are slowly gathering around the gloomy walls of the old Castle. A few towns and villages appear in the distance; and thus lies the "small green isle, the only one in view," with its

> "——————— three tall trees;
> And o'er it flows the mountain breeze
> And by it there are waters flowing,
> And on it there are young flowers growing,
> Of gentle breath and hue."*

The Castle of Chillon was built, I believe, in the fourteenth century; it was used by the Duke of Savoy as a prison, and, when taken by the Bernese, was also used as such by them. It now belongs to the Canton of Vaud; and is a magazine for gunpowder and fire-arms.

A short account of the life of Bonnivard, the hero of Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," may be interesting to those who have read that beautiful poem.

Francis de Bonnivard was the son of a martyr to the truth. He was by birth a Savoyard, but became a citizen of Geneva, and was one of its most zealous defenders. He was a man of an upright heart, a strong mind, and a courageous spirit; he sacrificed his riches and his liberty in the cause of freedom. He wrote an excellent history of Geneva

Bonnivard came forth openly in his youth as a defender of Geneva against the Duke of Savoy. In 1519 the Duke entered Geneva with five hundred men. Bonnivard feared his vengeance, and tried to escape to Fribourg, but was betrayed by two men who accompanied him, and was taken to the Castle of Grolée. There he remained a prisoner for two years. After his release, he was taken on the Jura, by some robbers, who gave him up to the Duke of Savoy. He was then imprisoned in the dungeon of the Castle of Chillon, where he was confined for six years. When the Bernese took the Canton of Vaud, he was released by them.

Bonnivard had been a martyr in the cause of liberty; his love for Geneva and his ardor in defending it, had drawn upon him the hatred of his enemies. When he returned to Geneva, after his confinement in Chillon, he found that that city had embraced the Reformed faith. That Republic showed its gratitude to him by giving him a house and an annual pension. He afterwards became a member of the Council.

Bonnivard was a pious man, as well as a zealous patriot; he induced the government of Geneva to tolerate the Roman Catholics in that city. After a life of sufferings and benevolence. he died in 1570.

* Byron, "Prisoner of Chillon," xlii.

SPRING.

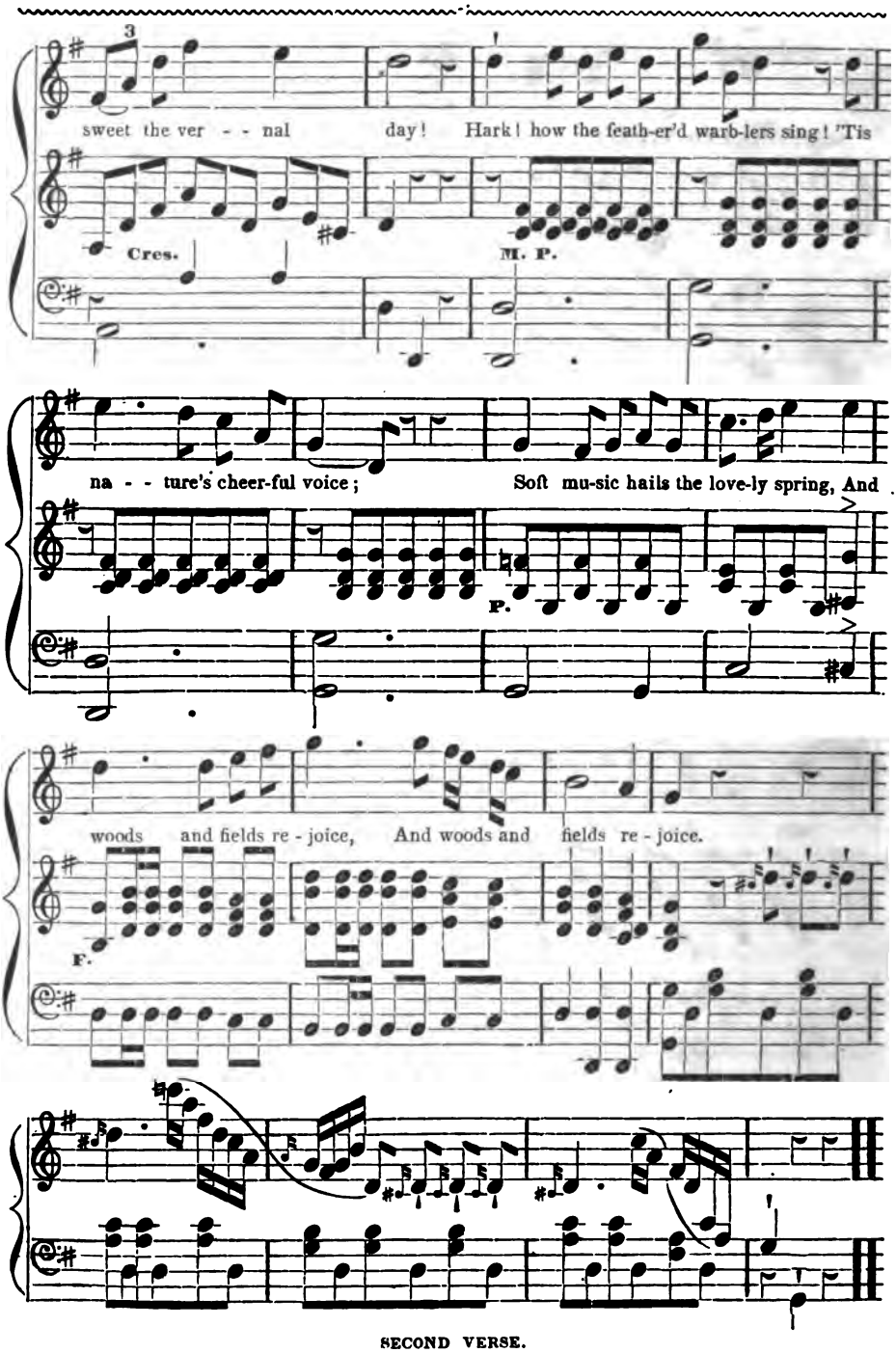
BY PEDRO A. ANDREU.

ALLEGRETTO VIVACE.

While beau - - ty clothes the fer - - tile

vale, And blos - - soms on the spray; And fra - - grance

breathes in ev' - - ry gale, How



SECOND VERSE.

How kind the influence of the skies,
While showers with blessings fraught
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought!

O let my wond'ring heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless
Each smiling field and grove.

And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and behold his daughter came out to meet him

tragic event. There is nothing to restrain us character of his law, and of the acts of devotion

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1844

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

(SEE PLATE.)

The brief narrative of Jephthah and his daughter, contained in little more than one chapter of the book of Judges, has elicited not a little discussion. The sacrifice of a daughter by her father, in compliance with a rash vow, is so abhorrent to the feelings of humanity, that some have attempted to prove, that instead of being sacrificed as a burnt offering, she was only dedicated to a life of virgin celibacy. This seems to us a fancy which nothing in the narration justifies. Perhaps writers are led to this exposition of the account, by a desire to free the Bible from an imputation of sanctioning cruelty; a sanction supposed to be found in the simple absence of any condemnatory remark by the sacred penman. But the Bible student should be aware that in the historic parts of the sacred volume, where wrong is visited by no special judgments, the writers give only facts without moral comments. In brevity of narration and rigid adherence to simple facts, as they occurred, leaving the reader to judge of their moral character by instructions gained from its preceptive parts, the historical books of the Bible are peculiar. From the mere absence of expressed condemnation, no inference is to be drawn of the divine approbation of any act. Even in relation to the sins of David, the historian makes not a remark of his own—he simply details facts.

We have no occasion then to wrest from its obvious meaning, the simple narration of this tragic event. There is nothing to restrain us from judging of it according to its real moral character.

Jephthah was an illegitimate child of a base woman. He had for this reason been driven by his brethren away from the land of his fathers. What his early character may have been, we have little means of judging. But we may well infer, that brought up, probably, by such a mother, there was a want of that moral training which would insure virtuous and religious principles. If his early life had been vicious, it was but the natural result of his parentage. That he possessed talents and courage of no ordinary stamp, is evident from his brief history. And these may have awakened envious feelings with his brethren, and uniting with other causes may have produced his banishment. It is not unlikely that he became the head of a band of outlaws, and acquired character as a warrior by his successes. He probably became a religious man before being called to head the army of Israel against the children of Ammon. There is no reason to believe that he had ever been an idolator, though the Jews, at this period, were frequently drawn away to the worship of the heathen deities of surrounding nations. But with his religion a large share of superstition was evidently intermingled. Of the power of the true God, and of his controlling Providence, and of his own dependence upon him, he was well aware. But of the moral attributes of this Being; of the true character of his law, and of the acts of devotion

which would be pleasing to him, he was certainly to some extent—probably to a very great extent—ignorant. His vow was clearly a superstitious attempt to purchase the favor of the Almighty for his enterprise.

The period of Jephthah's life was a gloomy one in the annals of the Jewish nation. Only enough of the history of this people, during a long series of years under the judges, has come down to us to make visible the moral and intellectual darkness. Around them the nations were sunk in the grossest idolatry and superstitions, and while they themselves by turns acknowledged Jehovah as their Lord, we have no reason to believe that his law, in its spirituality, had any strong influence on their hearts. That a man born at such a period, of such parentage, with a childhood and youth probably so neglected, and in after years leading a life at the head of what now would be termed a lawless banditti, should have, with his religion, a large infusion of superstition, cannot be surprising. It was this that led to the rash vow and to its impious fulfilment.

A father sacrificing his own daughter as an acknowledgment of favor received from the merciful God, who had said amidst the thunders of Sinai, "Thou shalt not kill!" True Religion is clothed in garments of mercy and loveliness. It teaches the heart the tenderest sympathy, and awakens its kindest emotions. It binds man to his fellow by the ties of affection. Good will to men is its ever present, active spirit. It substitutes in the human heart the gentleness of the lamb for the cruelty of the tiger. It sanctifies the affection between parent and child, and warms it into heavenly ardor. It binds together the family by ties blessed with Heaven's seal. It brings the soul into rapt communion with infinite purity and love. But superstition is earth in its grossness, struggling to inherit heaven in its glory. It would not win the joys of the upper world by meekness, but would purchase them with a price. It vainly hopes to win the favor of the Almighty by deeds of penance:—by self-inflicted torture to atone for moral guilt. It impiously points the great Creator to the gashes and rents of the flesh, to the quivering nerves, to the sundered ties of family and affection, as merits by which a place in his celestial courts is to be won. It does not sanctify, but it destroys nature in the heart. Spurning unbought mercy, it comes with abominations in its hand to purchase the favor of Jehovah. Mistaking the true God, it enthrones a demon of cruelty in his place, and offers on his altar the bloody sacrifices of Moloch.

We cannot, even at this distant day, but mourn that the light of the true religion had not sufficient power to drive out the darkness of superstition in Jephthah's mind. A better instructed conscience had saved his heart a pang which all the honors clustering on his head could not assuage. A daughter—an only child, to be offered up by a father's hand a bloody sacrifice! That indeed was a piety of no ordinary depth, however mistaken, which could induce a girl in the bright morning of life, when her father, from being an outcast, had just been raised to the highest power in Israel, to voluntarily forego all the promised joys of earthly existence, in compliance with the mistaken ideas of her father's duty. She asks but two months to wander up and down on the mountains and to sigh with vain regrets that in being cut off, she leaves her father childless—with no descendant on whom his name or his honors may descend. Her filial obedience—her readiness to be offered up as a burnt sacrifice rather than permit her father to break his vow, might well excite the deep sympathies of the Jewish maidens. There was, doubtless, some sustaining influence in the conviction in Jephthah's mind, that he was performing a religious duty in taking the life of a lovely and only child; but the iron must have entered his soul. He survived this cruel sacrifice only six years. It is not unlikely, that the nerves of the warrior, though strong enough to make this bloody offering, yet received a shock from which no art or medicine could restore them. If the story of his future life could be told us, we might learn that wasting grief preyed on his heart till the vital energies yielded in the conflict. That daughter in her living features, in the loveliness of her filial affection, and in her cruel death, must have been ever present to his mind. Sleeping or waking—at home or in the field of battle, she must have been in vision before him.

And where is the father when he looks on the joyous faces of his young family around him—where is the daughter reading in her father's eyes the tokens of his warm affection—the mother as she presses the infant to her bosom—the brother as he gazes with joyous pride on the glowing cheeks of a sister, but will bless God that his word has banished the superstition which might at once sunder all these hallowed ties? Contrasting the present with the dark ages of the past—our own Chris-

tian land and institutions with the lands where Moloch and Juggernaut yet reign, we may well clasp the sacred volume to our hearts as the *magna charta* of present joys and future hopes —as rich in blessings for the life that now is, and still richer in its promises of the life which is yet to come.

A WIFE'S WELCOME.

"The world well tried—the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife."

I BELIEVE *that* with all my heart. I have tasted some of the sweets of life, and with as keen a relish for them as any one, but I sign to the above declaration, and do not care to know the man who calls it in question.

That *welcome* has reclaimed many a wanderer on the verge of ruin; has preserved many, who, but for it, would have gone astray; given life and peace to the heart of many a son of toil and care, and made the cot of the poor an Eden.

The *want of it* has driven many a man to the bowl, the gaming table, the company of the dissolute, to hell. It has made many a home a prison, many a husband an enemy, many a father a tyrant; many children fatherless, and many wives widows, whose fathers or husbands yet live. And when I see a man, neglecting a lovely looking wife, and seeking his pleasure in the haunts of sin, to know whether most to pity or to blame him, I wish to know if the wife of his bosom always gave him the unclouded welcome of a smile, when he entered his own door.

If she did, but he cared not for it—if she spread the wiles of her pure love to twine his heart, while he broke away from the sweet enchantment—if she made it sunshine always in the house, and was cheerful in adversity as well as gay in hours of joy—if she strove to be an angel at the gate to keep him within the Eden that she loved, while he would yield to the song of the Syren and wander from the arms that embraced him, to seek the embrace of others even of the abandoned, then *he* is a villain hated of God and justly despised of men. And such are many of those whom we see in the road to ruin. The love of a fond wife would have saved them, but they rejected it and deserve to perish.

But if—and it is a serious *if*—if she meets him returning from his day's care and toil, in the field or the shop, or the study, or the forum, or the senate (it matters not where or what his labors, he flies from them with joy to find repose and peace in the paradise of his own home); but if she whom he loves meets him without the joyous welcome of a glad heart and a sunlit eye, or with a frown, or a look of cold indifference, or the mere absence of delight; if she meets him *not* with the living, speaking, shining evidence that her heart leaps with gladness when its lord has come, it is not strange to me that his heart sinks, and he seeks for pleasures where he looks not for love. He can be happy without love abroad, but *home*, though a heaven full of angels, without love is hell.

"Love is a thing of frail and delicate growth;
Soon checked, soon fostered, feeble and yet strong;
It will endure much, suffer long and bear
What would weigh down an angel's wing to earth,
And yet mount heavenward; but not the less
It dieth of a word, a look, a thought;
And when it dies, it dies without a sign
To tell how fair it was in happier hours:
It leaves behind reproaches and regrets,
And bitterness within affection's well,
For which there is no healing."

There is truth as well as poetry in this, and oft the domestic circle where poetry never had a worshipper, has felt the sad power of this truth. "A word, a look" has been the death-blow of love that shed bliss in that circle, and has driven a fond husband forth to seek relief for a wounded spirit in scenes that allure to destroy. Mrs. Ellis, in her "Wives of England," has most happily drawn the portrait of a wife as she should be, "A BEING TO COME HOME TO." It is not wit, nor beauty, nor wealth, nor religion, that makes a wife a crown of rejoicing to her husband. Nor all these combined. A wife may have them all and love her husband not; give him an unclouded welcome never; make his house no home.

"Oh! man may bear with suffering; his heart

Is a strong thing and godlike in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
One cord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him unto woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed."

When such a thought as this is put into print, the most of readers laugh at it, as the soft sentimentalism of a young poet, but every family has felt and proved its truth. If LOVE dwell not there, joy is also a stranger; and if LOVE hath his home in that house, "a word or look" may drive it far away. Thompson, the poet of nature, draws the picture of a happy family,

"Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will
With boundless confidence; for naught but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

Another and a gentler bard has warbled in sweeter, but not more truthful numbers—

"When kindred hearts in rapture meet,
When e'en their plaintive sighs are sweet,
Then dwells celestial bliss below,
Then flies all thought of care or wo!
Then trip the hours o'er summer flowers;
Then life glides like a gentle stream;
Earth yields no bliss so sweet as this,
Though it sometimes fades like an earthly dream."

A dream! O how the memory of the loved and the lost comes up when the broken circle is thus brought back to the soul! And how sweet the thought that in that circle "no word, no look," e'er sent a pang to any heart —that every hour was a summer hour, and every face the reflection of a bright spirit! How sweet,

"When sorrowing o'er some stone we bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,"

how sweet to know that the memory of an unkind word can never mar the joy we feel when the years of our intercourse with the departed recur to the mind! So let us live; so let us die; so let us remember those whom we loved and who have gone before us.

But whither have I wandered? It was of "the wife's welcome" that I began to write, and following the free current of thought, led by one poet and another, I have run on until the reader has probably left me to run alone. Once more, as the preacher saith, and I am done.

"There is a love that o'er the war
Of jarring passion pours its light,
And sheds its influence like a star
That brightest burns in darkest night

"It is so true, so fixed, so strong,
It parts not with the parting breath;
In the soul's flight 't is borne along
And holds the heart-strings e'en in death

"'T is never quenched by sorrow's tide;—
No, 't is a flame caught from above,—
A tie that death cannot divide;—
'T is the bright torch of WEDDED LOVE.

"But there is one love, not of earth,
Though sullied by the streaming tear;
It is a star of heavenly birth,
And only shines unshaken there.

"'T is when this clay resigns its breath,
And the soul quits its frail abode,
That rising from the bed of death,
This love is pure—THE LOVE OF GOD."

THE CONFLICT OF AGES.

AMONG the many aspects in which the course of time and the events of history may be viewed, there is an advantage in contemplating them as constituting a great moral conflict, which had its commencement, progress and end, in connection with the destiny of mankind.

This contest turns mainly and primarily upon the infinite and eternal supremacy of God in his absolute and unchangeable kingdom. The unholy and unjust oppose this supremacy, while all the righteous rejoice in it. In connection with the plan of redemption, the contest concentrates around the cross and throne of the mediator. The vindication of Jehovah's supremacy, the illustration of his perfections; the destinies of immense armies of moral agents; and the settlement of transcendantly important principles for eternal duration—this is the labor, the conflict, and the grand interest involved. The intellect of angels, men and devils, of saints and sinners, of sages and warriors, is all enlisted. The ages of time, the elements of nature, the rise and fall of empires, the movements of every atom, and the revolutions of every world,

are all controlled and directed in view of this majestic war.

This contest began in the rebellion of apostate angels against the moral government of God. When their rebellion was crushed, they were driven from heaven and doomed to endless wo. Yet for wise and benevolent reasons the Lord deferred their ultimate imprisonment a few thousand years, and they, being instigated with malice, induced the human race to unite in the sad revolt, involving us also in the same condemnation.

Accordingly, when Satan the arch apostate first prevailed in gaining over to his side the parents of our race, the Son of God, pursuing the counsels of Triune Deity, commenced that aggressive war upon the kingdom of darkness, which he has prosecuted until the present time with unremitting vigor, and which he will eventually bring to a final and overwhelming issue.

The war between Christ and Satan may be represented as consisting of four grand campaigns, each including many fearful battles and innumerable combats between individuals in the conflicting armies. Two of these campaigns have already past. The third is drawing to a close; and the fourth and most terrible of them all, lies still before us.

The first campaign lasted about sixteen hundred years. Man being expelled from paradise, the Son in his Divine nature (for as yet he had not assumed the form of a servant) commenced his operations by proclaiming the pardon of sin to the repenting sinner of the human race; by establishing the system of expiatory sacrifices as typical of that which he was afterward to make, and by providing essential instruction for mankind through the natural transmission of patriarchal wisdom, and by special revelation of his will to venerable saints and prophets.

Against this merciful and distinguishing arrangement of sovereign grace, the original Tempter, excited to ungovernable rage, began a furious attack. He concentrated his skill against that bulwark of life, the family constitution, stirred up the elder brother to murder the younger, cut loose the bonds of domestic obligation, steeped the carnal mind in fast cleaving habits of wild voluptuousness, and roused his followers to deeds of ambition, violence and blood.

Strong, gigantic and aspiring men travelled through centuries of blasphemy and crime, scoffing at the church and baptizing the green earth with sanctified blood. Although the Mediator remonstrated by the ministry of Enoch and of Noah, and poured forth many impressive threatenings, and strove with men even by the Holy Spirit, and translated Enoch to the paradise above, yet the grand Decree succeeded to such an extent that all flesh corrupted his way upon the earth, and the duped and guilty race gathered itself in one mad phalanx against the Lord of Hosts. Then came the last dread battle of that fierce campaign. The divine Messiah, for wise purposes formed in view of the whole war and its vast results, having suffered this deadly foe to carry the standard of open and daring revolt in triumph round the world, now clothed himself with terror, and lifted up the flood-gates of his irresistible wrath. Having stationed Noah in the ark of gophir-wood, and having given his angels charge to waft it gently over the waters, he threw wide open the broad windows of Heaven and called aloud to the fountains of the great deep, that well knew his familiar voice, and beckoned to every crested ocean-wave that leaped impetuously at the sign, until reluctantly and frantic with many agonizing cries, the reeling globe went down beneath the careering waters, and every mountain top wagging its head, shook off the clinging multitudes of rebellious men among the gulphs of an everlasting destruction.

The second campaign in this war lasted about twenty-eight hundred years.

When the waters of the flood abated, the Messiah, having conducted the ransomed family of Noah from the summit of Ararat to the plains of Euphrates, shortened the time of human probation, reëstablished the patriarchal system, and prosecuted again his benevolent work.

Satan, in renewing his malicious attacks, cast his deadly javelins at the family of Noah, kindled the flame of ambition among the descendants of Ham, and prompted the race to erect the tower of Babel as a bond of union and centre of universal dominion. The Messiah beheld their madness, confounded their language, and drove them asunder. The corruptions of the ante-diluvian world were concentrated again upon the plains of Sodom, but the avenging Messiah overwhelmed them with exterminating fire.

The arch-apostate, defeated in his plans of native and savage attack, now invented a great engine of opposition, in the system of pagan idolatry. It was a deep-laid scheme, in which all the tact, genius and malice of hell were employed. As the conscience of mankind demanded

some object of religious worship, they arrayed before them the names of departed heroes, allured them to gaze with reverential wonder upon the orbs of Heaven, and even set forth their own foul natures as objects of fear and veneration. In the days of Abraham, the system of idolatry had gained possession of the world.

The Saviour then called Abraham from Chaldea, made a covenant with him for all generations, settled his posterity in the land of Canaan, made them the depositaries of the true religion, contended against their enemies, chastised Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon and Tyre, and preserved the tribe of Judah till the advent of Christ. At the time appointed he came, an infant in a manger of Bethlehem. The eye of Satan watched his coming. The infants of Bethlehem were slain, but the Messiah was preserved. Satan tempted him forty days in the wilderness, but tempted in vain. The infatuated Jews put him to death on the cross. The crucified Saviour rose again. He ascended on high, commanded his disciples to proclaim forgiveness of sins to all mankind, attended the proclamation with the influences of his Spirit and punished hardened Jerusalem, and established his church in the most important nations of the world. Satan rallied in behalf of trembling idolatry the energies of the Roman Empire. She enfolded the gods of the heathen in her protection, and poured the storms of ten persecutions on the suffering church. Yet from the martyrs' stake, and from the amphitheatre of wild beasts, the testimony of the saints rose clear and strong, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ is his Son." The flames of martyrdom could not quench that cry. The gods of the Pantheon looked wild at its power, the whole fabric of idolatry trembled until a Constantine ascended the throne of the Cæsars; rank after rank of the old deities vanished, and the dominion of *Pagan* idolatry over the *civilized* world was destroyed for ever.

The third campaign, which is now in progress, will last twelve hundred and sixty years from the time it commenced.

Satan having beheld the destruction of his old scheme of pagan idolatry, now invented a deeper plot. Availing himself of that corruption in the church which he had fostered for a long time, he invented the system of Mahommedan imposture and of papal usurpation. Bowing with much reverence before the throne, he acknowledged, for the whole civilized world acknowledged, that there was but one God, and that Jesus Christ is his Son. But he said to the West, the Pope is the vicegerent of Christ on earth; while over the East he waved the banner, there is no God but God and *Mahomet is his prophet.* Thus yielding the points for which he had contended for twenty-eight hundred years, he invented two new lies, and with them renewed the battle. From century to century the nominal church sunk deeper and deeper in superstition. Voluptuousness, scarcely surpassed by the antediluvians or the Sodomites; a worship of saints, which was but a little better than the old worship of fabulous deities; an awful obscuration of the written and preached word of God; an utter prostration of the liberty of conscience, of human rights and of the grand purposes of the gospel; a virulence of persecution which not all the malice of Paganism surpassed; these were the terrible features of that grand mystery of iniquity; that studied scheme of soul destruction; that most abhorrent child of diabolical ingenuity, by which the malignant foe carried forward his plans of ruin over the countries which acknowledged the power of the Roman See. The great Messiah recorded the testimony of his faithful martyrs, remembered their fervent prayers, and let his trembling church issue into deep wildernesses, and amidst the ravines of iron-hearted mountains, preserving her life in lofty fastnesses, and hidden valleys, and eternal Alpine snows.

The voice of Huss, of Wickliffe and others, was heard and then died away—until the voice of Luther was finally awakened and found hearty response; until the noble army of the Reformation came forth, and the continent of Europe shook in the strife and battle, both intellectual and physical, which they waged, and now the twelve hundred and sixty years are nearly expired. Destruction will descend upon popery. Her strength is undermined, and she cannot live in the progress of freedom and science. Rome will be destroyed. Christianity will be thoroughly restored. The Mahomedan will be confounded and his power overthrown. The Jew will behold these changes, and the veil shall be taken away, and he shall believe. Then shall uncivilized nations be instructed. The old Dragon shall be bound a thousand years. Universal contempt during all that period will be heaped upon the memory of Satan. The generations of the world shall all be moulded by the spirit of the gospel; the patriarchal times shall be reinstated, and the rose of Eden bloom again for man.

The fourth campaign will succeed the millennium, and will be of indefinite, yet brief and terrible duration.

When the thousand years are finished, Satan will be loosed from his prison, and the last great conflict will begin. The time during which this campaign continues will be occupied in a great decisive battle, issuing in the final judgment and the end of the world. In the twentieth chapter of Revelations we are informed, that Satan will be successful in deceiving the nations, and gathering them together against the saints of the Lord. While we are assured that this season will be brief, the time of its termination is not revealed. Should the sovereign grace of God be withheld, and the pious be generally removed by death, the generations of mankind would soon be fitted for destruction. What will be the particular form of attack which Satan will then adopt we cannot surmise, but it will undoubtedly be adapted, as were those that preceded it, to the state of mankind. The great harvest of redemption being gathered in, these scoffing generations will ridicule the promise of the Saviour's coming. Vast multitudes of evil men will be leagued against the remnant of the Church. Careless security will flourish. Riot and revelry will desecrate day and night; the language of obscene blasphemy become popular, and God be treated as if all his plans had failed. Then suddenly shall the sign of the Son of Man be visible in the heavens. The cords of nature will resever with fear, and the earth shudder at the advent of her Maker. Overwhelming alarm will sit in awful paleness on the faces of the foe. Rolling the heavens together as a scroll, calling the dead to life—summoning every devil and every man around the great white throne, he will burn up the world and bring the mad battles of many ages to a final close. Then will the divine Mediator present his ransomed before the Eternal Father, and display them in their polished and perfect holiness as monuments of celestial grace and trophies of his glorious and benevolent triumph. In their hearts he will show the great principles of eternal truth for ever established, in their redemption by his blood; he will show the majesty of supreme law eternally honored; and through them before the astonished universe, shall the sublime glories of the great triune nature be displayed. Thus shall the great contest of ages result in the complete overthrow of Satan, and of all his incorrigible fiends, and the greatest victory conceivable, of all those principles and purposes which were blended in the wonderful idea of the Christ, in the person and mission of Emanuel.

The survey of the Conflict of Ages which we have taken, prompts the inquiry, proper to every living man, "What part am I acting in this great contest? Of each one it must be said that his influence is either on the side of truth or falsehood, and of Christ or Satan. If we are approaching the third overthrow of Satan, the termination of the third campaign, then we have great obligations to discharge to ourselves and families, to our country and the church, and especially to the poor Romanists themselves. We must be awake to these obligations. We must study them deeply before God. We must consider how great things the Redeemer has suffered for us, and we must determine to place ourselves among his soldiers, to gird on all the armor, and to acquit ourselves in every trial and in every battle with fidelity and zeal. The conflict, so far as we are concerned, will soon be over. When we have gone to our rest, others will stand in our places, and the great contest will go on until the time appointed. Over our graves, if we are faithful, shall be sung in a loftier sense than the bard intended, the memorable words—

"Here sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod!
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit there."

THE LITTLE FOXES.

BY REV. E. F. HATFIELD.

UNMINGLED good pertains not to this sublunary state. The thornless rose is an exotic from the celestial paradise. No Eden now exists upon the earth. The earth is cursed for man's transgression. The voice has gone forth—"Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." Labor and care, pain and sorrow, are the portion of man in this lower world. Beautiful as the season is, it brings with it its cares and its dangers. Within or near the fairest bower of earthly pleasures, some syren ever lurks.

In the vineyards of the east, so grateful to the eye, and so laden with delicious fragrance in the season of bloom, may be seen a lodge, or watch-tower, such as Isaiah speaks of in his fifth chapter, and the Saviour in the twenty-first of Matthew. This lodge, or tower, is rendered necessary, on account of the depredations to which the vineyard is exposed from man and beast. A keeper or watchman must be stationed there, to prevent the approach of all marauders. In the beautiful Song of Solomon, the spouse is heard to say—"They made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept." A recent traveller observes, "that, in the route between Jerusalem and the convent of St. Elias, he was particularly struck with the appearance of several small and detached square towers in the midst of the vineyards. These, his guide informed him, were used as watch-towers whence watchmen to this day look out, in order to guard the produce of the lands from depredation."

Of these marauders none are more destructive than the foxes. When the grapes are yet tender, they prowl about in large packs, and commit great depredations in the vineyards. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes." "Foxes," says the bishop of Ely, "are observed by abundance of authors to love grapes, and to make great devastations in vineyards; insomuch that Aristophanes compares soldiers to foxes, spoiling whole countries, as they do vineyards." The introduction of these intruders is an admirable feature in Solomon's beautiful poem. In their lovely excursion among the hills and vales in the neighborhood of the city of David, to which the spouse is invited by the bridegroom, these depredations are discovered. The vines have been injured, and the "tender grapes" destroyed. Indignant at the discovery, the bridegroom interrupts the course of love, and the strains of tender endearment, with the charge to the keepers of the vineyard, to keep a strict watch for the foxes, and, if possible, to reduce their number by capture and death.

This graphic incident may serve the purpose of putting us on our guard amid the blandishments and delights of the season, when Nature is arrayed in so many charms. When the "tender grapes" appear in clusters on the vine, peculiar watchfulness is required of the keeper of the vineyard, lest they be injured by the roaming herd, or blasted as it were in the bud. When the garden becomes verdant and fragrant with plants and flowers, the rain and sunshine make the weeds also to grow apace. Thorns and thistles are nourished by the same soil that supports the corn and the wheat. The little songsters, whose cheerful notes enliven and gladden the heart, devour also the freshly-sown seed, or feed upon the tender shoot. Care and watchfulness are never more needed than when vegetation is most luxuriant.

The blessings of the season come not alone. The rain that refreshes the parched earth, and revives the thirsty plant and shrub, the flower and the fruit-tree, at times comes down in torrents from the frowning thunder-cloud, as, in concussion with its fellow, the cloud sends down its streaming lightning, to consume the hope and the home of the husbandman. The sun, that, shining in its strength, brings forward and ripens the waving grain, exhales, at the same time, from the stagnant pool and the marshy meadow, a noxious vapor that loads the air with pestilence. If

"The queen of the spring, as she passed o'er the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale,"

she also led along in her train a host of disorders, that, nurtured on her bosom, are left to feed and fatten among the flowers and the fruits.

The voice of the season is, therefore, a voice

not only of joy and of hope, but of warning also. It teaches us to take heed to our ways, lest, in this season of song, and this spring-tide of hope, our hearts be beguiled by the syren voices of alluring fairies, and deluded by "the pleasures of sin."

The coming of summer reminds us of "the little foxes" that, in other years, have spoiled the vines and consumed the "tender grapes." It reminds us of the parching of the earth, the withering of the flowers, the failure of the rippling streams, the drying up of the fountains, the absence of the rain from heaven, the scantiness of the dew, the raging of a cloudless sun, and the fury of the solar heat, when

"O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all
From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze."

It reminds us, in a word, of the withering, burning drought that so frequently in summer spreads over the hills and vales of the Lord's own heritage. The "refreshing from the presence of the Lord," with which Zion is so abundantly favored at other seasons of the year, is to a great extent withheld in summer. As little, for the most part, do the churches expect a season of revival at midsummer, as they look for "the cold of snow in the time of harvest." The one would be thought as untimely as the other.

But why may we not as confidently seek and expect such a season of the special outpouring of the Holy Spirit now, as in the more forbidding and gloomy seasons of the year? Why must this summer pass away, and the "Christian Parlor" be opened for every visitor but the Holy Ghost? Why should the families, into which our humble periodical finds its way and is welcomed, have no occasion to welcome the coming of the Holy One of Israel on a special embassage of mercy, till after the autumnal harvests have been gathered in?

Is it because the nature of religion undergoes a change as the sun rises to the zenith? Or is it because there is less need for the visits of the Spirit, and the display of redeeming love to a sinful race? Or, because disease and death discontinue their ravages, and the tomb has closed its awful portals? Or can it be because the Almighty himself is oppressed with the exhaustion of the season, and, like the Baal of old "is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked?"

No, certainly, you will say at once. Why, then, the absence of the Spirit? Revivals have been enjoyed in summer, and may be again. A spiritual harvest may be reaped in this portion of the year, as well as a harvest of grain. But every season has its advantages and disadvantages. There are difficulties peculiar to the summer as well as the winter. The one may and must be met and overcome as well as the other.

While the nature and need of religion, the truth and promises of God, and the love of the Spirit, all remain the same, man himself is somewhat changed. His physical system is affected by a change of circumstances, and he is overpowered by peculiar temptations. He is placed in a position that calls for more than common exertion and watchfulness. There are "little foxes," in his vineyard, "that spoil the vines" and destroy the "tender grapes."

The body and mind are both affected by the state of the atmosphere. In summer, or during the greater part of the hot season, the very air that we breathe is enervating to the whole physical frame. Oppressed with the raging heat, the body languishes, and to think is pain. At times, for days and weeks together, the torrid rays of an almost vertical sun dry up the very moisture, as it were, of the wearied soul. How often, while the dog-star reigns, are we ready to exclaim with the poet of "The Seasons,"

"All-conquering heat! Oh! intermit thy wrath,
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce. Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Poured on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn and look around for night,
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach."

In such a state of the atmosphere it requires peculiar exertion—an exertion to which the soul is greatly indisposed—in order to retain, or hold fast that which we have.

But such is not always, nor in our climate, for a great portion of the season, the condition of the atmosphere. It is frequently very balmy, and sometimes bracing and invigorating. Then another difficulty arises. The beauty of the weather, and the lengthening of the day, invite the husbandman and others to protracted labor. Man toils more in summer than in winter, and rests less. Though the day at midsummer is, including the twilight, nearly seventeen hours long in this latitude, man continues his work, with but little interruption, "from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof."

Are we not at fault in thus prolonging the season of labor, and leaving so small a portion of time for spiritual duties, for which, small as is the proportion of time, we have almost unfitted ourselves by the exhaustion of the day? Is

not meditation, and prayer and a devout perusal of the word of God, as indispensable to spiritual cultivation and profit in the summer as well as the winter? Or must we, to use an old proverb, "make hay while the sun shines?" Such is, in truth, our practice. The farmer and the mechanic can seldom eat an evening-meal, while the sun is above the horizon, or, at least, can seldom cease from labor until the sun has gone to his rest.

But there must be some limit to this practice. In higher latitudes the sun is not so soon wearied in his race. In St. Petersburgh, and the regions round about, the midsummer-day has scarcely closed, before the night is at an end. "The night cometh and also the morning." "At that season," says a recent traveller, "there is something unnatural and death-like in the appearance of things as night sets in. Business comes to an end before the sun goes down; and all nature falls into stillness and repose, while it is yet light. You seem to be in a city which is uninhabited. No living thing, perhaps, is to be seen anywhere, as you pass street after street, save some solitary sentinel with his grey coat and musket." In those regions the necessity is felt of measuring and limiting the hours of labor by some other standard than the shining of the sun. Were a similar course adopted among ourselves, it would, doubtless, be productive of great good to soul and body both. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

All, however, are not obliged to toil, nor do they. But whether they toil or not, the season exposes them to peculiar temptations. During a portion of the warmer months, it is a hardship to be shut up within doors. The voice of nature invites abroad. Excursions of pleasure have strong attractions for many; whether on foot, or on the ambling horse, or in the easy carriage, or swifter car, in the pleasure-boat, or on the steamer along the lovely shores of the winding stream, or inland sea. The angler and the fowler now seek their favorite recreation. The public walks and pleasure-grounds are now the chosen resort of many. The mild and cooling air of the summer-eve invites the lover and his mistress, and the not less-loving husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, as well as the scholar and his philosophic friend, to leave the confined and heated air of their dwellings, and while away the hours in a pleasant ramble. As, too, the sultriness of the season increases, and the body becomes enfeebled by "fervent floods" of sunbeams, they that can, are wont to seek, in some fashionable place of resort, far from home and all its fond and profitable associations, some relaxation from toil, and repose from care. By constant, close and peculiar devotion to business in the spring, the merchant becomes completely absorbed, and all his energies exhausted. During the remainder of the season, therefore, he is compelled to seek some retirement, or to journey for weeks and months, in order to recruit his wasted energies for another similar business-season in autumn. How can he be expected to engage in the spiritual duties of a Christian profession, with a body and mind so unfitted for intellectual exertion?

Such are some of the hindrances to the cultivation of the Christian graces at the present season of the year. They operate sometimes imperceptibly, but with deplorable certainty among the disciples of Jesus. The result is seen in the decline of personal and family religion. The closet gives evidence that the languor of the body and mind has seized upon the heart. The morning prayer is hurried over, lest the hour for the commencement of labor should be invaded with the exercises of devotion. The evening finds the body jaded, the mind exhausted, and the spirit barren. Almost asleep, the wearied worshipper repeats the accustomed words of prayer, and without emotion or desire sinks upon his pillow, and is soon fast locked in profound repose.

Not less disastrous are the results upon the religion and worship of the household. But above all, the social exercises of devotion suffer. The sacred place "where prayer is wont to be made," that, in the season of frost and snow, is crowded with disciples, and filled at once with the breath of prayer and the presence of the Holy Ghost, is now almost deserted. The wheels of labor and of trade must not be stopped because the house of prayer is nigh at hand. "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening," and pleads scripture for the continuance of his toils. Not till

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
And lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world ———,"

too late to reach the house of God, or the humbler chamber where two or three are met together to seek a "refreshing from the presence of the Lord." When the fire burns low upon

the altar, when the fragrant incense that is wont to rise to Heaven is withheld, and when "the ways of Zion do mourn," because almost "none come to the solemn feasts," then it is, that a voice may be heard, exclaiming—"Ye mountains of Gilboa! let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you." "Like the heath in the desert," and "the parched places in the wilderness," the Lord's heritage is forsaken and becomes desolate, when the Lord himself is forgotten, or his sanctuary deserted.

Under such influences, and with no heart to resist them, the backslidden Christian may say in the descriptive language of the prince of poets—"They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept." In an unguarded hour, "the little foxes" have entered and spoiled the vines. The "tender grapes," that with proper care would have swollen to their full growth, and in rich ripe clusters made glad the heart, have been torn from the branch, and trampled under foot.

But what is to be done? Is there no remedy? Assuredly the promise is as applicable now as at any other season of the year—"Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days so shall thy strength be." A part of these unpropitious circumstances we can by no means control. To these we must submit, while we seek, in peculiar need, peculiar grace. But some of the hindrances are of our own devising. These must be overcome. However great the temptation to engage in protracted labor, or relaxing pleasures, we must be scrupulously careful lest we unfit ourselves for the duties of the closet, the devotions of the household, or the more public worship of God. The laborer must leave his work while the sun is still up, and prepare himself for communion with his Saviour. The Christian must act on principle, and not by the fitful impulse of the hour. The time that he has so wantonly wasted, when

> "The softening air is balm,
> And every sense and every heart is joy,"

he must, as he values his spiritual good, religiously redeem. The young convert, who, when the north poured forth its fury, through rain and sleet and snow-storms, sought the sanctuary, and found his Saviour there, must now be as earnest and as untiring, "when the south wind blows softly," and the summer sun "russets the plain." Let him remember the injunction of the Lord of the vineyard—"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes."

VERSAILLES.

BY C. W. BAIRD

The spot now occupied by the city and palace of Versailles, was in the time of Louis XIII. a vast forest. That monarch, disgusted with the pomp and splendor of his court, was in the habit of often abandoning it and seeking amusement in the chase. As he was one day hunting in the forest, he chanced to pass over the site of the present palace, where there was then nothing but an old wind-mill, and, struck with the beauty of its situation, ordered a small building to be erected there as a rendezvous when he was fatigued during his excursions. Here he spent much of his time, with but little of the magnificence which adorned his royal dwelling in the capitol. His successor, Louis XIV., frequently visited Versailles, and improved it greatly. In 1673, he began to build a new palace at the same place; and throughout his whole reign he took pleasure in increasing its magnificence. Millions of francs were lavished on it and on its grounds. Finally he removed his court to Versailles, where he resided the rest of his life.

It was in his bed-chamber at Versailles that this dissolute monarch expired in such agony; and when the tidings of his death were brought to his courtiers who were assembled in the council-room adjoining, waiting with impatience to

hear of his decease, they hastened away to welcome the child who succeeded him to the throne with the shout, "The king is dead;—God save the king!"—And the corpse of the "great Louis" was deserted by the troop of vile flatterers who had encouraged him while living in his vices. The bed in which he died is still to be seen, with the desk before which he prayed. Above this room is the clock, which always points to the hour of the death of the last monarch.

From the palace of Versailles issued those decrees which caused the blood of the Protestant martyrs to flow throughout the whole land. There, also, was the famous Edict of Nantes, which had secured the liberties of the Protestants in France since the days of Henry IV., revoked by the same tyrant, at the instigation of his confessor, Father La Chaise. But these awful persecutions found their equally awful retribution in the bloody revolutions which ensued.

In the reign of Louis XV., this palace was the scene of the greatest dissoluteness. Monarch and courtiers were plunged in the very lowest vices, which were covered with the mask of royalty. The city of Versailles, which had been built since the translation of the court from the Louvre in Paris to this palace, and which then contained a mixed population of about eighty thousand souls, became a resort of the vilest men of the kingdom, nay, of Europe, and obtained nearly as bad a reputation as that of Paris did in the reign of Henry III.

When the infuriated populace of Paris arose, in the beginning of the French Revolution, and resolved that they would suffer no longer, it was to Versailles that they hastened in immense crowds, threatening the monarch with their vengeance, and demanding bread. The mass gathered before the palace, making the air resound with their shouts; they broke into the halls, and rushed to the queen's bedroom, whence the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette had barely escaped by a private door before they entered, and, in their fury at finding that she had fled, struck their bayonets and daggers into the bed. But by this time, Lafayette, who commanded the troops, had arrived with them from Paris, and he repressed the attacks of the multitude. At that moment they called loudly to see the queen; Lafayette led her out with him on the balcony before them; he bowed to her and kissed her hand; and the fickle crowds were touched and appeased at the spectacle.

The palace ceased from that time to be inhabited, till Napoleon visited it as emperor. Louis and his consort returned no more; they were led that day to Paris, where they soon expiated the crime of royalty.

When Louis Philippe ascended the throne of France, he found the palace of Versailles in a desolate and dilapidated condition. To restore it to its former style of magnificence did not agree with the spirit of his people, for the extravagance with which Louis XIV. and his successor had adorned it was one of the causes of the French revolution. He therefore formed the plan of making it a great gallery of paintings of the history of the nation, and dedicating it, as it is inscribed in large letters on each wing of the palace, "To all the glories of France." This splendid plan has since been carried into effect; and the innumerable paintings and the statuary contained in it have been executed by some of the greatest artists of the age.

When Louis XIV. erected this palace, he left standing a part of the ancient chateau of his predecessors, which was of brick, and lengthened it on each side. It is an immense building, and before the revolution is said to have often contained several thousands of souls.

The gallery is entered at the right wing, where stands the chapel in which Bossuet, Massillon, and other famous priests of the seventeenth century preached. A remarkable painting can be seen on the ceiling of the chapel, in which God the Father is represented in the likeness of Louis XIV.!

On the right commences the gallery of paintings, beginning with the baptism of Clovis, and continuing through the reign of all the kings of France down to the revolution. On one side of this long suite of rooms is the hall of Statuary, executed by the great sculptors of the age—among which is a statue of Joan of Arc, by Princess Marie, a daughter of Louis Philippe, now dead. On the second story are represented the great events in the history of Napoleon, and of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and the present monarch. The paintings of the victories of Bonaparte are remarkably fine. In the centre of the palace is the famous Hall of Mirrors, once the most splendid royal saloon in France; on the left of which is the "Salle des Pendules," in which took place, among other great events, the signing of peace between France and England, in which the independence of the United States was recognized. The portrait of Washington is met with several times; one is excellent, and was executed by our well-known painter, Healy. The respect and esteem which the pre-

sent king of France entertains towards the character of the Father of our country is well known.

In front of the palace is a large square, on both sides of which are public buildings, and which contain statues of the great generals of France. In the centre of this square is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV.

The royal gardens of Versailles are very beautiful. A large terrace extends before the palace, which is adorned with fine statuary. On the left is the Orangerie, or garden of orange trees; in front are several beautiful fountains, beyond which a fine avenue leads to a large canal. The rarest and sweetest flowers are found here, and it is the resort of the most fashionable people of Paris. The fountains, of which there are a great many in the garden, are supplied with water by an aqueduct, which was built by Louis XIV. at a great expense.

The city is surrounded on all sides by woods, which are very agreeable in the summer season. The town itself is very pleasant, and is much visited by strangers as well as by the citizens of Paris. There is much to invite thither, besides the interest connected with the palace and its gardens.

At some distance from the town is the palace of the Trianon, which was the favorite seat of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. This small chateau is surrounded by a fine park, in which is a little Swiss village, which was built under the directions of that unhappy queen. She used often to visit it with her husband; and, dressed in the costume of Swiss peasants, they amused themselves in that simplicity which gives happiness to the poor man, but which failed of giving it to his royal imitators.

THE LAY OF THE BELL.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.]

BY M. M. BACKUS.

Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.

Burnt of loam the mould is ready,
Firmly fashion'd in the earth,
Hither! comrades, cool and steady,
Now the Bell must have its birth.
From the glowing brow
Sweat must freely flow,
When for praise the artist seeketh—
Yet 'tis God the blessing speaketh.

But while the cast we earnest hasten,
'Twere well to wake the earnest song:
For while discourse the heart doth chasten,
Cheerily moves the work along.
Then list to me with care o'ertracing
The fitful states of feeble man;
Nor play the fool, vain shadows chasing,
And heeding not thy narrow span.
'Tis thought that high uplifts the mortal,
And wisdom is our first estate;
For at the heart's most inner portal
Man reads the types his hands create.

Grasp the pine-wood, quick to kindle,
Choose the billets tinder-dry,
Then the flames will blaze and spindle,
Leaping to the roof on high.
Bars of copper boil,
Add the tin in foil,
Blithely let the tough bell-metal
Seethe and bubble in the kettle.

Deep from the dam our hands are bringing
The shape of molten lava run,
Which, high within the belfry swinging,
Shall speak of us, when life is done.
'Twill last, while sun and moon have motion,
And ring upon the million's ear,
Responsive to the choir's devotion,
Or chiming with the mourner's tear.
And every gay or gloomy token,
To sons of Earth that Fate may bring,
Shall from his metal-crown be spoken,
And sweetly from his throat shall ring.

Silver bubbles, lo! are springing,
Ha! 'tis all a molten flood!
Haste, the potash quickly bringing,
Dash in to heal his fiery blood!
From the refuse free
Let the fusion be;
Then from pure and spotless metal
Clear and full it rings its prattle.

With peals of joy it hails the festal.
And greets the babe in freshest bloom,
In slumber's arms, that, pure as vestal,
Begins his journey—to the tomb.
The womb of time his fate concealeth,
The gay scenes and the gloomy sealeth:
A mother's love, his smiles adorning,
Lone watches o'er his golden morning—
Years arrow-fleet are rushing on;
From woman's arms to storm and danger,
The proud boy wildly hastes to roam,
And—wand'ring o'er the earth a stranger—
A stranger's staff conducts him home.
But glittering in full maiden beauty,
Pure as a spirit from above,
With blushing cheek and heart of duty,
Before him stands—the dream of love!
A nameless thought his soul entrances,
His young heart heaves apart to roam,
He flies his brother's noisy dances
To weep his swelling tears alone.
And blushing all her steps he traces,
Joy lives alone within her smile;
For flower and gem o'er fields he races,
And thinks to deck his love the while.
O, tender hope! sweet expectation!
Thou golden age of first-born love—
Bursts on the eye a new creation,
And hearts with speechless raptures move.
O, would thy days of May-day flowers
Might even bloom for love's young hours!

See! the pipes are brown already,
Now I dip the stavelet in.
If 'tis glazed, let all be ready,
Then the casting must begin.
Quick, my comrades, tell!
Try the fusion well.
When the hard with soft combineth,
'Tis an omen Heaven designeth.

For when the strong sustains the weaker,
And when the stern conjoins the meeker,
Then ringeth out the noble song.
For he, who frames eternal union,
Should prove the hearts in true communion;
The dream is short—repentance long!
O'er the fair bride's ringlets twining
Flowers in virgin-wreaths are pour'd,
When the church-bells merrily chiming,
Call them round the festal board.

Ah! this life's most beauteous festal
Endeth also life's brief May;
With the girdle of the vestal
Tears the lovely dream away.
For passion will fly,
Though love be enduring;
The blossoms must die,
While fruit is maturing.
The husband must battle
With life and its anguish,
Must toil and not languish.
With planting and planning
By stealth and by cunning,
And win by a venture
His fortune's indenture.
Then wealth unending pours in like a river,
The rooms and the palace are widening ever,
And granaries burst with the riches of Ind.
The modest wife reigneth,
And indoors restraineth:
The mother of children,
Her circle she ruleth,
With wisdom she schooleth;
The maidens she teacheth,
The lads she beseecheth,
And plies without ceasing
Her hand ne'er releasing,
And hoardeth the gains
With method and pains.
The sweet-scented lockers she filleth with treasure,
The swift whirring spindle she twirls at her leisure,
The smooth-polished cabinets fill and o'erflow
With shimmering wool and linen like snow;
To the useful she addeth the beautiful ever,
And resteth never.
Now the father with eye of delight
From his mansion's far-seeing gable
Enjoyeth the sight of his fortunes bright,
Gazing on sheaves, full ripe for his table.
And the sheds out-press'd with their burdens,
And granaries teeming with guerdons,
And corn-blades in huge billows waving.
The fool's lips utter menace—
"Firm as earth's deep base,
Spite of ill-luck's power
Stands my house's dower."
Eternal Fate is ever snapping
All the bonds of human trapping,
And swift misfortune hasteth on.
Good! the founding now we warrant,
The breach is jagged well below,
But before we loose the torrent,
Raise to Heaven one pious vow.
Strike the spigot loose!
God preserve the house!
Smould'ring fire-brown waves are gushing,
Swift to the arching handle rushing.

And kindly serves the might of fire,
While man subdues and guards its ire.
For all he shapes in toil or dreams,
He oweth to this god-like means.
But fearful is this god-like means,
When bursting from its yielding chains
It ranges in its pathway wild
Ruthlessly, free nature's child.
Wo, when forked flames leap gladly,
Bursting where no barrier stands,
Through the peopled streets, and sadly
Rolling on their gleaming brands.
Then fierce elements gnash madly
At the works of human hands.
Clouds from Heaven
In full measures
Pour their treasures;
Scathful from the clouds and rash
Gleams the flash!
Heard ye it moaning from the tower?
The storm-clouds lower!
Red as blood
Is th' arch of Heaven.
Ah! 'tis not the daylight's flood!
Ether is riven
With the cries;
Dark billows rise.
Pillars high of flames ascending
Through the streets their red way wending;
Hot, as from the wide-mouth'd forges,
Glows the air; the steam disgorges;
Children moaning, timbers shatter,
Mothers roaming, windows clatter,
Howl the cattle,
Ruins rattle,
All is running, grasping, screaming,
Midnight clear as day is gleaming,
Through the files from hands so hardy—
None is tardy—
Flies the bucket: high o'erbending
Water-waves the engines sending,
Hideous howls the storm is blending,
Wings of wind are fanning flames,
Crackling in the well-dried grains;
O'er the garners rafters totter,
Fall and crash; the flames grow hotter,
Mighty blasts rush swift and bolder,
As to tear and clean efface
Earth's huge volume from its base.
Now it climbs the zenith bolder,
Giant-great!
In ruthless state
Gazes man on garners wasted—
Heavenly might his hopes have blasted—
Wildly watches as they smoulder.

Burnt and void
Looks the room,
Wild storms there now find a home.
'Stead of hollow casement cells
Horror dwells.
Clouds of Heaven, huge and darkling,
Peer on high.

One last look
Towards the tomb
Of his home
Sendeth now the master back—
Cheerily grasps his staff to roam;
Though stripp'd of all a life had won,
There's one sweet hope to him belonging;
He counts the faces quickly thronging,
Aha! not one dear child is gone.

Now within the earth 'tis taken,
Fitly now the mould doth fill;
May 't in beauty soon rewaken,
Paying for our toil and skill.
Ah! the cast may fail?
Should the mould be frail?
Ah! perchance e'en while we're hoping
Stealthy ill its way is groping.

To sacred earth's dark cave descending
Our handiwork in faith is lain,
E'en as the sower trusts the grain,
In hope, that soon the germ ascending
Will bless, as th' Increase-giver deign.
Far richer seeds do we inter,
Lamenting in earth's dismal tomb,
In hope they from the sepulchre
Will mount up to a lovelier doom.
From the turret
Sounds the bell
Its slow heavy
Fun'ral knell,
Sad attending with its solemn swelling
Some poor pilgrim to his narrow dwelling.

Ah! the wife, the dearest partner,
Gentle, true and trusty mother,
Whom the Prince of Shadows seizes
From a husband's fond embraces,
From the prattling infant throng
Whom she bore, when years were young;
Whom upon her breast she bare
Watching them with mother's care—
Ah! how sudden death doth sever
All the ties of hope and home;
Now that mother dwells for ever
In the shadowy land alone.
Glaz'd is now that eye propitious,
Now her care is powerless;
O'er the orphan'd house, capricious
Rules the stranger, lovingless.

While with heat the Bell is parting
Let the toilsome labor cease;
Like the birds 'mid branches darting,
Leap and carol, as you please.

With the rising stars
Die the servant's cares,
Hears the bursch the vesper swelling—
Care ne'er leaves the master's dwelling.

Through the forest wild and dreary
Homeward turns the pilgrim cheery,
Welcome home to spirits weary.
Homeward bleating turn the lambkins
And the oxen,
Glossy and with broadest frontlets,
Come on lowing,
Toward the well-known mangers going.
Heavily in
Creaks the wain,
Corn-beladen;
Wreath of roses
Soft reposes
On the sheaves;
Now the maid the dance's mazes
Gladly weaves.
Mart and valley now grow stiller,
Round the social flaming taper
Gathers now each cottager.
Darkness falleth
O'er the mountains,
But the guarded burgher palleth
Not at night;
Conscience aye the wicked calleth,
Law hath eyes for ever bright.

Holy order, rich in dower,
Heaven's daughter, by whose power
Equals are so wisely mated;
Who the walled town created;
Summon'd back from desert places
Savage man to law's embraces;
'Neath the lowly rude roof reaching,
Gentle truths its inmates teaching,
Holy flames untiring fann'd,
Our native love of Fatherland.

A thousand hearts in palpitation
Beat in sweetest rivalry;
Thus in burning emulation
Human powers their glory see.
'Neath their holy freedom's banner
Man and minion ply their toil,
Happy in his grade and manner
Each contemns the rabble's broil.
Service is the burgher's glory,
Heavenly boons his labor's prize:
Kings may boast the fame of story,
Ours the nimble hand and wise.

Sweetest Concord,
Love-impelling,
Tarry, tarry,
Kindly in this sacred dwelling.
Far, oh far th' accursed morning,
When fell hordes this valley through
Shall riot, peace and pity scorning.

When the heaven,
Whence the even's blushes parting
Lovely beam,
Shall, with fearful fires updarting
From the towns and villas, gleam.

Dash the mould for me in pieces,
It hath served its purpose well;
Feast the eye till it surceases
With the beauties of the Bell.
Swing the hammer, swing,
'Till the cover spring.
Piecemeal this outer model dies,
Ere the new-born Bell can rise.

The master may with wisest reason
Shatter the mould at fitting season;
But wo, when forth in torrents gushing
Self-loos'd the molten ore comes rushing;
With claps of thunder, blind-vibrating,
The rattling timbers crash about,
As when from hellish jaws escaping
Destruction spits her venom out.
Where might prevaileth, rude and senseless,
All form and shape are left defenceless;
When mobs do burst, what God decreed,
No welfare is the final meed.

Wo, when, in the purlieus hidden,
Silent tinder volume gains,
When mobs, by naught but fury bidden,
Dash to earth their galling chains!
Then the tocsin, deep and lusty,
Re-echoes to the madd'ning shout;
The Bell, to chimes of peace thought trusty,
Now sounds the signal for the rout.

"Freedom, equality." They rally—
The peaceful burgher grasps his arms;
The streets are full, each square and alley—
Assassins prowl in ghastly swarms.
Then women to hyenas changing,
Foul bant'ring with the obscene jest,
Gnash their teeth and wildly ranging
Pant to tear their victim's breast.
Pure thoughts are fled, and fiendish passion
Hath broken all the bonds of shame;
The evil steals from good its fashion,
And vices all untrammell'd reign.
The lion growls, when he's awaken,
Ravenous is the tiger's fang:
But sadder far to be o'ertaken
With vengeance by a lawless gang.
Wo's them, who to such sightless wretches
The franchise torch-light e'er would trust—
For such it burns not—only catches,
And cities wraps in smould'ring dust.

Joy to me my God hath given.
Look! How like a star of gold
Glist'ring from its shell, and even,
The metal granule doth unfold!

From the neck to crown
Twinkles the sunbeam down.
E'en the neat device o'errunning
Praiseth high the graver's cunning.

Close in! close in!
Now, comrades all, attentive listen,
And form a ring the Bell to christen;
CONCORDIA shall be her name.
In heartfelt union may her summons
Full often cite the loving Commons.

Fulfil henceforth thy lord's decree,
The purpose of thy destiny!
On high—all earthly beings under—
'Neath Heaven's azure tent unfurl'd,
Vibrate, a neighbor of the thunder,
A borderer on the starlit world.
On high a voice for aye she raises,
Like yonder choir of purest stars,
That moving hymn their Maker's praises,
And lead around the circling years.

Gravest thoughts, not vague and vapid,
From her metal lips be spoke,
And glibly let her tongue so rapid
Tally Time with hourly stroke.
Her voice of Fate be always singing,
Thoughtless of self, and void of pain;
Watch and mark with ceaseless swinging
The checker'd game of life so vain.
And as her clang on th' ear dies sweetly,
And rattling tones to naught decay,
So let it teach, that time runs fleetly,
And all that's earthly fades away.

Now with cords of truest tension,
Heave the Bell from out her grave,
Mounting to her chiming mansion
In the heavenly realms to wave.
Heave it, heave it, raise!
Now she swings, she sways.
Bless the land and banish crime,
PEACE thy earliest jocund chime.

WATCH AND PRAY.

BY ADELIA MORTON.

I.

WATCH and pray! watch and pray!
Pilgrims on life's tearful way!
Strength ye need each fleeting hour,
While ye feel the tempter's power;
Watch and pray!
Faith shall turn the night to day.

II.

Hope and trust! hope and trust!
Child of sorrow! child of dust!
Place not here thy fond desire
But to heavenly things aspire!
See on high
Joys that ne'er will fade or die!

III.

Pray and fight! pray and fight!
Keep thine armor ever bright!
Soon thy trials shall be done,
Soon the crown of vict'ry won!
Watch and pray,
Looking for the better day.

IV.

Watch and pray! watch and pray!
Ye that seek the brighter ray!
Grace can all thy foes subdue,
Grace thy fainting strength renew!
Watch and pray!
Pilgrim on life's tearful way!

THE MAGNANIMITY OF THE RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE.

THE epithet narrow-minded, and its synonyms, are terms of great force and repulsiveness, and many a man would shrink from their application as he would from a criminal accusation. With the same class, no terms are more in vogue than high-minded, honorable, spirited, magnanimous and the like; and it seems to be assumed that between the qualities denoted and the principles of religion there is a chasm or a conflict. These persons cannot comprehend how a religion, which demands humility, meekness, self-abasement, should consist with nobleness and greatness of spirit. It is easy to see that impressions like these are calculated to oppose an almost impassable obstacle to religion in some directions—nor will it be doubted that many, especially among young men, have by this simple consideration been induced to refuse religion a hearing—and the blush of false shame has kindled upon the countenance of many a half-awakened person when he became aware that his seriousness was observed by his companions in folly.

It may be useful to many of the most interesting class of our readers to dispel this hurtful illusion, and to show that the religion of the gospel is designed and eminently adapted to cultivate the style of character which we denominate magnanimous; and that whoever fully submits his heart to the influence of true religion, and follows its leading, must acquire the noble and magnanimous character—must become great in the legitimate and proper sense of that oft-used and oft-abused word, and we shall beg especially the attention of young men to what we are about to offer on the subject.

But what is magnanimity? What are the elements of this everywhere admired, but so little understood quality? It implies and includes, among other things—1. A disposition to undertake great things, regardless of their difficulty. It belongs to minds of this order to modify, create or re-arrange the circumstances of their condition—to be not the slaves, but the lords of their circumstances, and to impress their own image upon the times, and upon the objects within the sphere of their influence, whether its boundaries be narrow or extended. 2. It belongs to the character we are considering to encounter danger with resolution, when some great and noble design can be promoted by it. We see this illustrated in the lives of such men as Howard and Washington. Their greatness of spirit appeared not in the reckless exposure of their persons to danger and death, but in their calm reckoning that the objects they had in view were of sufficient magnitude and importance to justify any personal evils to which they might be exposed, and in their firm purpose to part with life itself, if that should be called for, in order to the achievement of their end. When war was raging between the Athenians and the Heraclidæ, and the oracle predicted that the nation should conquer whose king died first, Codrus, king of the Athenians, disguised himself, went to the enemy's camp, sought a quarrel with a soldier, and was killed. This, though based upon superstitious belief, was the conduct of a great mind, surrendering the highest private interest for the public good. It was not courting death for its own sake, but as the apparent means of the safety of Athens. 3. Self-restraint and self-control in the proper circumstances enters largely into the character of true greatness. The greatness of Gen. Washington consisted very much in his wonderful self-control. He as often saved his country by not doing imprudent things, as by his most daring and valorous deeds. 4. Perseverance against difficulties and sufferings belongs to true greatness. This also is beautifully illustrated in the life of Washington. Many a man of far inferior greatness would willingly have entered the deadly breach, but few could endure steadfastly to the end the daily trial of patience. Such endurance is higher evidence and a surer test of greatness than even the surrender of life. Those deaths which a man dies daily, and survives only to die over again, are the most terrible, and demand the most patience. And, lastly, it is characteristic of true greatness to seek fellowship with the great. The story that Alexander the Great carried Homer's Iliad with him in all his journeyings, and slept with it under his pillow, is at least natural and probable. It was natural that the hero should make heroes his companions, that he should commune with their shades as they were made to pass before him in silent and solemn majesty by the magic of Homer. The desire of fellowship with kindred minds is so strong, that, if we cannot find them among actual existences, we create them, and please ourselves with ideal characters agreeing with our own, rather then herd with those,

with whom we have no common or kindred feelings.

Let us see how these elements of true greatness meet and operate in the Christian character. The Christian attempts great and difficult things. Self-acquaintance is one of these things. The ancients supposed the precept, "Know thyself," descended from heaven. It was a precept worthy of the gods. And if such was the dignity of the injunction, how not less dignified than difficult must we regard the attempt to obey it. Self-knowledge is spoken of in the Bible as exceedingly difficult. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it? And all experience shows that no attainment is so difficult as a thorough self-acquaintance. Yet this difficult work every Christian is attempting to perform. He has undertaken to explore, not the frozen regions of the earth, but the frozen and desolate recesses of his own soul. He has commenced tracing, not the sources of the Niger or the Nile, but the sources of those thoughts and feelings, which, instinct with immortality or death, flow from his heart into the daily conduct of life, a work worthy of the greatest mind, whether we regard its difficulty or its utility. We admire the intrepid nobleness of a Belzoni or a Mungo Park—the civilized world applauded their enterprise as honorable and large-minded—and yet, who needs arguments to convince him that it is a greater and more important enterprise thoroughly to explore and know oneself than to measure the pyramids or traverse continents. What are the ruins of matter compared with those of mind? what are cities overwhelmned, and monuments shaken down by the blasts of time, and continents turned to howling wastes, compared with the desolations of one immortal spirit?

But this is not all—the Christian endeavors to govern his own spirit, and we have inspired authority for saying, that he who does this is greater than he who takes a city. And why should it be thought a thing incredible that the government of one's own spirit, while it is one of the most difficult of all undertakings, is at the same time one of the noblest? There is no government so like God's as the government of mind. Mind!—it is that ethereal thing over which the gross machinery of human government hath no power—it is that invisible, ethereal thing, which eludes the touch, the gaze of mortals, and mocks the chains of leagued tyrants—it is that active and deathless thing, whose goings forth are to be for ever, and whose thoughts like its fittest emblem, the light of heaven, overleap all boundaries, and spread everywhere—it is this, his own immortal spirit, the Christian undertakes to govern. And what, compared with this, is the government of a kingdom? What is that so much coveted distinction of having authority, of saying to one go, and to another come? What is there in all the parade and glitter of regal power, that equals the impressive majesty of a self-governed spirit, whose thoughts and affections, desires and passions, once wild as the tempest or restless as the sea, have been subdued, calmed, disciplined? What a pitiful vocation is that of the heroes of the world, of controlling and driving the mere brute force of unreflecting masses of men—and how princely and dignified his, whose kingdom is within, and whose subjects are his own thoughts and affections?

Observe another mark of greatness in the Christian's chosen fellowship. He selects his companions and friends from the intellectual and moral nobility of the universe. Alexander held fellowship with the heroes of Homer; Cæsar communed with the shade of Alexander—the poet, the painter, the sculptor, study the models of antiquity. The Christian studies David, Daniel, Isaiah, John, Paul, Jesus Christ. The moment religion enters the soul of any man, no matter how degraded his associations formerly, you find him immediately possessed of an affinity for the master spirits of the universe; and he who could once delight himself and be at home with the most debased of his species, rises to sit with patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and communes with them as his elect and familiar friends. Nay, not contented yet, he pants after Deity itself, and rests not till like Enoch he *walks* with God, and has fellowship with the infinite and glorious Father of Spirits. Now what must be the character of a mind of such high and heavenly affinities, that, disdaining the low and mean associations of other men, ascends by a spontaneous and unquenchable preference to the very head and fountain of intellectual excellence. The apostle, speaking of Christians in mass and without exception, says, "We are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly of the first-born, and to God the judge of all." Now, nothing is easier than to interpose a sneer, or intimate a doubt, as if all this intercourse with holy beings and with God, existed only in the imagination of the Christian. And suppose we grant this—nay,

suppose we agree with the shameless atheist, that the God after whom the Christian pants, and the illustrious society of angels and spirits made perfect, have no existence but in the visionary and disordered conceptions of the Christian—still our point is gained. The character of greatness may be fearlessly assigned to the man, who can and does even *imagine* a scheme of fellowship so exalted and pure. If the Christian have not a divine warrant for his hope, he must have a divine fancy to give birth to such a splendid dream, and a divine purity to people the void realms of light with such resplendent specimens of moral excellence. In a word, if all religion be a fable, a vision of the night, what must be the mind that dreams it, that *imagines* a system, whose centre is God, and whose loyal subjects, related and endeared to each other by the ties of an eternal brotherhood, dwell in His presence and with each other for ever, amidst the beauties of holiness and the joys of endless progress and development?

The Christian shows the magnanimity of his principles in choosing a life of usefulness and devotion to the welfare of others. The gospel is a system of practical philanthropy. It is a proclamation of good will to man. It exhibits God as loving him, and it calls upon man to love his fellows, and like God to pity the miserable and the guilty; to live, and labor, and suffer, and, if need be, die for them. This is the spirit of the gospel and of every true follower of the Saviour. A fundamental principle of the gospel is, "None of us liveth to himself." Every Christian, whether in elevated or in humble life, in public or in private station, is designedly *living for his race.* He loves them, feels and prays for them, and according to his opportunity does what he can to bless the world, and make all men better and happier. There is a largeness of view, a boldness of purpose, a vastness of merciful enterprise in the Christian scheme of benevolence never approached before. Men, under the influence of patriotism, have died for their country —or, through natural sympathy, have wept over temporal wretchedness; but only religion expands and nerves the soul to survey a *world,* and ennobles it to live, and think, and *act* for the world's salvation. Where, among the great men of ancient times—where, among the mere statesmen or heroes of the earth, are they whose magnanimity and true greatness of soul can bear a moment's comparison with obscure individuals, who may be found in every parish, bending their knees before God, and wrestling in prayers full of love and pity, and tender sympathy towards the vast family of man. There are immeasurably higher specimens of true greatness exhibited by many a poor widow who has but two mites in the world to bestow, than were any or all the men to whose names the epithet Great has been ostentatiously affixed. Some, indeed, may or do choose to regard the Christian scheme of benevolence visionary — but, again we say, it is the vision of a noble mind. We may say it was visionary and to no purpose that Leonidas planted himself with his devoted band in the pass of Thermopylæ to resist the overwhelming hordes that invaded his country. Yet it was unequalled nobleness of soul that prompted the unavailing sacrifice, and in all lands and generations the patriot, who reflects upon that sacrifice, finds his bosom glow with sublimer impulses and loftier resolves. And so of the Christian. Even if it should prove that all his plans, and efforts, and prayers avail nothing, still it is noble to launch his bark upon that wild and dreadful sea where human nature is wrecked, and attempt to grasp the perishing from the devouring deep. Pitying the far-off multitudes of guilty and dying men, thinking of their misery, and contriving for their welfare, temporal or eternal, the Christian, even if he should accomplish nothing valuable, shows a generousness of soul resembling His who came to seek and to save that which was lost. But Christian sympathy and effort are not in vain. It was not in vain that the apostles and early Christians went everywhere publishing the gospel. As they sounded it out through the world, provinces, people and kings awoke from the sleep of death, and came from their tombs to the fountain and the altar of the gospel. Christian effort for the world is not unavailing now. There are ransomed spirits now around the throne in heaven, who will for ever witness that the Christian did not pray in vain, even when the far-off heathen were the subjects of his plea with God. And new scenes are constantly opening on earth that attest the efficiency of Christian enterprise. In lands where, but a few years ago, unbroken solitude and darkness reigned, the people are reading in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. Some rays of truth, some beams of the Sabbath, some dawnings of heaven have entered their minds. There are green spots of earth where all was sterile—spots, on which the missionary has wept and labored, scattered everywhere, and

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genus in honor of the Swedish botanist, Andrew Dahl, a pupil of the celebrated Linnæus. The propriety of this name has been disputed on account of its similarity to *Dalea*, a name previously given to a plant of an entirely differ-

great men of ancient times—where, among the mere statesmen or heroes of the earth, are they whose magnanimity and true greatness of soul can bear a moment's comparison with obscure individuals, who may be found in every rays of truth, some beams of the Sabbath, some dawnings of heaven have entered their minds. There are green spots of earth where all was sterile—spots, on which the missionary has wept and labored, scattered everywhere, and

when we see the tender blade we think of the full and ripe ear, and the abundant harvest as not distant.

What a magnanimous heart and plan is that of the Christian! His field is the world. His plan contemplates a total moral revolution in the condition and destiny of his race. He is endeavoring to practise and to teach the great and comprehensive precept, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself;" and by the prevalence of the law of love to establish happiness and peace on earth. He is working to extend through the earth the practical benevolence of the gospel, and by this simple means enlightens the ignorant, purifies the debased, and softens the obdurate; and when he dies, others, like-minded, take up the unfinished work, and carry it forward.

Enough has been said to show the magnanimity of the religious principle. The inference every one can draw for himself, that there is no reason to be ashamed of the gospel. The righteous is more excellent than his neighbor, says the wise man. True religion ennobles every soul that embraces it. Its entrance giveth light, and life, and dignity. Of what, then, in their religion should Christians be ashamed? It introduces and assimilates them to all the holy and good in the universe, God himself included, and is that a thing of which one should be ashamed? It teacheth the Christian to know and govern his own spirit, and is there anything so mean and pitiful in self-knowledge or self-control? It teaches the Christian that he is a citizen of the world, and inspires him with an interest in the welfare of all men, with a love to his race so strong that many waters cannot quench it. Is a blush called for by the consciousness that he is thus related to and interested in the great family of man?

We beg our readers to accustom themselves to take just and large views of the spirit and aim of the Christian system. Professing Christians themselves have often done great injustice to the great and glorious system of the gospel. Some regard it as a system of abstract principles, cold and useless as icicles—a heartless creed—a bloodless, lifeless form—and in this view they have embraced and professed it. Some learn no other charity from the gospel than that which enlarges and strengthens their party; and some send the gospel out to beg this world's charities, instead of dispensing charity to the world, and thus have belittled and humbled it in the eyes of men, and produced those impressions noticed in the commencement of this article. We have not so learned the gospel. We embrace and love it as a heaven-devised scheme of philanthropy, a revelation of love, a system of humanity as well as of divinity of the most comprehensive character; and we believe and know that, by entering intelligently and cordially into the spirit and designs of the gospel, the mind is ennobled, our nature is exalted, raised to a higher order of excellence, and invested with true grandeur and glory.

The man who confessedly and entirely lives for himself is, by common consent, despised. Loving none, he is by none beloved; by none admired or openly imitated. And yet, disguise it as we may, every man is thus living who has not learned from the gospel the only true magnanimity, and imbibed the disinterested spirit of the Saviour of man. NEMO.

THE DAHLIA.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

Few plants have ever excited more general interest than the Dahlia, and no exotic has been more universally or successfully cultivated. It is so generally a favorite, that we have been induced to present a plate of one of its varieties in the present number of our Magazine; and we take this opportunity to give a brief history of the plant, and to state a few facts concerning it, which our readers may be interested to know.

The botanical name *Dahlia* was given to this genus in honor of the Swedish botanist, Andrew Dahl, a pupil of the celebrated Linnæus. The propriety of this name has been disputed on account of its similarity to *Dalea*, a name previously given to a plant of an entirely differ-

ent character; and many botanists agreed to change the name to *Georgina*, in compliment to Georgi, a naturalist of some note. De Candolle, and other eminent botanists, whose opinions are worthy of respect, adopted the appellation, and many efforts have been made to establish it generally, but the original name had become too universal to be superseded.

The Dahlia is a native of the sandy plains of Mexico. A friend of the writer has often seen it growing in its native locality, and represents it as a bushy, herbaceous plant, seven or eight feet high, with single purple or blue flowers, by no means remarkable for its beauty. This genus was first discovered by Humboldt, but in what year we have no certain information. There are only three distinct species of this plant known to botanists—the *D. Coccinea*, *D. Cervantesii*, and *D. Variabilis*. The first two species are little cultivated. From the *Variabilis* nearly all the numerous varieties of the Dahlia at present known among florists, are produced.

About the year 1789, the Dahlia was introduced from Spain, where it had probably not been long cultivated, into England, but it is supposed to have been lost soon after its introduction. In 1804 some seeds were transmitted from the Royal Garden at Madrid to London; but it attracted very little notice till the year 1814, though it had been successfully cultivated in the Royal Gardens in Spain, France and Germany. During the last few years, however, it has made rapid advances towards a state of perfection, in England and in the United States.

The varieties of the *Dahlia Variabilis* are almost innumerable, and each succeeding year is adding to the number. These varieties have all been the result of change of soil and climate, and a high state of cultivation. The most admired among them are all double, though, by the process of doubling, unlike most other plants, florists inform us that they are not entirely incapacitated from producing seed. The only sure method by which any kind can be reproduced is by the root. The seeds, should any be formed, will afford some new or uncertain variety. The same is true of the accidental varieties of any species whatever. Being the result of cultivation, and not the natural product of the plant, they are reproduced only from the root or from cuttings.

The numerous varieties of the Dahlia are the glory of our gardens in the autumn, and at that season of the year they are unrivalled by any of their companions. Mr. Wilson, of the city of Albany, who has been extensively engaged as a florist for nearly twenty years, and who has accumulated much valuable information respecting the culture of plants, informs us that a dry yellow loam is the soil best adapted to the Dahlia—that being the soil in which it grows naturally in Mexico and Brazil.

POWER OF HABIT.

BY REV. T. S. CLARKE.

"I WISH I had known in early life what my habits of thought and action then forming, were going to do with me in after life." So said a man of forty-five to me a few days since, speaking aloud and with emphasis what all men feel, though they do not choose as frankly to confess. But if this be the general feeling, when the fruits of habit come to maturity, why should not such information be given to young men, as will save them from these painful regrets, and from making the same shipwreck of their hopes for the future?

What is Habit? and what is there in it, that gives it such power over the movements of the soul, as to make the man of forty-five "wish" that he had better understood its nature during the forming period of his life? Habit may be defined, *the state of feeling and action formed by the repetition of the same train of thought, and the same courses of conduct.* The feelings which are excited and fostered by the associations of business, of neighborhood and companionship, are of course wearing deeper the channel in which they flow, till at length they

become fixed, giving an unalterable character to the soul. This is habit; and this is the way in which it is formed.

We often hear of minds *disciplined* to certain modes of thinking; of men, who have gained a mastery over themselves, so that their thoughts are at their command, and run in such directions, as work out the most useful results. But such self-command is not gained without much painstaking for that purpose. Yet no young man is safe, till he has acquired this power. Till then, he is not so rooted and grounded in principle, as not to be blown about by the gusts of passion and temptation. To put the young in possession of this power is a leading object of the schools: it is also a leading object of the Word, and Providence, and Spirit of God. It is to form in them the habit of thinking and acting for themselves, and of thinking and acting correctly. It is believed, however, that few minds comparatively, *are* thus disciplined: that most men are governed rather by impulse—led about by mere feeling—averse to patient thought—and guided in every movement by present inclination; and thus in middle life and in old age are left to mourn that they had not better understood the subject in the elastic period of their youth.

Now what we say is, that the young man, whatever be the habits of his mind, whether disciplined or vagrant, whether thoughtful or thoughtless, needs, as his safeguard against the attacks of temptation, to understand, and to be greatly impressed by the understanding, that the channel of his thoughts is daily becoming deeper, that his feelings and courses of conduct are fast ripening into habit, rendering it in the end as morally difficult to change them, as it is physically for the "Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots."

This is one of those facts in our moral constitution, upon which the Bible lays peculiar stress; and it is one, too, which accords with the philosophy of the human mind. Hence it is, that the Scriptures insist so strongly on a remembrance of God in the days of our *youth*—on seeking him *early* in life; on consecrating to him the *dew* of our youth;—and on the exercise of repentance, as soon as the mind opens to the knowledge of sin. The reason is, that *then* is the seed-time of life—the *spring* season of your probationary period; and that all which succeeds, is for the *growth* of whatever was sown in youth. In childhood, the blade of the future character shoots up from the soil of the heart; then comes the ear; and after that, in the period of manhood, the full corn in the ear. There is thus a regular growth of whatever propensities or feelings are cherished at the outset of life; and the strength of man's character, whether good or bad, consists in this growth. And it is for this reason, that the Book of God speaks with such earnestness to the young as to the importance of settling their hearts in the great principles of truth and righteousness.

We have said that all this accords with the philosophy of the human mind. There is a young man sitting at his desk, and striving to overcome that obstacle to his advancement in knowledge, which consists in mental indolence or vagrancy. He finds it difficult at first to concentrate his thoughts on the subject before him; his mind, ere he is aware, is off the track, and wandering like the fool's eyes, to the ends of the earth. Now upon the question, whether, at that sitting, his mind shall be steadily held on the point before him, till it is reached, or whether its disposition to wander shall succeed, more depends perhaps than he is aware; for a mastery over his thoughts on that one occasion may be the conquest, on which all his future victories depend. So if the *vagrant* tendencies of his mind shall prevail; if his aversion to patient thought, till the lesson before him is learned, shall succeed, it will of course give strength to mental indolence, and darken the prospect of success at the next trial. Now this yielding of effort to the claims of sloth, or aversion to mental labor repeated a few times, grows into a habit; and then the youth comes out of his school not only unlearned, but with habits, that render it certain that he *never will* learn.

There is another young man, whose imagination is beginning to revel amidst the licentious pictures, which it has conjured up, prompted thereto by the growing depravity of his heart. Who can tell how much depends on his repelling or cherishing the first suggestions of this kind? Who does not see that, if on their first entrance, he rises, in the fear of God, and from a regard to the purity of his character, and drives them out, there is every reason to hope, that he will do it again and again, until purity becomes the settled law of his soul? At each time of successful resistance, he gains of course in strength to fight succeeding battles, till at length the enemy, often vanquished, retires from the field; and then the current of his feelings will not only be pure, but will have worn a channel too deep to be easily diverted.

But should the licentious tendencies prevail; should his imagination be permitted to exert its mysterious power in bringing before his mind such pictures as excite and feed the impure passions of the heart, who does not see that the certain effect will be to infuse the views of licentiousness into every part of his soul, and give it a *settled* tendency to sensual gratifications, and that this law of action, once established, will gain in power by every act of yielding to its demands, till the man, "having eyes full of adultery, cannot cease from sin," till his heart becomes "the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird?" And then in a world so corrupt as this, the polluted imagination will always be acted upon from without, by the books that are read, and by the objects which meet the eye, giving it fresh power to excite and draw out the feelings of the foul spirit within, and thus to strengthen the bond of iniquity.

The force of habit may be further illustrated by the article of *reading*. That the character of our reading will be determined by our habitual thoughts will not of course be doubted. The giddy, pleasure-loving youth will no more be attracted by the grave pages of history, and science, and religion, than the eagle will be tempted from the skies to dabble in the mud below. The child loves the story book; and this disposition fostered, gains in strength, and as everything about him is full of excitement, and the world has all the charm of novelty, how strongly must all this tend to form the habit of light, fictitious reading. At length he attains the period of his youth. Then comes the trial so decisive in its influence on the character of his after life—whether he will bear and submit to the curb of growing responsibility; whether his reason and judgment shall predominate over passion and imagination;—whether the reading, which once so delighted him, shall give place to that which informs the mind, and strengthens its powers of reflection, and prepares for a life of usefulness. And here it is that many fail. The books selected are often such as address the imagination, and help to pass away the vacant hour. Whether any of the young, who may read these pages, are of this number, may be ascertained by the following test. You stand before a case of books, seeking for a volume with which to occupy a little leisure time which you can spare from your regular business. Your eye, in scanning over the title pages, observes here the biography of one who lived well, and has gone to his reward. There stands a volume of history; there "Cowper's Task;" there Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted;" and there in that corner a sprightly novel. Now will not the prevailing mood of your mind be indicated by the book which you shall select, inasmuch as your habitual feelings will determine the character of your reading? And will not your reading then and afterwards foster and strengthen the habit of your mind, whatever it may be? All this goes to illustrate the *force* and *growth* of habit, and to prove that everything in our daily business associations is wearing deeper the channel of thought and feeling, and strengthening the original, uncorrected tendencies of the soul.

We say, then, that the young man who desires to have a pleasant old age, and to gain a place in Heaven, should dread, as the greatest evil that can befal him, the formation of an evil habit. The question of the prophet should ever ring in his ears, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may they, who have been *accustomed* to do evil, learn to do well!"

VAIN IMAGINATION.

There are two worlds—the world of fact and the world of fancy, and the most of us prefer to live in the latter; in other words, it is our too common folly to live under the influence of a vain imagination, a wilful, wanton, riotous fancy, that leads but to bewilder, and dazzles but to blind—that daily warps our judgment, and in secret, silent prodigality wastes our being; that perpetually arrays in deceitful shapes and false coloring the world of *realities* around us; that gives to airy visions and emptiness the power that belongs to substantial things, and to substantial things assigns the character of airy visions.

Our childhood is a succession of lively and pleasant dreams—it is spent in imagining what we will be, not in considering what we are; in visions of the future, in dreamy hopes and longings, that find no fulfilment in the progress of life, no counterpart in our actual history. Our youth is beguiled with the same illusions. The rattle, drum, or doll is no sooner laid aside, than the young man or maiden falls to dreaming or castle-building among the clouds in anticipation of the scenes of maturity. See that young girl. She is thinking who will be her husband, when she will be solicited for her hand and heart, when, and where, and how she is to be settled in the world. Or, perhaps she is already engaged, and seems quite thoughtful as she plies that busy needle, or moves around her mother's dwelling adjusting household matters. The very tune she is humming is a serious, thoughtful sort of tune. And what are her thoughts? Oh! she is thinking of the happy time when she shall become her own mistress, in her own pleasant house, and manage things her own way, which after all always seemed to her the best way. She spends hours in thinking about her bridal dress, about the furniture in her future dwelling, and about all the details of her married condition. She is gazing into the vista of the future, and sketching with the rapidity of thought, and in the brightest colors, the plans of enjoyment and happiness, and fondly dreams of pleasures that are probably never to be realized. Is not her imagination vain and vagrant? Is she not often beguiled from present duty by these constant rovings of her mind among the uncertainties and improbabilities of the future? Is it not a serious bar to present improvement to have a heart which, instead of being occupied with present responsibility, is fluttering with the deceitful hopes, and swelled with the illusive prospects of an hereafter that may never arrive to her; which, instead of being occupied with the duties of today, is thinking only of the duties and enjoyments of that new condition in life, upon which she expects by and by to enter, and which condition itself will prove to be nothing but plain prose after all her poetical dreams about it.

The young man is looking forward to a time, when he shall have amassed riches, or gathered honors, or risen to distinction, and whiles away his hours in sketching the details of a life he is never to live, and the particulars of an experience he is never to realize. In his dreams he is a merchant prince, or a scholar, or a statesman, or a warrior—in his actual experience and history, in his actual life, he never approaches either.

But do only children and young people dream day-dreams, and sport themselves in the world of fancy? Ah! ask that decrepid old man, as he sits in that old family arm-chair, and shifts from side to side his worn-out body, with the aid of his almost worn out crutch, rubbing his numb joints, and trying to get an easy position for that rheumatic limb. Ask him if he has made up his account for eternity, and has set his house in order, and is only waiting to die. While you are asking such questions he is putting on his spectacles to look you right in the face, and see what you mean. He is not the dying man you take him to be. He is better to-day than he has been for weeks. True, he is old, three score and ten, but old as he is, his expectation is to live and not die. He hears the death-watch ticking in the window casement, and thinks it may be a sign that his favorite grandchild will not recover—and sometimes he is afraid that he will be left alone in the world. Thus he dreams and dozes, and lives sometimes in the past and sometimes in the future, till dotage and darkness creep over his senses, and the last heart-string breaks, and his dream is over.

There is another class of persons who live in the world of fancy—they are of the sombre, melancholy cast, with diseased minds, that look mainly at the dark side of things, that see misery in every face, and dark shades in every sunlit picture of beauty, that snuff wretchedness in every balmy breeze, to whose ear the very music of nature is the discord of sadness and wo. Sometimes a diseased body gives this tone to the mind—sometimes it is the result of constitutional melancholy, and sometimes it ensues from chagrin, disappointment, or oft-repeated personal affliction. Their estimate of the world is, that it is "all a fleeting show for man's illusion given;" and they look upon the busy world of men around them as so many phantoms and shadows. Such persons may consider their imaginations as sober, chastened. They are deceived. The busy crowds are not mere phantoms and shadows. They are real men and women. They have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in their bosoms. Every one of them is the substantial workmanship of God, and the heir of immortality. And there are duties owing by us to them, and by them to us, that are substantial and momentous duties. And this world is not all a fleeting show for man's illusion given. He who thinks so is as

vain in his imagination as he who makes this world his god and his heaven. This world is a beautiful world, and an important world. It is a school in which we are taught the manifold wisdom, goodness and mercy of God. It is a field, in which we are all sowing that which we shall also reap in eternity. It is a race-course where we are all contending for an immortal prize, while God and a cloud of witnesses look on, and cheer our exertions. A gloomy, morose fancy wrongly colors the world, as much so and as injuriously as they who make it their all, and set upon it their chief affections. It is not only an idle fancy, but a mischievous one that we are now depicting. To a man of this temper every evil is aggravated, and every sweet that a bountiful God provides is tinctured with bitterness. Is he placed in some post of usefulness—he sinks into sluggish inactivity overborne by the discouragements which his gloomy imagination has conjured up. Is he afflicted—it seems to him that his trials are more rigorous and unmitigated than those of any other man. Is he blessed with health and friends—he deems these blessings of small account since they are liable to removal at any moment. Does he review the past—he remembers only his vexations. Does he anticipate the future—he is filled only with forebodings of evil. He walks through the world like a school-boy walking after nightfall through a grave-yard. The wings of his fancy are dark as the raven's, and her notes as doleful as the owl's. Let such a man shun his own vain and gloomy imagination as his worst and most potent enemy.

A common instance of a vain fancy is found in the experience of what are sometimes called sentimental Christians. Such cases abound among us. They have the theory of a benevolent Christianity without the practice. They imagine how Christian zeal and charity should operate, and how they would display those graces, if they were only in circumstances, and possessed of the talents requisite to such display. One individual thinks what he would do were he an eloquent and gifted preacher. Another thinks that if he was as rich as some men, how largely he would give of his substance. In general, these are vain and deceitful imaginations, and there is an easy and simple way of testing them. We put this question. Are you an active, laborious, self-denying, liberal Christian in the sphere you actually occupy? and if not, we say neither would you be in the sphere you have imagined. He that hid his one talent, did it not because it was only one talent, but because he was slothful; and if he had had five or ten talents he would have done the same. He that will not serve God diligently in a private, obscure station, would not serve him in a public one. He that will not give of his poverty, would not from right motives give of his abundance, and if he think otherwise, he is deceived by a vain imagination. And this we fear is unfortunately the case with many professing Christians at the present day. They imagine they are Christians, not because they are actually bearing the fruits of righteousness, but because they think they would bear them in somewhat different circumstances.

We mention, lastly, the influence of a vain fancy upon the mind of the unconverted. Here the fatal delusion is the imaginary inconvenience and difficulty of seeking religion now, and the supposed facilities that may be enjoyed at a future day. A mind somewhat anxious about religion, yet not firmly resolved to attend to it now, is just in a state to imagine difficulties that have no existence, and to magnify difficulties that do exist. Such a person imagines that all eyes are upon him; that the finger of scorn and the sneer of ridicule will be directed to him; that if he attempt a Christian life he will fail, that his pleasures in this world will all be gone; that his business will be interfered with, and that he will be abandoned by his old and dear companions. And then it seems to him it will be so much easier by and by when his affairs are forwarded a little, and he is somewhat settled in the world. He imagines it will then not be near so formidable an undertaking, and he feels clear that many serious difficulties, now in the way, will then be removed; and blinded by a deceitful fancy, he drops the subject, relapses into carelessness, and while the thunders of Sinai are yet rumbling over his head, rejoins the world and yields to its influence, and if occasionally his mind reverts to the subject, his imagination brightens the future and darkens the present and accepted time. The present passes away, and that bright future never comes. But death comes, and finds the miserable dreamer unprepared. To the last he heeds the song of the syren, and trusts her promise of a propitious to-morrow; and not till he is lost does he see that his own vain imagination has betrayed him, and sealed his irrevocable doom, and while she has lost for him his soul, has lost her own power to brighten futurity and throw a deceitful charm over the lost man's to-morrow.

Thus the world dreams—childhood amid its

playthings—the young man absorbed in business, and the young maiden with matrimony—grey-haired decrepitude with its crutch and rheumatism—the melancholy man looking at the world through smoked glasses—the sentimental Christian with his abortive goodness, and the delaying sinner chasing to-morrow and never overtaking it—these all dream as fancifully and almost as fatally the one as the other. None of them sees the world just as it is. None of them sees *himself* just as *he* is. A vain imagination has thrown a deceitful splendor over some objects, and a deceitful shade over others, and we walk in a mist and a vain show. Realities are turned into shadows and shadows into realities. Great things dwindle to littleness, and little things wax great; and all objects, temporal and eternal, are thrown out of place and out of proportion.

Let us then inquire where we are spending our probation,—in the world of realities, or in the realm of fiction and fancy. Are we looking honestly in the face of things as they are? Is there no reason to fear that our views of truth and duty, and our estimate of this world and of the world to come, are biased and colored by our own vain, idle and corrupt imagination. Reader, the fever of life will soon be past, delusion and the reign of a vain imagination will soon be over, and the searching sun-light of eternal truth will beam clear and bright through the whole creation, and reveal all objects in their true character. The mists and vapors of earth and time shall flee away. Things that have been magnified shall dwindle, and things that were diminished shall expand into their proper greatness and majesty. Dreaming times will be over. The wand of the sorcerer's fancy shall be consumed in the fires of the last day. Then, O vain dreamer, as thou awakest and lookest out with undeceived eye upon the revelations of eternity's broad daylight, what dost thou see? Thou seest that thy castles were thin clouds—thy coveted possessions fleecy vapor—that every promise of thy vain imagination was a lie, and every hope based thereon a spider's web.

X. Y.

THE OLIVE TREE.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

Among the vast multitude and variety of those beautiful productions of nature, which are found in almost every part of the earth, perhaps none has more beautiful or sacred associations connected with it than the Olive Tree. The gigantic oak rears its noble branches, and, exposed to the storms of centuries, may teach a lesson of endurance; the stately elm, the ever-lasting cedar, the willow, consecrated to the hallowed associations of the departed—these, and others, all have their beauties and their purposes: to adorn the landscape, to refresh the weary with their over-spreading branches and delightful shade, or to yield their rich returning stores of luscious fruits—but few have been made so eminent as that under notice.

This tree has given its name to the order of the Oleaceæ, and its specific name is the Olea Europæa. It flourishes only in warm and comparatively dry parts of the world, as the south of France and Spain, Italy, Sicily, Syria, and the north of Africa. The oil, which is extracted from the fruit of this tree, is an article of diet, and becomes a source of much profit to those countries in which it flourishes.

"The cultivated tree is of a moderate height the trunk is knotty, the bark is smooth and of an ash color, the wood is solid and yellowish, the leaves are oblong and resemble those of the willow, of a green color, dark on the upper side and white on the under side. In the month of June it puts out white flowers that grow in bunches—each flower is of one piece, widening upwards, and dividing into four parts. After the flower succeeds the fruit, which is oblong and plump. First green, then pale, and lastly, black when it is quite ripe. The wild olive differs in being smaller in all its parts."

The Greeks, whose mythology is so full of the most extravagant conceptions, have shown their esteem for the Olive by the following mystic legend:—After Ogyges, the earliest monarch of Attica, succeeded Cecrops, in whose time the gods first began to choose favorite spots among the dwellings of men; or, as it has been said to signify, to be worshipped in particular communities and localities. Among the deities, Minerva and Neptune disputed for the possession of Attica, and their contending claims were to be settled by the priority of occupation. Neptune asserted his right, because he had planted his trident on the Acropolis at Athens before Minerva claimed possession. He pointed to it, and to the salt spring which had issued from the fissure he had made for the reception of the trident. In reply to this, Minerva contended that she had taken earlier possession, and triumphantly pointed to the olive, which had sprung from the soil at her command, and was growing near the fountain, which Neptune had caused to flow from the rock. The twelve gods decided in favor of Minerva—whether from a conviction that the claim was valid, owing to priority of occupancy, or from gallantry, we may entertain our own opinion—for the gods, having been mortals, could not have lost their respect for the rights and claims of the goddess!

Another version of this instructive myth is that the two rivals, disputing who should give a name to the city of Athens, it was decided by the gods that the preference should be given to the deity who presented the best gift to mankind. Neptune struck the shore with his wonder-working trident, upon which a horse sprang up before him, while Minerva produced the olive tree. The goddess was awarded the prize: for it was adjudged that peace, of which the olive is the emblem, is incomparably better than war, of which the horse is the representative.

But the most sacred associations, connected with the olive tree, are to be found in the Scriptures. The first mention, which is made of it, is in Gen. viii. 11, where it is stated that the dove, which Noah had sent forth, returned, and "Lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth." With what feelings must Noah have received the green and beautiful token of peace! Millions of beings, since he had last seen one such, had disappeared—while himself and his family alone remained of all the families of the earth! Expression would fail, and utterance be dumb, in the effort even to indicate the swelling, overpowering emotions which he must have experienced.

An instructive allusion is made to the olive in the speech of Jotham after the successful conspiracy of Abimelech. He said, "The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them, and they said to the olive, Reign thou over us. But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?" (Judges ix. 8.) How well would it be were the lesson, taught by the olive tree, to be more carefully studied, and the example more faithfully imitated by all who profess to "honor God and man."

To avoid prolixity in this brief illustration of the various associations which cling around the olive, mention will not be made of several interesting points in both its natural and sacred history. The beauty of its appearance adds much to the landscape, while its "fatness" makes it truly one of the best gifts from heaven to man, and would almost seem to render it worthy to take the place assigned it by Jotham, or to be coupled with the sacred honors of a people who "in all things were too superstitious."

The language of the inspired poet has compared the olive tree to a scene of domestic bliss, which draws around the heart the tender associations of home with renewed force. "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord:" "Thy children shall be like olive plants around thy table." This and other passages, in which the

richness, fruitfulness and beauty of the olive are mentioned, seem to point it out as an object of peculiar interest in the sacred writings. In the book of the Revelation the two witnesses are compared to the two olive trees standing before the throne of God.

Universally has it been regarded as the emblem of PEACE, and as such has been admired and cherished in the associations of every nation. Had the emblem been carried in the hands of warriors, or had Peter the hermit carried it instead of his crucifix, an Alexander or an Attila, a Hannibal or a Scipio, a Napoleon or a Wellington sheathed their swords, and met with this sacred symbol in their hands, the bosom of our mother earth would have been less nourished with the blood of slaughtered millions, and fewer pangs been felt, and fainter sighs been heard, and fewer hopes been withered before the wasting, scathing sirocco of human passion and ambition.

But the hopeful, ardent, trusting believer in divine truth looks to a calmer day, when the influence of PEACE shall fall like the gracious droppings of divine love upon the soul, and cause a warring world to "bend their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," and when "nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." How beautifully has Pollock written :—

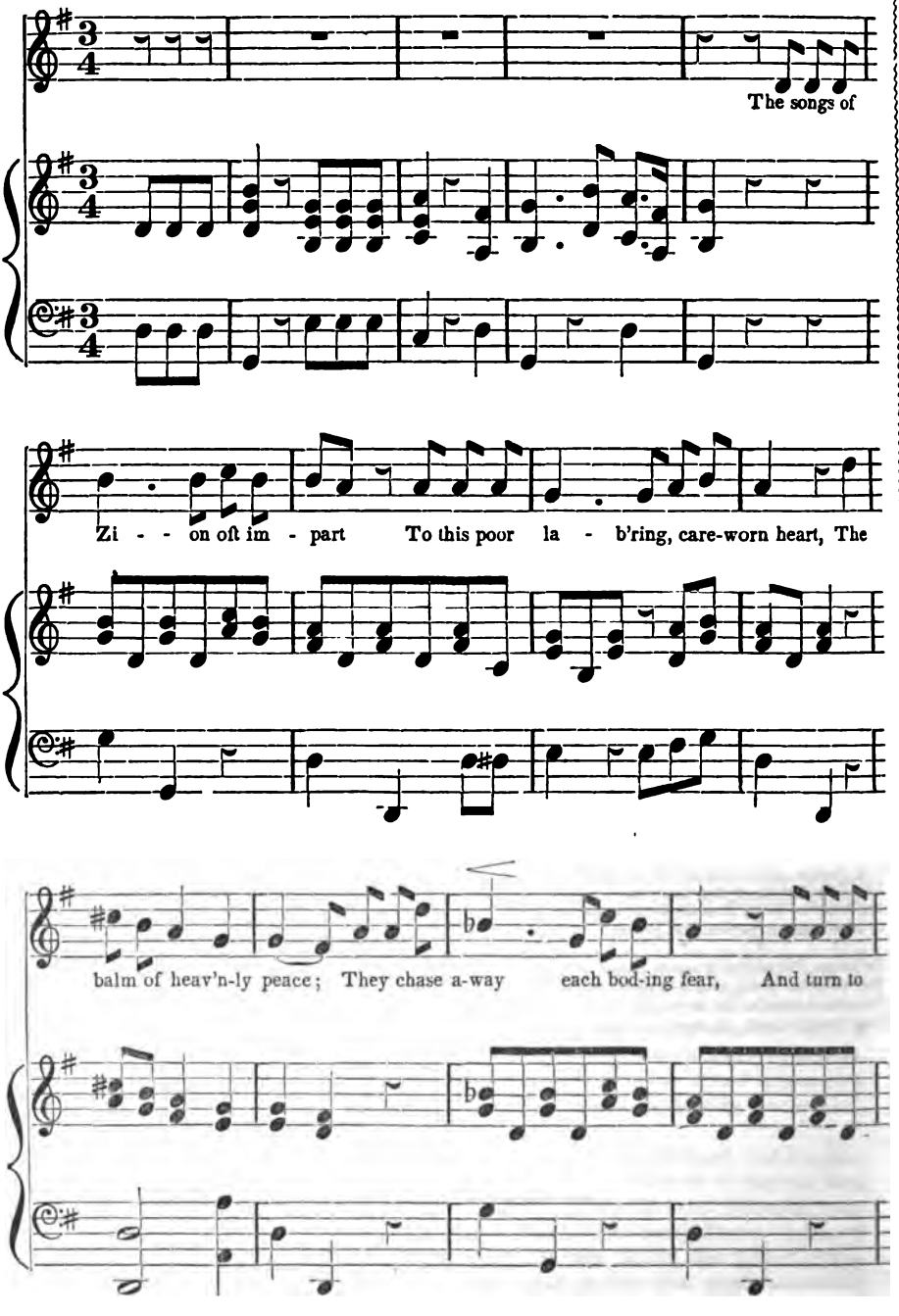
"All nations came
Flocking like doves. Columbia's painted tribes,
That from Magellan to the Frozen Bay,
Beneath the Arctic dwelt, and drank the tides
Of Amazona, prince of earthly streams;
Or slept at noon beneath the giant shade
Of Andes' mount; or roving northward, heard
Ni'gara sing, from Erie's billow down
To Frontenac, and hunted thence the fur
To Labrador. And Afric's dusky swarms,
That from Morocco to Angola dwelt,
And drank the Niger from his native wells,
Or roused the lion in Numidia's groves;
* * * * *
Cashmeres, Circassians, Banyans, tender race!
That swept the insects from their paths, and lived
On herbs and fruits; the Greek redeemed
From Turkish thrall; the Spaniard came, and Gaul;
And Britain with her ships; and on his sledge
The Laplander, that nightly watched the bear
Circling the pole; and those who saw the flames
Of Hecla burn the drifted snow; the Russ,
Long whiskered, and equestrian Pole; and those
Who drank the Rhine, or lost the evening sun
Behind the Alpine towers; and she that sat
By Arno, classic stream, Venice and Rome,
Head-quarters long of sin, first guileless now,
And meaning as she seemed, stretched forth her hands.
The East, the West, the South, the snowy North,
Rejoicing met, and worshipped reverently
Before the Lord in Zion's holy hill;
And all the places round about were blest.

The animals, as once in Eden, lived
In peace; the wolf dwelt with the lamb; the bear
And leopard with the ox; with looks of love
The tiger and the scaly crocodile
Together met, at Gambia's palmy wave;
Perched on the eagle's wing, the bird of song
Singing arose, and visited the sun;
And with the falcon sat the gentle lark.
The little child leaped from his mother's arms,
And stroked the crested snake, and rolled unhurt
Among his speckled waves, and wished him home.
And sauntering school-boys, slow returning, played
At eve about the lion's den, and wove
Into his shaggy mane fantastic flowers;
To meet the husbandman, early abroad,
Hasted the deer, and waved his woody head;
And round his dewy steps, the hare unscared
Sported, and toyed familiar with his dog;
The flocks and herds o'er hill and valley spread,
Exulting, cropped the ever-budding herbs;
The desert blossomed, and the barren sung;
Justice and Mercy, Holiness and Love,
Among the people walked—Messiah reigned,
And earth kept jubilee a thousand years!"

Thus will the earth, renewed in all its beauty and brightness of a new moral creation, lose its burden of sorrow, and hatred, and injustice; and fair, as when on the morning of its primeval loveliness it was pronounced "very good" by the word of its Omnipotent Creator, and the morning stars sang together in the contemplation of the enchanting and exquisite scene, it will be prepared for that glorious time when, like a bride richly adorned, it will wait for Him who gave it its place among the rolling spheres. Then will each one be enabled to say, in the language of the inspired poet, "I am like a green olive tree in the house of the Lord."

THE MINSTREL.

COMPOSED FOR THE PARLOR MAGAZINE.



joy each sor-row'ng tear, And bid the tu-mult cease, And bid the tumult

Cres. P. F. Dim.

cease.

F. Dim.

SECOND VERSE.

'Tis not the rhapsody of song
By taste inspired, or genius strong,
Or excellence of skill,
Nor the display of music's power,
To charm some vacant weary hour,
That can my bosom fill.

THIRD VERSE.

Give me that music of the lyre,
That bids each earthly wish expire,
And lifts the thoughts on high;
That fills the soul with heavenly love,
And bids her a rich foretaste prove
Of treasures in the sky.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

We have a parlor table; and why should we not show the reader some of its ornaments? Our friends, the book-makers, sometimes think of us when they bring something very beautiful before the public eye, knowing that to our taste the brightest ornament of the parlor is the virtuous and enlightened mind.

"*The Wives of England*," by Mrs. Ellis, published by the Appletons, is a charming volume, which the wives of America would do well to read and heed. "*The Daughters of England*," by the same pen, is full of sweet counsel, the words of which are well chosen, and our young women will be delighted and instructed by its perusal.

"*The Records of the Heart*," is the beautiful title of a delicate volume of poetry by Mrs. Lewis of Troy. Her heart is tender, and she feels for those who, like her, are born to make verses.

"It is a mournful task to scan the fate,
The wretchedness and bitter suffering,
And calumny and wo and wrong and hate,
The thousand pangs the tender bosoms wring,
Of those whom fate or fame hath forced to sing:
Sad, solitary, shivering here they stay,
For ever panting for some purer spring
Of light, but drinking no congenial ray,
Until they quench their thirst at founts of heavenly day."

"*The Pious Thoughts of Fenelon*," should be on the table of every lover of devotional reading. Shepard of Broadway has issued an elegant edition of it in silk and gilt. What a spirit for a great man, breathes in these words; "Keep me, O my God! for ever in the order of thy little ones, to whom thou revealest thy mysteries, whilst thou hidest them from the wise and prudent of the world."

A neat little volume from Dodd's, at the Brick Church Chapel, called the "*Book that will Suit You*," lies on a corner of our table, and all that drop in, pick it up and find a page that pleases them and was made for them. Reader, the book "will suit you."

Here we have "*Songs for the Sabbath*," and the "*Harp with a Sabbath Tone*," sweet gatherings of songs that we have loved, some of them from childhood.

"The golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see:
Beyond the cherubs' bright abode
Higher than angels' thoughts can be.
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there,
Conduct me to thy glorious throne!
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My Saviour and my God."

But the very gem of our table is "*Mary Lundie Duncan*." Have you read her memoirs? Perfection we seek not out of Heaven; but if talents, beauty, education, and a quiet spirit tuned to the melody of social love, are traits that win all hearts, then was Mary all that love asks. Mr. Carter publishes the book, and if it is not on your parlor table, reader, one ornament is yet wanting.

In an English periodical just received we find these sweet lines, that must finish this number of the Magazine.

LOVE ON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of earth.
MRS. NORTON."

Love on, love on—the soul must have a shrine,
The rudest breast must find some hallow'd spot;
The God who form'd us left no spark divine,
In him who dwells on earth, yet loveth not.
Devotion's links compose a sacred chain
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain,
May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength.

Love on, love on—ay, even though the heart
We fondly build on proveth like the sand,
Though one by one Faith's corner-stones depart,
And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand.
Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
And know their falsehood shadows all our days,
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays?

Love on, love on, though we may live to see
The dear face whiter than its circling shroud;
Though dark and dense the gloom of death may be,
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud.
The truest spell that Heaven can give to lure,
The sweetest prospect Mercy can bestow,
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure,
'Twill meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on—Creation breathes the words,
Their mystic music ever dwells around;
The strain is echo'd by unnumbered chords,
And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.
As flowers keep springing, though their dazzling bloom
Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon;
So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,
Shall still be precious and shall still love on.

the feelings are raised to the highest pitch. It contains almost as many truths as words, and all these are fraught with instruction of the repentant humility many a wandering prodigal whose heart has stood out in iron firmness against all the thunders of Sinai.

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THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1844.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

(SEE PLATE.)

WHO will be hardy enough to attempt a paraphrase of this tale, so inimitable in its simplicity and unstudied pathos? It may be marred; to mend it is not in human genius.

The whole of the character of the Divine Teacher stands in striking contrast with human eloquence. With an accurate regard to the character of his hearers, his instructions were so given as to reach at once their understandings, to fix themselves lastingly in the memory, and with the best possible adaptedness to reach the heart, and influence the springs of action. With no effort at oratory—with no glosses of rhetoric—his language was yet eloquence of the highest order, because most true to nature and best adapted to a desired effect.

President Dwight, in a sermon on this parable, pronounces it "upon the whole, the best prosaic composition in the Scriptures. The narrative is told with the simplicity of a child, and with a skill which answers to the highest wish of criticism. The facts are selected with extreme felicity, and arranged in the happiest order. The language is so concise that there is not a word to spare, and so perspicuous, that not another word is necessary. No story, of the same length, is equally important to man, or equally pathetic. It ends also precisely where it ought, with a complete annunciation of the catastrophe, and at the interesting moment when the feelings are raised to the highest pitch. It contains almost as many truths as words, and all these are fraught with instruction of the most momentous nature: while the moral, if I may call it such, deeply interests the inhabitants of Heaven, and awakens hope and transport in the whole family of Adam."

In the parable delineated in the Plate we see the waywardness of youth—the impatience of restraint under the parental roof—the eagerness to launch out upon a sea of unstinted pleasures, followed by the usual natural consequences of vicious and thoughtless indulgence. How touchingly is the condition of the young man displayed, employed in the degrading office of tending swine, and, in the depth of his poverty, envying the very beasts he feeds, the coarse food allotted them—then suddenly arousing himself as from a dream, and remembering the abundance of his father's house—the resolution, abandoning all filial claim, to throw himself, a penitent, on the favor of a father whose bounty he had so abused, and to ask, not the forfeited place of a son, but the humble station of a servant;—then the ready forgiveness—the affectionate embrace—the joyous banquet—how like a father—how deeply touching the delineation of ready mercy to the repentant, shown by our heavenly Father! Then comes the selfish coldness of the elder brother—what a rebuke to Jewish pride and pharisaic self-righteousness! This exhibition of the Almighty in the tender character of a father, has softened and worn to repentant humility many a wandering prodigal whose heart has stood out in iron firmness against all the thunders of Sinai.

A DREAM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GUIZOT.

BY R. R. BAIRD.

During the night of the first of January, 1797, a man of about sixty years of age might have been seen leaning on a window, in a small village in France. His weary eyes were lifted towards Heaven, where the stars were peacefully shining—as if to implore the mercy of God; then turning them to earth again, he seemed to feel that it was in vain to ask for pity;—for he could not see any one as void of joy and comfort as himself, and he felt that the tomb was not far distant. Already he had descended sixty steps of the ladder which was to lead him into eternity, and since his youth he had only been carrying along with him, crimes and remorse. His health was destroyed, his soul debased and cast down, his heart torn by remorse, and his old age was embittered by vexation and grief. The days of his youth appeared before him, and reminded him of that solemn day when his venerable father placed him at the entrance of those two roads, one of which leads to a peaceful and happy country, covered with fertile pastures and harvests, on which a bright sun shines continually, filled with most harmonious murmurs, and watered by clear springs;—while the other leads to an abode of darkness, to a den inhabited only by serpents, and filled with everything that is loathsome.

But, alas! the serpents clung to his breast, the poison polluted his lips, and he now could tell where he was, for he had chosen the latter path.

Again he lifted up his hollow eyes to Heaven with unspeakable anxiety, and exclaimed; "O youth, return! O my father! place me again at the entrance of life, that I may choose the other way, which leads to happiness and joy!"

But neither youth nor his father returned, for they were both gone for ever. He saw a light rise above the level of the marshes and again disappear; and then he said to himself: "Thus was I in my days of folly!" Then he saw a meteor dart across the heavenly vault, waver for a moment, and then vanish. "Ah! thus am I now!" exclaimed he again;—and the sharp, bitter stings of repentance struck deeper than ever into his criminal heart.

Then he remembered all the men of his own age; those whom he once knew, and knew no more—who now, scattered over all parts of the earth, were sowing the seeds of truth and virtue, and were now spending the New-Year's eve in the midst of their happy families. The sound of the village bell, which celebrates this new step of time, sounded from the church in a tone of praise and thanksgiving. It reminded him of his beloved parents, of the petitions they used to offer up to heaven in his behalf on that solemn day; of the counsels and reproofs, which in this awful moment he would willingly have received, to hear again the familiar sound of their voices. Prayers and wishes which had never been realized; counsels by which he had never profited. Overburdened with grief and shame, he could no longer turn his eyes to that heaven where his father was; but filling with tears they fell on the snow, which covered the ground; he sighed, and seeing nothing to console him, he could not refrain from again exclaiming: "Oh! happy youth, beloved father, I mourn your loss; return, O return to me!"

And his youth and his father did return, for all was but a dream which had disturbed him, on the first night of the new year; he was still young, and his father was living;—the faults he had committed were alone a reality. He returned heartfelt thanks to God that his youth was not indeed past, and that he might be able to leave the path of vice to regain the path of virtue, which would lead him to the land of happiness, covered with abundant harvests.

Return with him, O my young readers; regain the path of virtue and happiness, if, like him, you have wandered away from it. This terrible dream will, hereafter, be your judgment. Some day, like him, you may be worn down with sorrows and perhaps crimes; and then in vain will you cry out, "Happy, innocent youth, Oh return to me, that I may choose the path which I have forsaken!"

Your happy youth will never return.

WASHINGTON.

In every clime and civilized tongue the name of Washington is honored with a reverence seldom paid to a mere man. Every year his memory and his fame are blooming fresher and more fragrant. The immortality of his name is sure, depending not upon monuments of brass or marble, which time soon destroys, but upon the ever-during and admiring appreciation of worth and virtue implanted in the human breast.

The character of Washington is of an order different from that of other great men. It is not the greatness of Cæsar, of the Scipios, of Hannibal, of Napoleon, or Wellington. Neither of these is his exact parallel. In some respects each of them surpassed him. In completeness, symmetry, finish, and beauty of character, he far surpassed any of them, and his biography leaves its own peculiar impression upon our heart.

It will be an interesting exercise to analyze briefly the character and claim of Washington to immortality. What were the elements of that character, what the distinguishing excellences of that great man to which the people of all civilized countries pay such willing tribute of honor and admiration?

In the first place, Washington was very little indebted to the circumstances of his birth for his subsequent fame. He boasted of no noble or princely descent. No royal blood or alliance gave éclat to his deeds. On such a foundation many names in history rest for their celebrity. Washington sprang from a plain, though highly respectable parentage, and at the age of ten years was left a fatherless boy, with a high-minded and devoted mother to direct his tender years; but no influence of illustrious ancestry and relationship paved and facilitated his glorious career. He was to carve his own fortune, and ennoble his own name, and immortality was to be his, not by inheritance but by achievement.

The fame of Washington does not rest, in any noteworthy degree, upon his personal, physical courage. That he possessed such courage was never questioned by any unprejudiced person. The situation of Washington was often extremely perilous. In the disastrous defeat of Braddock, Washington was one of the aids of that unfortunate general, and was constantly employed during the whole of the bloody conflict, in conveying his superior's orders to the different parts of the field. Every other officer on horseback was either killed or wounded, and Washington himself had two horses killed under him, and four balls passed through different parts of his coat. An Indian warrior, after the tragedy, declared that Washington was never born to be killed by a bullet; "for," said he, "I had seventeen fair shots at him with my rifle, and yet I could not bring him to the ground." In all the terrific slaughter of this dreadful day, we find Washington perfectly cool and collected, and the same character of imperturbable courage was displayed by him invariably in circumstances of danger; but mere physical courage was not the quality that distinguished him pre-eminently from other men. Bonaparte, on many occasions, particularly at the terrible bridge of Lodi, displayed the highest degree of personal daring and disregard of death. Alexander and Cæsar were brave men. Yet there might have been found in the camps of all these warriors soldiers as brave as their leader, as regardless, or more so of danger, suffering, and death. Indeed, mere physical courage is a frequent characteristic of very inferior men, and though cowardice would indelibly disgrace a soldier, mere courage goes but very little to confer the character of greatness. It is at best but a physical quality, which the horse he rides shares equally with him, and which is found as perfectly among men of almost no intellect, and among all ranks of the brute creation, as it is in the Marlboroughs, the Nelsons, and the Wellingtons of the world.

Nor did the greatness of Washington consist in acquaintance with military science. That he was well versed in the art of war, that he had carefully studied the theory of military operations, is not doubted. But he had many equals and not a few superiors in this art. The French army of the Republic had some such. Bonaparte could have mustered almost a regiment of officers, finished in all that pertains to military science, whom yet the world will never regard with the admiration awarded to Washington. Experience amply shows that a man may have very little intellect, and no moral worth at all, and yet be a thorough master of military science. How much higher or better than a brute was Lord Nelson, whose tactics annihilated the naval power of France, or Prince Blucher, who sealed the fate of Waterloo and the world?

Nor was it the number or the greatness of his battles, that so established the immortality of Washington. When we read the history of the

wars of Europe, when we pass in review the battles of Hohenlinden, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Borodino, Leipsic, and Waterloo, and then turn to our own revolutionary history, and the battle-fields of Trenton, Monmouth, Princeton, Yorktown, and other places memorable for the birth-struggles of freedom, and celebrated over the world, we are instantly struck with the vast disparity in the latter instances, in the forces employed, the desperation of their conflict, and the total of their losses or triumphs. The armies of the revolution dwindle into guerilla bands, and their modest chief would scarcely have been seen amid the blaze of a *soirée* of European lieutenants. The grandeur and glory of the American contest, the ever-fresh and fragrant fame of the Father of his country, must be measured by some other principle of computation than the number in the battle, or the dead upon the field. We must find the moral element of the strife, before we understand why the eyes of civilized mankind rest with more interest upon the plain of Monmouth than upon the field of Austerlitz, and why Napoleon himself reverently bows at the name of Washington.

The greatness of Washington did not consist in his superior mental activity, or comprehensiveness of view, or earnestness of application to the duties of his situation. He was distinguished in all these respects. His office as commander-in-chief of the army of the revolution was no sinecure. The whole soul of Washington was given to its responsibilities. With a wakeful vigilance that knew no relaxation, and sought no repose till his mission was accomplished, he studied all the difficulties of his situation, and seized every opportunity and advantage with a zeal which the intenseness of his patriotism forbade to be less, and the limits of the human mind forbade to be greater. From the day this great and good man received his commission, till the day when he resigned it into the hands of Congress, every faculty of that noble mind was strained to its utmost tension in its labors of patriotism, in its toil for freedom. Yet we can easily find parallels to Washington's mental activity, comprehensiveness, and application. In these respects, Napoleon was a greater man. His activity appeared superhuman, and seemed to render him ubiquitous. He knew everybody and everything. The lowest officer, if guilty of a fault, felt that the emperor knew it. All the complicated concerns of the army and the empire seemed to be under his immediate inspection. Many of his most important internal improvements, as roads, bridges, schools, were planned and ordered in camp, amid two hundred thousand troops, or in the heat of a campaign. No detail of business was too minute to engage his attention, and no number of objects of care distracted his mind. The more we reflect upon the prodigious amount of distinct, clear thought bestowed by Napoleon upon the thousandfold interests of his empire, and the minute, exact, and wise direction which he personally gave to them all, the more we are filled with astonishment. Great as were his exertions in the field, rapid and startling as were his military combinations and movements, they were as nothing compared with his labors in the cabinet. Yet all this did not make Napoleon a Washington.

Wherein, then, consisted that peculiar and commanding greatness which is the acknowledged character of Washington? It did not consist in his genius, his military science, his enterprise, his skill, or his successes in the field. All this he might have been and done, and yet not have been that Washington whose name is now a household word, and whose memory reposes, a sacred trust, in the bosoms of all civilized men, to be guarded and handed down from father to son, till the end of time.

The great Roman master has remarked, that no man can be a truly great orator without integrity. We go farther, and say that no man can be truly great in any line of exertion, without integrity, without controlling virtuous principle. Without this, or at least the well-counterfeited appearance of it, the world, corrupt as it is, withholds its admiration. Oliver Cromwell was one of the ablest soldiers and statesmen in English history. But the suspicion that rests on his integrity has blasted his fame. Napoleon's memory is to a considerable extent loved and venerated by his countrymen. But that love and veneration are based on the belief that Napoleon did really, as he professed, live for the glory of France and not for his own aggrandisement; that his ambition, however wild and wasteful of human blood, was not selfish but patriotic. Napoleon had evidently persuaded himself that, as he declared at St. Helena with evident sincerity, he was aiming at great and beneficent designs towards France and the world, when his career was arrested by the allied arms.

In regard to the character and designs of Washington there is and there can be no doubt and no mistake. He was upright, a man of integrity, of undissembled goodness, of piety, and prayer, and his principles sanctified his counsels

and his arms, and were the basis of his success and of his enduring fame. The impression always made by Washington, when living, upon the minds of those with whom he had intercourse was, that he was a man of extraordinary purity of purpose, and of surprising practical wisdom. The writer of this had frequent opportunity, a few years ago, of conversing with a number of persons who had been neighbors and close observers of Washington while his winter quarters were at Morristown, N. J. They all felt that he was a good man, and they remembered numerous incidents illustrative of this. They recalled his solitary, meditative walks, his seasons of retirement, his cheering intercourse with the sick and distressed soldiery, his stern rebuke of profanity and irreverence, and they pointed to the orchard in the rear of the pastor's dwelling, as the spot on which the sacramental table was spread, and where the Father of his country modestly seated himself among the pious villagers, to commemorate with them the Saviour's dying love, and to express his humble reliance upon the Friend of Sinners. This goodness of character, this uprightness of moral principle, was the presiding influence in Washington's career. Where it went, he went; where it stayed, he stayed. Amid the darkest adversity it supported him, and amid prosperity and applause that would have intoxicated and ruined common men, it kept him true to himself and to his country. If ever ambition whispered in his ear the idea of power and regal sway, it whispered in vain. Before he subdued British power he had conquered himself, and when, at the close of a long and toilsome war, he laid the sword of the public foe upon the altar of his country, he laid his own sword by its side, and retired a private, powerless man to the shades of Mount Vernon, and from that retreat looked out upon his free, happy, and rejoicing country,

> "And more true joy the virtuous patriot feels,
> Than Cæsar, with a Senate at his heels."

In estimating the public services of Gen. Washington in the field and the cabinet, there is very little discrepancy of opinion in our day, though there was considerable in his own. His generalship was sometimes severely criticised, and his views as a statesman were often assailed with great asperity. Now, no serious error, even unintentional, and of the judgment, is laid to his charge. All dissension is hushed. No man rails at Washington, none esteem him lightly. A despiser of that name would excite universal surprise. In Great Britain, where he was once denounced as a rebel and an outlaw, he is universally regarded with the profoundest admiration and reverence. Indeed, as an orator of their own has said, "no people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if Nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies, preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt there were, splendid exemplifications of some single excellence. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient, but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage, and to the character of the soldier and the statesman added that of the sage."

Such is the fame of Washington—a fame to which nothing base can adhere, from which even envy and the force of national prejudice can take nothing away, and which shines as brightly in the firmament of Europe, as in the hemisphere he redeemed.

The great lesson which this subject illustrates and enforces is, the superiority of moral excellence and power over every other. This we have seen is the peculiar charm in the character of Washington, and the peculiar and enduring basis of his fame. Such a fame can never perish while the moral constitution of man remains unchanged. It is a truth that, bad as the world is, and prone as men are to be led temporarily astray by false lights and deceitful shows of greatness, real worth and goodness, true integrity of character, will, other things being equal, exert the greatest influence on men's minds. The world must and does acknowledge the beauty and supremacy of virtue. We wish our public men understood this. There is not a statesman in the land who would not have far greater influence and a loftier fame, if he were known to be a truly good man. Let an eminently virtuous and pious man, whose talents and qualifications in other respects are undoubted, be nominated for some high office in the

gift of the popular suffrage, and depend upon it he will be a formidable antagonist to contend with. Cannot our readers call to mind facts corroborative of this remark? We could easily point to living examples, if it were delicate and proper. True, the honors due to virtue are sometimes delayed, sometimes withheld till after death, but it is an ordinance of heaven which can never be ultimately defeated, that the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance, while the memory of the wicked shall perish.

REFLECTOR.

THOUGHTS AT TWILIGHT.

BY C. W. BAIRD.

DAY fades away in night,
And darkness reigns where light before;
Each lovely scene so bright
Has cast the gloomy mantle o'er;
And where the eagle took his flight,
The bird of evening slow doth soar.

Spirit of thought, awake!
This is thine own, peculiar scene.
The soul those chains would break
Which bound its power in morning's sheen?
Possession of each bosom take,
Thou, of each nobler fancy, queen!

All nature sleeps, and still
I hear the gurgling streamlet's sound,
The gentle little rill
That slowly dances o'er the ground;
While rising on yon verdant hill,
The moon has spread her light around.

This is the spirit's hour,
When contemplation spreads her wing,
And guards from gayer power
The solemn thoughts that in it spring,
As closes now the tender flower,
That to a stronger plant doth cling.

As night upon the day,
So gains the awful power of death
Upon the form of clay,
And binds the limb, and stops the breath;
When hope and pleasure fly away,
And every power withereth.

For earth has not a flower
That is not sweeter otherwhere.
The lily of the bower
In heaven's soil will be more fair.
For there will be no evening hour,
To cover o'er its beauties there.

And earth has not a mind
Of nobler cast, that will not be
To purer bliss consigned,
When from the bonds of life 't is free,
When mortal things, the soul that bind,
Are wrapt in immortality.

There is a calm repose
That fills me in this hallowed hour.
The plants their blossoms close,
And nature feels the solemn power;
And man forgets his daily woes,
In sheltered quiet, like the flower.

Sweet is the approach of night;
Sweet, when the time of rest is nigh,
And the last beam of light
Passes the peaceful sleeper by;
As when the soul doth take its flight;—
A slumber that men call *to die.*

To die!—there is no death
For spirits; and their prisons are
When, bound in mortal breath,
From heaven's freedom they are far.
But *death* the spirit brighteneth,
To shine, like yonder twinkling star.

MY FIRST SABBATH IN PARIS.

BY PROF. C. A. GOODRICH.

THERE are moments in the life of every one, to which the heart will always go back with deep and tender emotions. One of these, to me, is *the first Sabbath I spent in Paris.* I had left my native country, under the exhaustion of long-protracted disease. Medical skill had done its utmost, and the last experiment was now to be made. I went abroad, to live,—if such were the will of God—or to die *alone* in a land of strangers. Wife—child—an aged parent—I had left them all with God; and they had given me up as one they might never see more on earth.

The voyage was long and tedious. Between twenty and thirty days, I suffered more from sea-sickness than the Captain who had spent forty years on the ocean, had ever witnessed in any other individual. As I lay in my berth, or occasionally on the deck, during the long and wearisome nights and days, every pitch and roll of the vessel sent a thrill of anguish through my whole frame. My strength, at last, was entirely gone; and I then felt, for the first time, the full import of what we do, when we ask the blessing of God on our daily meals. It was for Him to decide, whether the food I took into my system, should *remain* there long enough to impart any of its nutriment. This could not be, unless a change took place; and though I forced myself to eat, at regular intervals, it continued to be doubtful, whether I should not, after all, die of hunger and exhaustion. It pleased Him just to spare me; and the Captain afterwards told a friend that he never felt more relieved, than when he set me on shore at Havre, at the expiration of thirty days, and had no more responsibility for my health and safety. Through the mercy of God, my strength was so rapidly restored on reaching land, that I was able to go up, during the week, by easy stages to Paris; and here it was I spent my first Sabbath in France.

A friend conducted me to the chapel of the Rev. LEWIS WAY. Mr. Way was an English clergyman, whose life had been full of remarkable incidents, on which I cannot now dwell. Suffice it to say, that he was a poor Scottish boy, born of pious parents, who went up to London at the age of sixteen, to seek his fortune. Passing a splendid mansion, soon after his arrival, he saw on the door-plate the name *Lewis Way;* and was led by a singular and almost irresistible impulse, to ring and inquire whether the person who thus bore his name, was a native of Scotland, or had any knowledge of his parents. The servant reported the strange inquiry to his master; and the gentleman, though from another part of the kingdom, struck with the simplicity of the youth, and the coincidence of their names, directed him to be called in. The house he entered had a richness of furniture and decoration, far beyond his largest conceptions of splendor and magnificence. It was the dwelling of a gentleman of princely fortune, already advanced in years, and possessing every means of enjoyment but one,—he had no family, no near relatives; he was alone in the world. This made him curious to inquire into the character of his young name-sake. He held him in conversation for some hours, and drew out from him the history of his parents, of his early education, tastes, and habits, his object in coming to London, the persons to whom he was introduced, and the lodging place where he lived. Toward the close of these inquiries, he rang for a servant, and after giving him a message in a low tone, resumed the conversation with young Way, and held him some time longer in discourse on various topics, till the servant returned, and in a suppressed voice, made some report to his master, which was received with a nod of approbation.

The gentleman, after a few moments, asked young Way, whether he had any taste for paintings; and proposed to show him some rare productions of the most celebrated Italian masters, which adorned the ample stair-case and the halls above. He led him from one piece to another, taking an evident and strong delight in laying open to the young mind before him, which was one of uncommon sensibility and natural taste, the refined beauties of composition and coloring, in these admirable specimens of art. He thus led him forward till at length he threw open the door of a richly furnished lodging room on the second floor, and invited him to enter. Here young Way saw with great surprise, his own little, worn, rusty valise

MARY LENTLEY.

BY A VILLAGE PASTOR.

Some twenty years ago, the wit and the wealth, the beauty and the strength of old Berkshire were gathered in its sweetest valley; that which embosoms Williams College. It was Commencement day. Anxious hearts were on the stage, and anxious hearts, that smiling faces hid, were many among the crowd.

Perhaps you have never been in this loveliest vale? It has been well said that standing on the plain at West Point, hundreds of feet above the glorious river that winds at your feet and loses itself among the everlasting hills, it is almost impossible to feel that nature alone has spread out such a plain among the mountains and formed it so fitly for the mighty ends to which man has appointed it. It seems as if art had cast the spot into her mould, and fashioned it so as to combine all that is vast and sublime in wild omnipotent nature, with all that is beautiful and fit for use in the skill of man. And if I were sent to make a spot in which to plant a seat of learning, the retreat for study, where science should offer to her votaries all that can attract, and elevate, and lead to her loftiest and sincerest worship, I would pile up mountains on every side, clothe them with forests of giant trees, in summer robed in the richest green, and in the autumn reflecting every color that the eye loves to dwell on; here I would make a gap among these hills, and through it I would lead a gentle stream into the valley now sleeping sweetly in the arms of its mountain-guards; here I would make another gap, and through it should flow another river more rapid and more pure, and these two streams, emblems of knowledge and virtue, should meet in the centre of the valley; they should flow *into* each other and become one richer, lovelier, mightier stream, flowing on with a broader, deeper current, passing out of the vale by another gap among the hills, to fertilize the earth, and finally mingle its waters with the distant sea. At the *junction* of these streams I would plant a grove where the sons and daughters of science might walk and meditate and pray, and all over the valley should be the abodes of quiet, loving people, whose God is the Lord. Here I would place the College. *Here it has been placed*, and this, without a word of fancy, is the valley in which my "Alma Mater" has her home. There are the mountains, the loftiest in the State of Massachusetts; there are those romantic gaps through which the traveller finds an easy and delightful passage along the brink of smiling streams and under the shade of solemn hills; there is the "junction" and the "grove" where the names of Gordon Hall and Samuel J. Mills and others are rudely carved by their own hands, on the trees at whose feet they kneeled when they prayed; there the double stream finds its way out to the West through another opening which, when filled with the gorgeous glory of a setting sun, gave me in boyhood a richer picture of the dazzling majesty of heaven than any natural scenery on which my eye ever fell. Sweet vale! How the memory of it lingers with me like the fancy of a fabled "isle of the blest." Years have rolled rapidly by, and signs of age are thickening on me and within me, but that valley, those peaceful classic shades, those sacred halls, their hallowed associations, the *friends of my youth*, they are all around me with as fresh reality as if years were only days and grey hairs the growth of a single night.

It was Commencement day, twenty years ago, and Charles Richardson—this name shall stand instead of his own—was on the stage. He was pronouncing the farewell address to the class, and every eye in the crowded house was fixed upon him, and every ear attentive to catch the words that fell from his tremulous lips. Foremost among his fellows in the studies of college, he had the rare gift of power to engage the hearts of all, so that he stood forth to-day with the highest honors, no less as a well-earned award than as freely accorded by those who rejoiced in his success. He had spoken of the parting, of the prospects, of the widely diverging paths of life, of the hopelessness of meeting again, and the sympathies of the assembly were evidently and deeply with the youthful impassioned speaker. He referred to the paths of honor which some would tread, and the fierce conflicts awaiting those who aspired to the giddy heights of fame. "Some of us," said he, "have our hearts on the distant heathen. The misery of their present degradation and the deeper and darker misery that awaits them hereafter, have stirred within us

the sympathies of our souls, and we go to carry to them the knowledge of God and the way of Salvation through his crucified Son. Some of you will doubtless meet each other on earth again. Perhaps you will revisit these scenes and revive the friendships here formed, and rejoice in the recital of one another's success in the contests of life. But those of us, two of us, who have been given to the heathen, now bid a long and last farewell to these consecrated halls of learning, to this unrivalled valley, these hills, and streams, and shades—farewell to you, the friends and companions of our college days —farewell to these instructors, whose counsels will go with us to the world's end—farewell to all we love—"

— A movement in the gallery of the church drew the eyes of the great assembly toward a scene of confusion, and a lovely girl was borne in the arms of her friends from the house into the open air. The valedictory was soon concluded, and young Richardson was by the side of Mary Lentley. But who was Mary Lentley?

She was the daughter of one of the many substantial farmers in Berkshire, and, as often happens with college students, Charles Richardson had *not* been so smitten with the charms of study as to be blind to other beauties, and he had found in Mary Lentley charms that his books had never revealed. She had been the companion of many of his walks; he had read, and she had heard him read, the books that both of them loved, and with kindred sympathies they had drank at the purest fountains of joy, even at the wells of living waters. He had learned to love her tenderly and devotedly, and his soul was linked indissolubly to her, before he had made known his fixed purpose to be a missionary to the distant heathen. But when he broke the subject to her and asked if she would share the trials and the labors of such a service for the sake of him, and more for Christ and the perishing, she leaned upon his shoulder and looking up confidingly said, "Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

But the parents and friends of Mary thought differently, as soon as the subject reached their ears, and they interposed objections of affection and authority, and "refused to let her go." The missionary spirit was not so widely diffused in the churches then as now, and even now such instances of parental interference are of no unfrequent occurrence. This put a new aspect upon the affair, and the young lovers were called to examine a new and delicate question. Should Charles abandon the heathen for the sake of Mary? Should Mary desert and offend her parents for the sake of Charles?

Here was a question that has since troubled many a young heart. Had Mary, early and before she had given her heart to Charles Richardson, loved the heathen and consecrated herself to their salvation; had she been sighing after them, and praying that the way might be opened for her to go to them with the bread of life, she would have had less difficulty now to come to a decision. But she knew that she first loved Christ, then she loved Richardson, and then, when she knew that he was going to the far off heathen, she was willing to go with him, to suffer and die. How much there was in this willingness that had respect to the souls of the heathen, and how much to him who had her heart's fondest love, she would not confess even to herself. Shall she now break the hearts of her parents who declare that they cannot live without her, and will never consent to part with her, or shall she sweeten their last days with a daughter's love, while she serves the Saviour in her own quiet sphere? With Richardson it was a foregone conclusion. He must go. His heart said so, his conscience approved the decision, and the "fondness of a creature's love" must not come between him and the work to which the Lord had called him.

It was a time of trial to them both. They had spent hours in prayer, anxiously seeking to learn what God would have them do, striving to bring their minds into sweet acquiescence with the will of heaven, though that will should sunder ties dearer than those that bound them to life. At last the decision was reached. They would part. Mary Lentley would yield to her parents' wishes and devote her life to them, and Richardson would give her up and go to the foreign field. God would approve the sacrifice and give them strength to make it, and sustain them by his grace through years of loneliness and sorrow. They would be true to each other, though oceans were between them, and meet again in a brighter world where parting is unknown.

Having arrived at this conclusion, and looking fervently to heaven for help, Mary felt that she had done right and God would keep her. She thought she had given up *all*, and was now Christ's only; and when Commencement day approached she resolved without hesitation to attend, and listen to the valedictory of her

still loved Charles. But she knew not her own heart, nor the strength of the ties that bound her to one whom she had surrendered. And never till his words of *farewell* fell on her ears, and the tide of sympathy that swelled in the assembly overwhelmed her soul, never till she heard him in broken accents speaking of seeing those scenes, those friends no more, never till that moment, had the reality of her sacrifice risen in full strength before her mind; and no wonder that her delicate frame sunk under the crushing thought.

Charles lingered near her for some days, until her mind regained its self-possession, and as the native energy of her soul, strengthened by deep devotion, returned to her support, she re-examined the subject and again decided that they must part. He acquiesced, though not until he had exhausted every argument and added sweet entreaties, but in vain. Duty, she said, calls you to go and me to stay.

Richardson had yet a course of study to pursue in preparation for the missionary work, and two or three years must be spent in this pursuit at a distance from Mary Lentley. As the point was now settled that Mary was not to be his companion, and as none beyond the immediate circle of friends were acquainted with the facts which we have just related, it was an obvious dictate of propriety on the part of both of them to appear as if these things had not been. Time, it was said, would restore to the broken spirit of Mary its wonted elasticity; grace would heal the wound her young heart had received, and she would be happy and useful among the friends who could not spare her for the heathen.

She knew better, but murmured not. "God's will be done," she whispered in secret into the ear of Him who comforts those who mourn, and in the loneliness of her desertion she felt that she should never find happiness, till she found it in heaven.

When his course of study was completed, Richardson yielded to the advice of his friends, and found another to whom he was united, who should be his companion in the labors of missionary life, and a useful helper in the great field to which he was destined. But was his heart in this new relation, or was it away in the valley of Berkshire, with his early love?

A few years roll by. Under the burning sun of India and breathing an air that has been fatal to many of the noblest sons and fairest daughters of the American church, Richardson toiled with the ardor of genius fired by the strongest love of Christ and the souls of perishing men. A shade of melancholy had settled on his spirit, but this was not to be wondered at; and he labored silently and zealously, striving to win the wandering to the Saviour of sinners.

His wife sickened, and languished, and died—leaving him alone in a land that never appeared to him so much like the region and shadow of death, as now that his companion was taken from him, and his own health soon gave way. He struggled against the increasing conviction that he ought to return to the land of his fathers, and gather strength in the pure air of his native hills; and there was something in his heart that assured him he would be happier if one still dear to him might yet be permitted to join him in his life of self-denial for Christ.

Again he is on the deep with his face toward his native land. He reaches it after an absence of four long years, and makes his way with all haste to the spot where he left his heart when he went to the heathen. The rural home of Mary Lentley is in sight. Quiet and lonely as when he last left it with a sad heart; the same flowers were blooming at the door, and the same sun was shining cheerfully above it, but *Mary was not there.*

After Richardson went abroad Mary quietly set herself to the more diligent service of her master, in the Sabbath school, and in the abodes of sorrow and sickness; like an angel of mercy seeking to chase away sadness from others' hearts, while it was but too evident that the canker was at work at her own. Her parents saw with grief the gradual progress of disease, her wasting strength, her fading cheek and the sure presages of the approach of evil; they could not conceal from themselves the cause. But it was too late to find a remedy. In the weakness of parental fondness they had crossed her hopes, and the blight that had fallen on her prospects settled on her soul. Month after month she trod her path of silent usefulness, cheerful when cheerfulness made others blest, but again relapsing into deeper gloom when the motive was withdrawn. And thus, without making her grief the subject of mention even among those most dear, she sunk into the grave.

That grave had been made a year when Richardson found it in the village church-yard, and wept over the ashes of one whom he had loved so tenderly in the days of his youth. Better would it have been for him and better doubtless for the poor heathen, had Mary Lentley been allowed to follow the impulses of her own heart, and to share the trials of the mis-

sionary life with one whose love would have made a wilderness a paradise for her. But it might not have been better for Mary Lentley. She was early taken home. She gave her heart to Christ in the morning of life, and early was she called to his bosom. Her memory still lives in the hearts of those who knew her, and when I was last in the valley that was her birth-place and burial-place, the simple story was told me, and I brought away a few flowers that withered soon, like her from whose grave I gathered them.

It has often been said that there is much *romance* about modern missions. But I would that every man, who forsakes his parents, and sisters, and country, and goes to the far heathen, might have one to keep him company, to whom he has been bound by the tenderest ties of youthful love, who will more than make up all that he has left behind, as his trials are sweetened by the joys of domestic bliss. It is bad philosophy as well as miserable religion that thinks it good for man to be alone.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Eve of that holy day, when from his works
The Lord Jehovah rested! Oh, how calm,
How still, how emblematic of that hour,
When in his own immensity enthroned,
Systems, and suns, and waters broad and deep,
Earth, with her mountains, valleys, hills, and man—
Unsullied by one sin, surpassing fair,
Lay out before his all-pervading eye,
Perfect, complete, and beautiful and "good."
How holy, and how tranquil is this hour!
The world shut out, each baser sense withdrawn,
Thus sweetly resting from all earthly care,
From every vexing and distracting thought.
How good is God! How tenderly he deals
With all his children! Now he gives to man
Repose and rest. Exhausted nature, tired,
Wearied, oppressed—hails joyfully this hour,
The earnest of a day of holier hours.
Eve of God's holy day, when promises,
Like leaves from off the 'Tree of Life,' are seen
Falling around, imparting joy and peace;
Healing the sin-sick soul with glimpses sweet
Of Canaan's fair and unbeclouded skies.
The eve for secret prayer, when Faith draws back
The curtain that conceals a brighter day;
The eve when *Hope* comes garlanded with flowers,
Anticipating holier, happier years;
When holy *Love* sheds gracious influence round,
Soothing the spirit with her balmy breath.
Faith, Hope, and Love; sweet guests, Heaven's angels
Sent to earth to guide, to cheer, to elevate
Frail beings of a day, glimmering awhile
Like insects in the sun; careering swift

In thousand varied forms, borne by a strange
Exciting power amid the whizzing crowd,
'Till one by one, successive disappears.
The eve for deep reflection, sober thought,
When the rapt soul holds converse with its God;—
The soul, great instrument of thousand strings,
Each one subserving some important end
In the great plan one day to be revealed;
Changing as clouds, unstable as their hues,
One hour in joy, the next o'erwhelmed with wo;
Floating around; but for the sacred word,
But for God's holy day, without a chart,
Without a compass to direct its course,
A helmless, shattered, and a feeble bark,
The sport of winds and waves, and lowering storms;—
—On this blest eve that brings the week its close,
By grace renewed, the spirit falls at rest
In peaceful, happy quietude at home,
Subdued, in holy harmony with heaven,
Humbly awaiting the illustrious morn
Which opes a Sabbath never more to end.

Sag Harbor, L. I., June 8th, 1844.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

BY REV. JAMES M. MACDONALD.

"An angel's wing would droop, if long at rest."—WILCOX.

IT is in right employment that true happiness consists. The drones of society may strive to persuade themselves that they are happy, and they are so, if happiness consist in dozing away existence—happy as the Cappadocian slave, or the brute that dozes in the stall; but, as Dr. Good observes, "should you distil the aggregate of insignificant incidents that compose the whole tenor of their feeble lives, not a drop, perhaps, of the essence of true happiness would ascend in the alembic."

To every form of being is assigned
An active principle: howe'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures, in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air—
Whate'er exists, hath properties that spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed;
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude, from link to link
It circulates, the soul of all the world's
THE EXCURSION.

Action is the universal law. Its authority reaches all substances and beings, from the meanest plant to the noblest world; from the ephemeral insect to the immortal seraph. Man must obey it. He can no more violate it, either as a physical, intellectual, or moral being, with impunity, than it could be suspended in the material world without disaster.

Better to create occupation than to live without it. How many are unhappy from having nothing to do! A French nobleman, it is said, to escape depression and *ennui*, had recourse to the art of an engraver. "Any engagement," remarks Dr. Paley, "which is innocent, is better than none, as the writing of a book, the building of a house, the laying out of a garden, the digging of a fish-pond, even the raising of a cucumber or a tulip." Activity, as it respects our physical being, is a first law, and the re-

wards of obedience to it are a joyous animal existence, health, elasticity, bodily volume and force, a useful life and the approbation of God.

The objects which claim the investigation of the human mind are numerous, and spread themselves in all directions around our earthly abode. They are nothing less than the works of God in every department, in all their copiousness, variety, and grandeur. Nature is a volume put into our hands expressly for our perusal, and an acquaintance with it is essentially connected with our highest and best interests. To a reflecting mind it is obvious that we are indebted to such knowledge for many peculiar advantages, and for our most exquisite enjoyments. We are furnished with faculties fitted for the acquisition of knowledge. But these powers of acquisition will prove wasted or abused talents, except as a man yields to the force of the great law of action. The mind must be urged on in the process of obtaining knowledge, and expanding its powers. To preserve its healthy action, its just and natural balance, it must be kept in constant exercise. Action is the appropriate element of the mind; it increases the energy of its powers, and opens a way for that energy to be expended. Intellectual employments bring their own reward. New impulses lead to new discoveries, and thus open new sources of pleasure. But there are penalties attending mental supineness and sloth. The mind will prey upon itself. "Unemployed talents are sure to revenge themselves upon their possessors. They will not lie in the mind like lightning in a cloud, without injuring their sanctuary or losing their energy; but will impair at once their shrine and themselves. Great powers were created for great purposes; and when not applied to them they assail each other like wild beasts in a cage. Memory keeps conscience sleepless, and imagination torments both. The visions of fancy become the realities of sensation. The brain burns sensibly, and the palpitations of the heart are the pulsations of the soul. Thoughts are substances, and feelings convulsions."*

To arrive at the true enjoyment of rational beings, the powers with which the Creator has endowed us are not to slumber in inaction. The universe is spread out as a volume through which we may range, selecting whatever is most worthy of pursuit from its ample stores. But let it be borne in mind that no great and valuable attainments can ever be made, except by vigorous mental exertion. Nature will not open her store-house, and introduce the listless observer into her *arcana*. She will not divulge her mysteries by accident, nor be cheated into revealing them. He alone, who is diligent in searching, like Theseus in the labyrinth of Crete, will find the key by which he may unlock, and the secret thread which shall guide him through all her labyrinths.

Obedience to the law of moral action is also inseparably connected with the highest usefulness and the purest enjoyments of man. Influence, which by the mass of men is so imperfectly understood, is always inseparable from moral action. A man's duties do not, and cannot all centre in himself; there are obligations from which he can never be absolved, and to the Author of his being he is bound to render his homage, fear, and obedience.

Persons distinguished for habits of active benevolence, are seldom known to become irascible, misanthropic, and sick of life. True charity exerts a tranquillizing influence on the soul; it is an antagonist principle to every disquieting passion; and it is kindred to the calm, pure, and ennobling impulses which give the direction, and make up the sum of a happy life. Right employment is the true philosopher's stone. In seeking to promote the happiness of his fellow-creatures, a man finds the best solace for his own sorrow. He is not perpetually employed in a gloomy introspection, he looks beyond himself, perhaps discovers others more unhappy. It is in philanthropic exertion that the diseased mind finds its restorative power. Let action—noble, generous, virtuous action—be our law:

> "'Twill sweep distemper from the busy day,
> And make the chalice of the big, round year,
> Run o'er with gladness."

Let every faculty be enlisted; let time be duly prized. It was one of the three things which Cato, the wise and virtuous Roman, in reviewing his life, regretted, that he had permitted a day to pass without performing any virtuous action.

The history of the past teaches us what changes and revolutions in the state of society a single man may effect. Even the examples of perverted moral action present striking illustrations of individual power, and while they should stimulate to greater vigor the friends of virtue and of man, they utter an impressive warning against such a perversion of the noblest faculties of our nature. What an instance of lofty but perverted genius we have in Lord Byron! His productions minister to the worst passions

* Robert Philip.

of the human heart. Their influence is the more pernicious because "the fatal poison lurks among the gorgeous beauties of poetry." But had he devoted his talents to the interests of humanity, fruitful gardens might now have bloomed where frightful deserts have been created. In the efforts of this nobleman to improve the condition of Greece, we discover the inefficacy of every such attempt, based upon no better principles. It was a good cause, he was an eminent man, and yet he served it ineffectually. His religious sentiments and habits were at war with his enterprise. He could not hasten the liberties of Greece by appealing to the valor of the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ. Her classic antiquities, and even her history, glowing with patriotism, chivalry, and high achievement, had no voice that could reach the breasts of her degenerate sons.

The melancholy, or rather the misanthropy of Byron, was a permanent feature in his character, and its exhibitions filled up a large space in his life. Although he submitted to voluntary banishment from his native land, and became a self-devoted martyr to Grecian liberty, he could never escape from the enemy to his peace he carried about in his own bosom. With our knowledge of his character, principles, and manner of life, we are not surprised at the confession he made. "Were I offered the choice," said Byron, "either to live over again, or to live so many more years onward, I should certainly prefer the first; yet my young days were vastly more unhappy than I believe those of other men commonly are. I once attempted to enumerate the days I had lived, which might, according to the common use of language, be called happy. I could never make them amount to more than *eleven*, and I believe I have a very distinct remembrance of every one. I often ask myself, whether, between the present time and the day of my death, I shall be able to make up the round dozen." The fabled notion of the halcyon days, the *septem placidi dies*, of the ancient poets, was in his case almost literally verified. And it is doubtless in allusion to his own painful experience that he somewhere in his writings, inquires,

"Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life—say, would he name
Threescore?"

But men have lived in the world for some wise and beneficial purpose—have fulfilled the law of their being—been useful and happy—and left us examples worthy of imitation. Their memory is blessed. Their actions "smell sweet and blossom in the dust." The celebrated Howard, with a generosity, a humanity, a piety, never excelled among men, directed his footsteps wherever the voice of human woe invited, wherever the groans of the prisoner were heard. What a noble and sublime spectacle! With a patience which the severest trials never exhausted, he pursued the path of noiseless, unobtrusive beneficence, removing from many a heart its oppressive load, and plucking from the memory its "rooted sorrows." "For more than sixteen years," it is recorded of him, "he travelled from kingdom to kingdom, over a distance equal to nearly thrice the circuit of the globe, declining no hardship, shunning no danger, submitting himself with the utmost cheerfulness to all the annoyances incident to such an undertaking, amidst the selfishness of the keepers of the prisons, and the horrid vices of many of their inmates—amidst the heat and suffocation, the dampness and noisome effluvia of close apartments, and the contagion of disease—breathing, for a long time together, an atmosphere tainted with the ingredients of death."

This good man encountered a most severe domestic affliction. His sensibilities as a parent were deeply wounded by the wickedness of an only son. But in benevolent exertion he sought and found a solace—a balm for his wounded heart. In seeking to console others, he found consolation for himself.

"We must run glittering, like a brook, in the open sunshine,
Or we are unblest."

The second foreign tour of the philanthropist proved fatal to his life. But death was by no means an unexpected or unwelcome event. He had been strongly impressed with the belief that he should never see England again. To a friend who endeavored to divert his mind from dwelling on death, he said: "Death has no terrors for me! it is an event I have always looked to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured it is to me a more grateful subject than any other." "He then spoke of his funeral, and gave directions respecting the manner of his interment. "Let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my burial; nor any monument nor monumental inscription whatever, to mark where I am laid. Deposit me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Forgotten? NEVER.

THE ABBOT OF CLAIRVAUX.

BY REV. E. F. HATFIELD.

In the darkest periods of the Church of Christ, there has still appeared, even within the pale of the papal communion, here and there a distinguished light. It is refreshing to turn from the gloomy records of the dark ages, and contemplate the excellences of one who in spite of the superstitions, to which in common with all the world he was addicted, appears to have been a true disciple of the holy Jesus. Such, I am constrained to believe, was the famous Bernard, one of the brightest luminaries of the twelfth century.

This eminent man was born in the year 1091, at Fontaine of Burgundy, in France, of noble and pious parents. From his childhood he was addicted to learning and religion. Charmed with these pursuits he soon came to a fixed determination to immure himself in a cloister. Of the many monastic orders of that period he singled out the Cistertians (recently formed, 1099), because of their stricter rules of life, and greater austerities. At the age of twenty-two, he entered the Monastery at Citeaux (*Cistertium*), the original convent of the order near Dijon, and from which it derived its name. Two years after this event the abbey of Clairvaux (*Claravallis*) was founded in the neighboring province of Campania; and Bernard, not yet twenty-five years old, became its first abbot. In this capacity he rapidly rose to great distinction. His reputation for piety and wisdom soon brought to Clairvaux nearly seven hundred novices, of whom more than thirty became bishops, six cardinals, and one of them, Peter Bernard, pope under the title of Eugenius III.

His great austerities at length so injured his health as to oblige him to go abroad for his restoration. The absurdity of these excesses he then perceived and frankly confessed. Devoting himself to the work of preaching, he went from place to place, drawing great crowds, who flocked from all parts to be charmed with his fervid eloquence. By these means, and by his writings, he speedily raised himself to the highest pinnacle of fame in the Christian world. He was consulted by princes and kings, bishops and popes. His word was regarded as law, and himself as an oracle. His eloquence gave him the name of *the honeyed teacher*, and his writings were called *a stream from paradise*.

By his means the schism in the popedom was healed in 1138, Victor being persuaded by him to abdicate, and the kings of France and England brought to acknowledge Innocent II. To the second crusade he was what Peter the Hermit was to the first. He confuted Abelard, the noted rationalist, and arrested the progress of his sentiments. While he was sincerely attached to the papal supremacy, especially in the person of his pupil Eugenius, he boldly inveighed against the corruptions, errors and immoralities of the priesthood, not sparing even the pope himself. It is true that he opposed with great zeal the *Cathari*, a sort of Puritans, who flourished in his times, and whose greatest fault seems to have been to have known and abjured many of the errors and superstitions of the papacy. But no one pretends that he was free from prejudice. Had he known his opponents better he would have loved them more. No one can read his voluminous writings, and not be convinced, to use the language of Cave, that he was "a man of sincere and genuine piety, of eminent love to God, and animated with fervent zeal against the corruptors of Christian morals, who would himself have been much better had not the times in which it was his fortune to live, prevented." He died September 13th, 1153, in the sixty-third year of his age.

It was of him that Luther said,—"If there has ever been a pious monk who feared God, it was St. Bernard; whom alone I hold in much higher esteem than all other monks and priests throughout the globe." That Luther was right let the following extract from his 74th Sermon, on the Song of songs, be considered. He is speaking of the operations of the Holy Spirit in the heart, and remarks thus:—

"I was sensible that he was present with me; I remember it after his visits were over; sometimes I had a *presentiment* of his entrances, but I never could feel his entrances or his exits themselves. Whence he came and whither he departed, by what way he entered or left me, I confess that I am even now ignorant; and no wonder, for his footsteps are not known.—You ask, then, 'since all his ways are unsearchable, whence could I know that he was present?'—His presence was living and powerful; it awakened my slumbering soul; it moved, soft-

ened and wounded my heart which had been hard, stony and distempered. It watered the dry places, illumined the dark, opened those which were shut, inflamed the cold, made the crooked straight, and the rough ways plain; so that my soul blessed the Lord, and all that was within me praised his holy name. I had no evidence of the Lord's presence with me by any of the senses; only from the motion of my heart, I understood that he was with me; and, from the expulsion of vices, and the suppression of carnal affections, I perceived the strength of his power; from the discernment and conviction of the very intents of my heart, I admired the depth of his wisdom; from some little improvement of my temper and conduct, I experienced the goodness of his grace; from the renovation of my inward man, I perceived the comeliness of his beauty; and from the joint contemplation of all these things, I trembled at his majestic greatness. But because all these things, on his departure, became torpid and cold, just as if you withdrew fire from a boiling pot, I had a signal of his departure. My soul must be sad till he return, and my heart is again inflamed with his love; and let that be the evidence of his return. As often as he leaves me, so often shall he be recalled, that he may restore to me the joy of his salvation, *i. e.* that he may restore to me himself. Nothing else is pleasing, while he is absent who alone is pleasure: and I pray that he may not come empty, but full of grace and truth as he was wont to do."

The heart of every believer, as well as that of Luther, must respond gratefully to such an exhibition of Christian experience, and welcome its author as one of the great brotherhood of the redeemed.

This sketch will prepare the reader to appreciate the following hymn of the same author, in which he pours out the fulness of his heart in the praises of his Saviour. The reader will pardon, I trust, the introduction of the original for the gratification of those who are familiar with the language of the Latin fathers. I have endeavored to give the English reader as close a version as the difference of idiom will allow, preserving the same number of verses and syllables in the same metre. Witsius calls it "an elegant song, worthy of being committed to memory and frequently sung in spirit and in truth to the praise of the Lord Jesus."

THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

I.

O Jesu, mi dulcissime!
Spes suspirantis animæ,
Te quærunt piæ lachrymæ,
Te clamor mentis animæ.

II.

Jesu! dulcedo cordium,
Fons vivus, lumen mentium,
Excedens omne gaudium,
Et omne desiderium.

III.

Quando cor nostrum visitas,
Tunc lucet ei veritas,
Mundi vilescit vanitas,
Et intus fervet charitas.

IV.

Jesu, mi bone! sentiam
Amoris tui copiam,
Da mihi, per præsentiam,
Tuam videre gloriam.

V.

Quem tuus amor ebriat,
Novit quid Jesus sapiat;
Quam felix est quem satiat!
Non est ultra quod cupiat.

I.

Jesus, my sweetest one! thou art
The hope of this my longing heart;
My tears devoutly seek thy face,
My inmost mind implores thy grace.

II.

Jesus! of hearts the sweet delight,—
The fount of life,—of minds the light;
To greater joy none can aspire,
It far exceeds our large desire.

III.

When thou art visiting our hearts,
Then truth its lucid light imparts;
The empty world more worthless grows,
And love within us burns and glows.

IV.

My gracious Jesus! let me feel
Thy love's intense, o'erpowering zeal;
And grant me, in thy face to see
How wondrous great thy glories be.

V.

He, whom thy love intoxicates,
Knows well how Jesus captivates;
How blest is he who drinks his fill!
What can he ask or wish for still?

VI.

Jesu! decus angelicum,
In aure dulce canticum,
In ore mel mirificum,
In corde nectar cælicum.

VII.

Desidero te millies;
Mi Jesu! quando venies?
Me lætum quando facies?
Me de te quando saties?

VIII.

Jam quod quæsivi video,
Quod concupivi teneo;
Amore Jesu langueo,
Et corde totus ardeo.

IX.

O beatum incendium,
Et ardens desiderium,
O dulce refrigerium,
Amare Deum Filium!

X.

Tu mentis delectatio,
Amoris consummatio,
Tu mea gloriatio,
Jesu! mundi salvatio.

XI.

Tu verum cæli gaudium,
Jesu! cordis tripudium,
Tollens omne fastidium,
Mel, nectar, melos, suavium.

XII.

Jesu!—corona martyrum,
Et flos perennis virginum,
Tu casti cordis lilium,
Tu decertantis præmium,—
Exaudi preces supplicum
Nil extra te quærentium.

VI.

Jesus! the pride of angel-throngs,
In every ear the song of songs;
Sweeter than honey on the lip,
Or nectar such as angels sip.

VII.

For thee ten thousand times I sigh;
My Jesus! when wilt thou come nigh?
When wilt thou be my welcome guest,
And make me thus completely blest?

VIII.

Ah! now I see what long I've sought,
What most I've wanted now I've got;
My soul with Jesus' love o'erflows,
And all my heart with ardor glows.

IX.

Oh! bliss-imparting flaming fire,
And ardent heat of pure desire!
Oh! sweet refreshment from above,
Thus God, the Son, himself to love!

X.

Thou art the mind's supreme delight,
Love's consummation and its height;
Thou art my boast, for, Jesus! thou
To save the world to death didst bow.

XI.

Heaven's richest, purest joy thou art,
The very rapture of the heart;
It never cloys; for love like this
Is honey, nectar, music, bliss.

XII.

Jesus!—the crown of martyred ones,
The never-withering flower of nuns,
The lily of th' unsullied heart,
The wrestler's prize, the saint's "good part,"
Hear thou our suppliant cries, for we
Desire no other boon than thee.

MODERN PHILANTHROPISTS.

BY M. M. BACKUS.

It is well to be a sturdy stickler for the laudation of the good and great; for men, who all the world can see have had the elevation of their race innermost in their hearts; uppermost in their thoughts, and foremost in their hands. Being of this mood of feeling, we take a deal of interest and pleasure in the modern increase of public benefactors, an increase which certainly promises to render our century the envy of all its fellows in the category; an increase, too, which has no precedent, and we pray may have no consequent, for one of its adjunct circumstances, to wit, that the honor of such benefaction is awarded in the life-time of the philanthropist. The injustice of the living age may now be docketed among "settled accounts," and laid on the shelf, as an insignificant phrase: talent, virtue, self-immolation, wisdom, refor-

mation—men require but a faint foreshadowing of their approach, when they hasten to embrace the messenger and the message, and entertain them with the purple robe and fatted calf. Here is our proof, gentle reader. "He may henceforward repose himself upon the mountain-side, or by the murmuring waters, with the happy consciousness of not only having followed the bent of his own inclinations, but contributed to the amusement and instruction of a numerous class of his fellow-creatures." We cut the words no matter whence, and of the person you shall know more presently.

What has this man accomplished, that his earthly course is finished, that he may fling around him the charms of pastoral melancholy, and spend his sunset of life in retired and idle dignity? Been a physician of souls or bodies? No. A visitant of the prison-house to alleviate human ills? No. A lawyer, a cotton-spinner, a farmer, a merchant, a mechanic, a laborer for hire? None of these. Well, perchance even a politician? Far from it. But—the devotee of an angling rod!—not a serviceable fisherman with a harpoon in the Southern Ocean; nor with a bobline off Cape Cod; nor even with a herring dragnet along the bleak shores of Shetland. The useful, dear reader, is no part of modern benevolence; it is the exquisite, the sleek dilettantism of labor, which alone enjoyeth this really and universal praise of notable philanthropy. The hero, on whom this *ante mortem* epitaph is written, is a petty, ingenious artist of "Megs with a muckle mouth," "May flies," reels, silk lines, bagrods, and floats; a digger of beetles, grubs, and dew-worms; skilled in all the wisdom of Izaak Walton, together with a "first symptom" of a well-bred apothecary in discussing the tincture of benzoin, oil of aspray, cocculus indicus, assafœtida, and oil of polypody, as enticements for dead baits; can impale a frog on a Limerick, and make a solution of alum to color his line; knows every cast in the Tweed, the Solway, and the Medway; and all the season, for the twenty years of a philanthropic life, from Lady-day to October, has been striking his trout, dashing through shallows, clambering over rocks, floundering through whirls, tumbling over rapids, drowning his exhausted salmon in a deep hole, dragging it ashore, and with one *coup-de-grace* ending it. Oh, noble William Scrope, Esq., well done, good and faithful servant, philanthropist and philosalmonist, *piscator maximus!* in return for the edification of mankind vouchsafed in thus "following the bent of thine own inclinations," retire to that lovely mountain-side, and, wrapping thyself in the mantle of angling glory, chase the green grasshoppers over the rolling pastures, as the only remaining public benefaction within the province of that imbecility, to which declining years have reduced thee, and as the only titillation for senses still prurient with the habits acquired in the pastime to which thy days were devoted—and rejoice, O public, in the double fact, that your charity, which awards such honor to such service, enjoys a tension of wonderful elasticity, and that heaven and earth are verily met in this new-fangled identity of selfishness and philanthropy.

In the worse days of one century ago, they managed these things better, for they left to each public benefactor of this species the task or the sacred immunity of intonating his own trumpet. The Conversations-Lexicon tells us—and what don't it tell us?—that John James Reiske, of Saxony, discarded his father's useful trade of tanning, and took to philology. After devouring all Christian and Pagan literature, he seized upon that of the false prophet, and studied the Koran till his eyes were bloodshot, and his pockets empty. Theoretical medicine he knew, but abominated the practice. Self-will, or what is politely denominated a noble love of independence, got unto him many enemies; but in a lucky hour he obtained a rectorship, and shortly afterwards a wife; which two things turned the wasting waters of a wayward genius into a channel whence they fell upon the great waterwheel of society, to assist its revolutions. Herr Reiske buried himself in the labyrinths of syntax, manuscripts, *variæ lectiones*, and verbal guesses, while the young world about him—'t is himself that bears the indignant testimony in good Latin—squandered its time and its money in horse-racing, dice-throwing, dram-drinking, and fortune-hunting. Hear, then, the crusty philologist, in his preface to Demosthenes, as he turns his own face to the mirror of posterity. "I hope that a grateful posterity will one day call to mind there once existed a Herr Reiske, a man of toil, who, in his effort to present the public with a Demosthenes, in a more attractive and perspicuous garb, spared not vigils, nor labor, nor money, spurned many conveniences, voluntarily undertook many most irksome tasks, despised the gibes of fools, willingly sacrificed his personal estate and his health for the public good, and bestowed all the powers of his mind and body on the studies, the possessions, and the pleasures of those who knew him not." There, good public, does not

your heart palpitate at least once oftener in the minute, in gratitude for such generosity? But, gentle jury, suspend your verdict till the other party hath been heard, even Frau Reiske, with her long list of woes, and heartaches, and domestic estrangements. Mark you those words wherein he confesses to a wasteful expenditure of estate—*jacturam rei familiaris*—in the publication of his lucubrations on the rant of an Athenian demagogue. Count up the thousand little comforts denied to the domestic garniture, add thereto the constant spectre of impending ruin, and pile upon these the many hours of solace lost to the patient Frau, who might of right have demanded them, and you will begin to observe that this act of philanthropy is like a changeable silk, and hath more than a single color in its web. "Never," continues the monomaniac philologist, "never could this have been accomplished, but for the patient endurance of a wife, who assumed the entire management of the household," and, we may add, left him at liberty to cultivate his rank patch of exotic quibbles and Greek roots. Frau Reiske was but an handmaid, while Demosthenes enjoyed the real honor of espousal; the music of a German voice, and the love of a pair of living German eyes, yielded to the potent melody of a Grecian orator, though dumb in death.

Review now, good public, a day's labor of this worthy couple, and adjudge who deserveth the laurel, albeit the bridegroom vaunteth that his toil is "for the public good," and is largely beneficent "for those who know him not." The rector has been closeted with his parchments, delving for knots in a clump of bulrushes, ponderating the disputed claims of two pitted particles, making simple dark by metaphrasis and anacoluthon, asking you to *subaudi* this and *dele* that, pointing out where Taylor tripped and Wolfe nodded, aggregating quotations, rectifying the grammar, and lashing his brain to invent an emendation of text; noon cometh, and the frugal meal is eaten mechanically; night cometh, and the graveolent pipe conveyeth the smoker into the third heavens of philology—'t is bedtime, and Herr Reiske sleeps. Look we now to the fair consort. From morn till "dewy eve" she hath plied her frugal hand, scattering nameless comforts about her modest apartments, arranging the snowy linen in her lockers, busying her thoughts to lend smiles to her scanty board, plying betimes the polished shaft, building bright hopes of the morrow, cheering her neighbors, and comforting the young mourner. The shades of night have intercepted their labors, and with the rising stars gentle Sleep, emerging from his sunless cave, hath shed fragrant opiates upon her brow, and caused merry dreams to hold high festal along her unbent nerves. There they lie, domestic frugality by the side of public philanthropy; the seeker out of blessings for home and kindred, and the huntsman of vagaries for the torture "of those who knew him not:" slumber hath banished alike the cares of grammar and the cares of gravy. Say now, gentle public, ere the first blush of Aurora rewaken the hopes and the projects of the morrow, which approaches the nearest to a discharge of the duties imposed by God, and which is returning to the bosom of their fellows the largest portion of those boons poured into their laps from the cornucopia of Providence? Yea, Hibernicé, which was the most of a man, the Herr or the Frau? Peace to thy ashes, John James, but the most brilliant and ennobling chapter in thy history is the silent, "unsaid and unsung" service of instruction undertaken by thee at intervals, and forced upon thee by necessity!

Your moral philanthropist of the nineteenth century, has a thousand idle schemes on which to spend his breath. He pounces upon the truism that society is all agog. If he has caught the prevailing epidemic, and feels Carlyle-ish, he bids you discard matter-of-fact, and have no respect to the recompense of reward, but keep open doors for every guest that bears a human form. He prates of the beauties and energies of faith, and whispers that it is innate, unformed, and self-existent. But beware, gentle listener, that you mention not in such company the efficacy of prayer for a righteous man, nor the place where the wicked die for ever If he is a Socialist, his lips drop with the honey of benevolence, and demonstrate the necessity of a new organization of society upon the universal principle of love. Be on your guard, good public, that you demand no experiment of this theory. Turn not the hot sun and warm showers of prosperity upon the promising vine, lest the rank vegetation make it all leaves without fruit; sweep it not with a late and nipping frost, lest it perish from the root. Prosperity giveth it fatness, and it kicketh; and when adversity depletes its feverish arteries, and coagulates its vital fluid, it will be ready to "curse God and die."

We have the Mormon on one side, and the Adventist on the other; a Come-outer here, and a Repealer there, Socialism, Fourierism, and Mammonism, all striving to strike their roots down in our government and religion; and ve-

rily, good public, you may think the prophecy of Zachary is now fulfilled in thee, "in those days ten men shall take hold out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you; for we have heard that God is with you." But pull not away thy shoulder, nor place the hermetic sigil on thine auditory nerves, dear public, till we have caused it to ring on thine ear like the explosion of a firecracker, and reverberate like the roll of a kettledrum, that you have got the wrong text, and that it is not the parable of the "ten men," but of the "seven women," who with hearts as snares and nets, in a time of leap-year and famine, have seized upon thee, and are vying with each other in blandishments and fair speeches, to inveigle thee into the noose of wedlock: but who, with all their outcry about philanthropy, and faith, and love, desire only to eat of thy substance, and, "following the bent of their own inclinations," smite thee with the tongue, and the sword. Verily a modern philanthropist is a sore evil under the sun.

WASTED INTELLECT.

It is an interesting as well as probable inference from the discoveries of modern astronomy, that the numberless orbs which crowd the sky are worlds with intelligent tenants, leaseholders of the great Proprietor of the universe, of an existence and of faculties and responsibilities not unlike our own. So that we no longer perform lonely and unwitnessed our cycles in the firmament, but travel on amid a caravan of worlds each shouting with intelligent joy the praise of its Creator.

But what if "bright-eyed science" in her farther explorations, should detect on the broad field of the heavens some black and rayless orb swinging to and fro, and bearing upon its face evident signs of utter desolatenesss and abandonment, and should perceive that it was a world of the dead, a grave-yard in the sky, embosoming only the dust of a smitten and extinct race of intelligent beings. Towards such an anomalous spectacle in God's glad universe who would not often turn a melancholy thought, and yield emotions of mingling wonder and sorrow?

Precisely such a world there may not be, but a world resembling it there is, and that world is ours. And let not the sentiment be deemed cynical and severe. Observation, which all are capable of making, sadly confirms it, and shows in the intellectual history of our race a waste of mind, a destruction of the noblest powers God has given us, absolutely appalling. In the authentic record of man's creation, we learn that God made him in his own image, gave him a mind which was a miniature of the infinite and eternal intellect. But in the history of man for six thousand years, how little do we see of mind and its mighty workings? Here and there solitary minds burst their cerements and glimmer like summer flies amid the dust and dim distance of the past; but slow moving centuries revolve in the intervals, and the really great minds of the world from the beginning till now might almost be counted on one's fingers. Strike from the scroll of fame the mere butchers of men, the honorable ruffians, the titled and decorated scoundrels of history, and retain but the names of the wise and virtuous, and a beggarly account truly is presented. Where are the teeming millions of the ancient east that once swarmed along the banks of the Euphrates? Where the myriads that once trod the valley of the Nile? and what traces of intelligent thoughtfulness have they left behind them? A melancholy thing it is to think of, that the amount of mind developed in any one age and nation hitherto, has been but as a fragment or a spark. Some mighty superincumbent pressure has kept it down, or some internal derangement or neglect has smothered or consumed it. It is not to be believed that God has made the great mass of men so mindless as they appear to be. It is not credible that he who has so profusely garnished nature in all her departments, sprinkling even the wilderness with flowers, and lining the caves of ocean with gems, should have so scantily furnished men with the intellectual endowments that belong to their rank in the scale of being. It is not credible that he scatters great minds centuries apart, and creates the millions between with mere shells and feelers—with just wit enough to catch their food and eat it and die. It is agreeable to what we know of the Deity to believe

that he delights to create *mind*. It is the only thing in the universe that is like him; the only thing with which he can commune and hold fellowship. It is reasonable to suppose that in the great family of man there is originally nearly or quite as much mental equality and conformity as in any family of plants, or flowers, or animals—that there is mind enough, if rightly fostered and fairly developed, to make this an intellectual, instead of a sensual, world—enough, it brought out, to create a visible and impassable chasm between man and the cattle that browse at his feet, and to link him with the angels, than whom God has made him but a little lower. There is perhaps at any one instant mind enough in this nation, could it be made to take wing and move upward to its sphere, to eclipse all the mind that has shone out since the fall—enough to traverse in groups and measure the mighty space where Newton walked in solitary grandeur, or strike the deep organ tone of Milton, or echo the sweet strains of Cowper from a thousand American cottages.

We may with profit reflect upon some of the causes which have contributed, and are yet contributing, to the waste of intellect, of which we have been speaking. Among these we may reckon the influence of FALSE RELIGIONS.

Man is, by the constitution of his nature, a religious creature. He is incomplete without some system of religious faith. Just as the human eye, though perfect in organization and finish, is a useless instrument without the light. It was made for the light and the light for it, and either without the other is useless. So of the human mind. It was made for religion, and cannot develope its powers without it. As the wild flower of the desert droops and shrinks till the pattering rain-drops revive it, and refuses to yield its fragrance or unfold its delicate beauties till the warmth and light of the sun have wooed it, so shrinks and withers the human spirit if not surrounded and breathed upon by a purified spiritual atmosphere, if not stimulated and quickened by a holy religion. "What institutions," inquired the Japanese Emperor of a European, "what institutions have you in Europe for making poets?" "Sire," replied the latter, "we have a beautiful heaven and a beautiful earth, and a holy religion." The mind may be compared to a musical instrument. The harp is a reservoir of musical capabilities, but what character of music it shall discourse depends upon the skill and airiness of the fingers that shall touch its chords. The best instrument may stand untouched and mute till dust and cobwebs have covered it. Or in an unpractised hand it shall yield only grating discords, instead of those graceful and glorious utterances that raise the soul to heaven. And that grand harmonicon, the human mind, discovers all its powers and reveals all its harmonies only to the touches of the divine and master hand that made it. The influence of religion upon it is as the movement of the finger of God and the breath of angels, and then it speaks in all the dialects of melody like the deep toned organ, or in melting Eolian strains, or as the chiming of silver bells.

Need we wonder then that such deplorable and wide wastes are seen in the history of the human intellect, when a true and holy religion has had so little to do with the development and enlargement of its powers; and not only so, but when we consider that in all climes and ages false and debasing religious systems have encrusted and cramped it? For just as certainly as that a true religion expands and ennobles mind, does a false one contract and debase it. It is like the enclosure of the shell-fish, circumscribing and determining the figure and dimensions of the creature it encases. Bandaged, blinded, entombed alive in childish forms, in stupid ceremonials, in dead and damning dogmas, how could it be otherwise than that whole generations and races should pass a miserable or a torpid existence, and depart leaving no gleam of light behind them? O had the sun of righteousness but shined upon and into that mass of inert and dormant mind, how different had been the history of man at this day.

Bad government, as well as false religion, has operated always and everywhere to the extinguishment or degradation of intellect. What does a despotic and corrupt government want of mind? What possible use can it have for thinking men! It wants people who can pay taxes, or do the drudge work and fighting of their masters; but for enlightened, elevated intellect, there is no conceivable use. Nay, might not such intellect become troublesome, if not positively pestiferous? Is it not indeed likely that a people without souls would as well answer all the ends of a bad government as a people with souls? Who wishes his ox had a soul, when all we want of him is his labor first and his meat afterwards? Upon considerations quite philosophical, therefore, we may perceive, that not finding their interest in any such commodity as intellect, the corrupt rulers of the world have neglected its cultivation; nay, that

finding that a single mind had sometimes disturbed whole rookeries of royal cormorants, they had deemed it prudent and best to prohibit its growth altogether. Thus has man in all ages and in almost every country, been made in a greater or less degree a slave or a machine. The influence of almost every political institution has been to make man abject in mind, fearful, servile, a contributor of his toil, sweat and blood to governments which never dreamed of the general weal as their only legitimate end. On the immense majority of men thus wronged and enslaved, the consciousness of their own nature has not yet dawned, and the doctrine that each has a mind worth more than a material world, and framed to grow for ever by a self-forming, self-directing energy, is still a mystery or a secret. Ah, my friends, the cost of misgovernment has never yet been accurately reckoned, and never can be. Its chief expense has been not in the waste of material treasures of silver and gold, not in the saturation of the earth with the life-blood of slaughtered millions, but in its sacrilegious violences upon the human soul, in its annihilation of the temporal life of the mind of man, in its degradation of the glorious and God-breathed human intellect. While we mourn over the dark picture, let us hope for better things under the benignant influence of our civil institutions, which, thanks to Providence, are liberal enough to suffer mind to grow, and be all that God intended it should be in this lower world. And let us learn to place a high value upon it. Next to true virtue, the richest of all national blessings, and the highest, brightest glory of a state, is a thinking, intelligent people. Men, not battlements and cloud-capt towers, or navies or serried hosts, are our best defence against aggression, our most forcible and readily acknowledged claim to the friendship and admiration of mankind. In estimating the wealth, resources, and glory of this country, let us not imagine that it consists in such paltry things as great crops, heavy exports, the inflowing of the gold and silver of the world, the number and discipline of our troops, but in those great and enlightened minds, those ever fresh and fragrant fames which history loves to garner up in her bosom and travel down with to distant posterity.

But these remarks may be rendered more directly practical by noticing influences now operative and among ourselves upon the growth of mind. What shall we think of the current literature, and the prodigious circulation it has acquired among all classes of society?

It is a perfect wonder the rate at which the press works, and the omnivorous public stand around it, like Oliver Twist, asking for more, so clamorously that even steam-power is beginning to lag behind the demand. Besides issuing all that our own writers can furnish, Europe is laid under contribution, and before the sheets of a London publication have had time to dry it is hawked in our streets in tempting attractiveness of form and embellishment, and offered at a price so low that every one can, and almost every one does, purchase. Instead of the demand regulating the supply, the supply regulates the demand: and the appetite, instead of being satiated, is rendered more voracious. The very loafer hesitates which to buy, bread or a newspaper. There certainly never was a time or a country in which reading became so universal. What then are we coming to? Is it an intellectual millenium we have begun? It certainly is a time of unwonted mental activity, and so far as the literary phenomena we are referring to indicate the general persuasion that the mind as well as the body needs, and is entitled to, some consideration, we are certainly glad. It is something gained when the wants of the mind are recognized among our daily and most urgent cravings. At the same time everybody must see that a very large proportion of what the press is now offering as mental aliment is totally unfit for such a purpose. The Scripture speaks of the wild ass's colt as snuffing up the east wind, upon which some one has ventured the highly probable opinion that he must snuff a considerable time before he gets fat. We think very little better of the nourishing qualities of our current literature, and are by no means sanguine that healthy, vigorous mind will be its product. Mental dissipation is the true term by which to describe the multifarious and frivolous exertions of the mind at the present time. It is an amusement, a pastime, and not a serious business we are engaged in. We are recreating our minds, not tasking them to a high endeavor for improvement. We are in quest of excitement, not strength and clearness; and one excitement naturally begets the necessity for another, and we tap and tipple at every new production, hoping to find it a little stronger and more racy than the last. Thus the relish for wholesome and nourishing food is destroyed, and the mind perishes at last through shear vacuity and starvation.

Many sober-minded persons object wholly to fictitious writings as tending only to mental imbecility and moral depravation. In this view we

are not agreed. If we were, we see not how we could defend Scripture itself. The most powerful sermon recorded in the Old Testament, and the most beautiful in the New, are fictitious. We refer to the sermon of Nathan to David in the one case, and to the parable of the Prodigal Son in the other. Indeed, this species of literature, this mode of inculcation, by its powerful influence for good or evil, has proved its own special adaptation to our mental constitution, and evinced its undoubted claim to rank prominently among the means of mental and moral culture. The conditions and restrictions which should attend its employment we attempt not now to specify. But it is important to observe that there are conditions and restrictions, and that they are generally violated and disregarded most injuriously to the popular mind, by those who are flooding the country with novels. Many reasons might be assigned for this opinion. In the first place the works themselves are, in a vast majority of cases, unfit for circulation. As productions of genius they are stale, flat and unprofitable; as oracles of wisdom, dumb as Hindoo Gods; as models of style, false and feeble; as works of taste, tawdry and ungraceful; if we leave them only their merit, what will be their praise? And then they are read almost exclusively by the young, by precisely those who are most susceptible of all the bad impressions, and least capable of the good, if any of the latter were intended to be made. With minds unformed, principles not established, tastes uncultivated, and passions untamed, they read without discrimination or selection, and therefore read not only without improvement, but with inevitable mental and moral damage. Nor is it a small evil that this species of literature is supplanting in fact the influence and existence of that elementary instruction which is the foundation of all healthful and useful knowledge. The novel finds its way into the satchel and the desk of the school miss and school boy, and many a stolen glance glides from the dull grammar to the lively tale. The latter is remembered, the former forgotten; and long before the pupil can apply a rule in grammar or arithmetic, or give a tolerable notion of the geography of his State, he can recite, trippingly on the tongue, tomes of romance. The wise man has said that a living dog is better than a dead lion. With all becoming respect for most of our living novelists, we think a dead Dilworth better than them all in the education of youthful mind.

There is a profuse waste of intellect in addictedness to low pursuits. The pursuit of wealth, for instance, certainly one of those most incompatible with mental culture, may be mentioned, because so common among our own countrymen. This is undoubtedly, as some one has observed, the *golden* age, and the image of our idolatry is a golden image. If there be any truth in the doctrine that the mind assimilates itself to whatever it long and lovingly contemplates, what wonder if many among us in the end turn out to be golden *calves* with souls utterly materialized and stone dead. No man can serve two masters, especially if one of them is the stern and exclusive mammon. We have heard, when children, of men who had sold their souls for gold to the spirit of evil. It is substantially true that every wealth-hunter parts with his soul, sells his intellect, in the very act of inordinately seeking to be rich. This is the inevitable condition of success, and hence Bunyan in his inimitable Pilgrims' Progress has represented his muck-rake as incapable of looking any other way than downward, and as unwilling to sell his rake though offered in exchange for it a celestial crown. Not only does the love and pursuit of riches choke the mind and dwarf it, but the disease itself is hopelessly beyond remedy. We often see men after they have spent half a life-time at the plough, the anvil, or the bench, drop the implements of their craft to run the race of greatness; but rarely, if ever, does this happen in the case of a worshipper of riches.

There is a vast waste of mind in the political competitions to which we are continually subject in this country. The idea that political influence and distinction are important enough to justify and invite their ardent pursuit, has taken possession of multitudes of young and promising minds, and gives infinite excitement to political ambition. It turns the active talent of the country to public station as the supreme good, and makes it restless, intriguing, and unprincipled. It calls out hosts of selfish competitors for comparatively few places, and encourages a bold, unblushing pursuit of personal elevation, which a just moral sense and self-respect in the community would frown upon and cover with shame. The mischievous power of political ambition is multiplied a hundred fold by the modern doctrine, unblushingly avowed and acted upon by all parties, that to the victors belong the spoils; in other words, that the offices and honors of the country are legitimately for the behoof and compensation of those who most zealously serve and slavish-

ly worship the reigning power. A foreign power let loose upon our shores would do us infinitely less mischief than this doctrine. That might ravage our cities and burn our villages; this corrupts our hearts, debases our intellect, and destroys our self-respect. That might attack and defeat us, and drive us from the seaboard to the mountains and the wilderness, but we should still retain the proud consciousness that we were freemen. This is an enemy eating the core of our heart, withering all honest principle, all manly sensibility, all high-mindedness and conscious freedom. This is a trafficker in the souls and consciences of free-born men, buying them like dumb-driven cattle, or branding them like slaves and convicts, while honest men looking on blush to think they are the countrymen of Hancock, Adams and Washington. The hordes of mercenary Hessians whose bones now bleach on the battle-field of Trenton, were bought by George III. at the rate of fifteen pounds a head, and yet think it not strange if those same Hessians shall rise up in the judgment from their mouldy beds against the hireling bands of corrupt office-holders and seekers who fester around the shambles of executive patronage. We have referred to this subject chiefly for the sake of young men who are not yet hopelessly involved in political life.

Lastly, there is a sad waste of mind resulting from the hurry of imperfectly educated persons to appear before the public as writers or as professional men. Hours and weeks which are now wasted in injudicious reading, or in premature attempts at authorship, if spent in a well-directed course of study, and in the acquisition of mental furniture, would at least qualify them to become ornamental and intellectually rich members of society; and be respectable if not distinguished. Instead of this, most young men of a little reading imagine they have fathomless wells of literature and poetry gushing up within them, and they continue to think so even after the bucket they have sent down for it returns hundreds of times empty. And this hastening to be what we are not, and are not prepared to to be, runs through all classes, and seems to be a disease of the times. The young theological student is weary with the tedious length of his preparatory course, and hurries into the arduous and responsible labors of the ministry, long before he is ready to assume them, and having assumed them, finds little leisure, and perhaps as little inclination to inform and discipline his mind, and atone in some degree for the deficiencies in his education. Others are panting for the day when they shall figure in the legal or the medical profession, satisfied if they can pass without disgrace a nominal examination, and have permission to hang out their sign; this done, they will be content to be sciolists and ignoramuses all their days. Consequently the liberal or learned professions, as we have been wont to call them, are filled with very unlearned men, with men who have entered them not from love to science, but for the sake of lucre or reputation. There are, it is true, many honorable exceptions in all the professions; but still the force of our conclusion is unabated.

We conclude these somewhat desultory illustrations of a vital theme with a word of persuasion to those who have accompanied us. Be entreated, patient reader, to rouse yourself from mental slumber, and educate the immortal mind God has planted in your bosom. Suffer not that god-like thing to pine, and waste away, and die within you for lack of necessary care and culture. Endure any other wants rather than the wants of the mind—any other abuse rather than that which contracts and debases this. Remember, the most priceless property you can have and hold is your mind, and that every improvement you can make in it will last for ever. It will live when earth melts and passes away, immortal amid the ashes of the universe, standing erect while stars fall and the heavens are on fire. Take care of your MIND! Treat it not as a toy or a trifle, but remember it is the "divinity stirring within you." Be not seduced by the cares or pleasures, the business or the amusements of this world, from your fidelity to this prime concern of your life. Over all that rich land of promise and hope, lying in your own bosom, with all its silver floods, and waving fields, and purple clusters, we call you to become cultivators and overseers, as ye are also lord-like proprietors. Let others scramble for this world's pelf and perishing vanities, search ye for mental and moral excellences. Put the body off, if need be, with the hardest fare and the coarsest raiment, but spurn a less possession than kingdom, crown, and sceptre for the mind. Regard the outer man as thy shadow, the inner man as thyself; and while worldlings and sensualists fish for pearls in stagnant mud-pools, cast thou into the clear crystal depths of a soul that has been refined, illumined, elevated by prayer, pains-taking, and a divine blessing, till its bosom has become studded with stars, and its untroubled surface is a serene picture and panorama of the glories of the overhanging sky. YOD.

THE EGLANTINE.

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D., NEW YORK.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS is an elegant shrub, growing in almost all parts of the United States and throughout Great Britain. It seems naturally to prefer a dry, sandy or rocky situation, rising to the height of about five feet; but when cultivated and set in a rich soil, it mounts upward twenty feet or more; its flowers are very much multiplied and enlarged, and it becomes a splendid acquisition to ornamental grounds,—and let me possess either the humble cot or the kingly palace,

"Its sides I'll plant with dew-sweet eglantine."

It is not in summer only that it is beautiful. Its rich, scarlet fruit remains on the bush during the winter, and I have sometimes thought that it was as valuable an ornament then as at any other season.

It is the *Rosa rubiginosa* of Eaton. *Rosa* is taken from the Celtic *rhos* or *rhudd* (red), in allusion to the prevailing color of this *genus* of flowers. Its specific name, *rubiginosa* (rusty), is given to it on account of the rusty appearance of the under side of the leaves. Its common names are wild briar rose, sweet briar, eglantine, hep or hip tree, &c.

It is of the eleventh class, *Icosandria*—order 12, *Polygynia*—Germs ovate—petals, 5, heart form, tapering to the base—peduncles and petioles glandular, hispid—petioles with small prickles—stem glabrous; thorns scattered, slender, hooked at the end—leaves alternate—leafets opposite, with a terminal one, from 5 to 7—ovate, serrate, sub-glandular beneath—flowers in clusters of from 3 to 7, at the termination of the branchlets.

From some allusions made by poets of former times, it is supposed that it was once thought to possess important remedial virtues. Dryden says:—

"And the fresh eglantine exhaled a breath,
Whose odors were of power to raise from death."

Dr. Coxie, of Philadelphia, suggests the idea that the stiff hairs that surround the seed might be used instead of the cowhage, and to answer the same purpose. The fruit is called heps or hips, and the pulpy portion of it contains saccharine matter and citric acid, and makes a very pleasant conserve.

The eglantine has ever been considered the poet's flower. Poetry is its sentiment. Its flowers themselves are exquisitely delicate and sweet-scented, but the leaves are still more fragrant, and perfume the breeze of "dewy morn" and "balmy eve" for several yards around. Its odor is much stronger when the leaves are moistened with dew than at any other time; hence it is frequently associated with whatever is gentle and kind, and is sometimes made use of as an emblem of peace. Wordsworth makes it answer the swollen, threatening waterfall in the following manner:—

"Ah! * * * blame me not;
Why should we dwell in strife?
We who in this sequestered spot
Once lived a happy life!
You stirred me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you spread!
The summer long from day to day,
My leaves you freshened and bedewed;
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

When Spring came on with bud and bell,
Among these rocks did I
Before you hang my wreaths, to tell
That gentle days were nigh!
And in the sultry summer hours,
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,
The linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when you
Had little voice or none.

But now proud thoughts are in your breast—
What grief is mine you see.
Ah! would you think, even now how blest
Together we might be!
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,
Some ornaments to me are left—
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
With which I, in my humble way,
Would deck you many a winter's day,
A happy Eglantine!"

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

The actors in the great Revolution which freed the American colonies from the British crown, have almost all passed away, and the few that remain are following with rapid pace. In a very short time no living witness of that eventful struggle will stand among us to animate our patriotism, to "shoulder the crutch and show how fields were won," or to remind us of the sacrifices and sufferings with which our political inheritance was gained.

In their absence it would be well if our historical reminiscences were more ample and more securely laid up, of those minute details which reveal the pervading spirit of a people struggling to be free, more perfectly, perhaps, than those great events which are commonly seized upon by the grave historian. A history which should take us into the cabins and the hearts of the humblest of the people, as well as into the tents of generals and the council board of statesmen, which should reveal to us the beatings of the common heart in its country's cause, and show us how sober matrons, blushing maidens, and even the children of the nation gave their earliest thoughts and prayers for that country's salvation; such a history would be the one we want. But that is beyond our reach and our hopes. Still, something has been done toward garnering up a treasury of revolutionary incident which may hereafter be drawn upon for the illustration and embellishment of our national history.

No State in the Union is richer in patriotic recollections than the State of New Jersey. For several years it was the theatre of the revolutionary war, and in that struggle her losses both of men and property were greater than that of any other State, in proportion to the population and wealth. When Gen. Washington was retreating through the Jerseys, almost forsaken, her militia were at all times obedient to his orders, and for a considerable time composed the strength of his army. There is hardly a town in the State, that lay in the progress of the British army, that was not signalized by some enterprise or exploit. The military services performed by the soldiers of New Jersey, and the sufferings of the people during the revolutionary war, entitle her to the admiration and warm gratitude of her sister States; and by her sacrifices of blood and treasure in resisting oppression, she placed herself in the foremost rank among those who struggled for American freedom. The fields of Trenton, of Monmouth, of Princeton, like the plains of Marathon or the pass of Thermopylæ, will never be mentioned without stirring all the latent patriotism of the American bosom.

The instances of female patriotism and deep devotion in New Jersey were numerous and striking; nay, it was universal, and the final success of the struggle was very much owing to this fact. They infused the love of country and the spirit of patriotic enthusiasm into the breasts of their lovers, brothers, husbands and sons; they shamed away lukewarmness and apathy, and not unfrequently gave examples of heroic endurance and personal courage, worthy of Sparta herself. Thus, in the spring of 1777, a young woman passing a forsaken house in Woodbridge, saw through the window an intoxicated Hessian soldier who had straggled from his party. There being no man within a mile of the town, she went home, dressed in man's apparel, and armed with an old firelock, returned to the house, entered it and took the Hessian prisoner, whom she soon stripped of his arms and was leading him off, when she fell in with the patrol guard of a New Jersey regiment stationed near Woodbridge, to whom she delivered her prisoner. Such was the heroic temper of the time, so pervading the spirit of lofty, self-sacrificing patriotism. And what could stand before it? No wonder that the most distinguished British statesman of that age declared in Parliament that no amount of military force sent to America could possibly subdue it. A fire was kindled that could never be extinguished, a spirit of freedom was aroused that all the artillery of England could not intimidate. The villages and cities of the colonies might be burned, their little army annihilated, their crops destroyed, and their commerce cut off, but all this availed nothing towards the subjugation of a people whose men were crossing ice-bound rivers barefoot in pursuit of the enemies of freedom, and whose virgin daughters were leading Hessian mercenaries captive to American quarters.

After the war was over the same warm-hearted patriotism continued to display itself; an affecting and striking instance of which occurred at Trenton when Gen. Washington reached that city on his way to New York, then the seat of government, to enter upon the duties of the Presidency, to which he had just been chosen. The venerable Marshall, in his Life of Washington, has recorded with feeling

the reception at Trenton, and quite recently some additional and interesting particulars of the event have been furnished by a Trenton family. In addition to the usual demonstrations of respect and attachment which were given by the discharge of cannon, by military corps, and by private persons of distinction, the gentler sex prepared in their own taste a tribute of applause indicative of the grateful recollection in which they held their deliverance twelve years before from a formidable enemy. On the bridge over the creek which passes through the town, was erected a triumphal arch, highly ornamented with laurels and flowers, and supported by thirteen pillars, each entwined with wreaths of evergreen. On the front arch was inscribed in large gilt letters.

THE DEFENDER OF THE MOTHERS

WILL BE THE

PROTECTOR OF THE DAUGHTERS.

On the centre of the arch above the inscription, was a dome or cupola of flowers and evergreens encircling the dates of two memorable events which were peculiarly interesting to New Jersey. The first was the battle of Trenton, and the second the bold and judicious stand made by the American troops at the same creek, by which the progress of the British army was arrested on the evening preceding the battle of Princeton.

At this place he was met by a party of matrons, leading their daughters dressed in white, who carried baskets of flowers in their hands, and sang, with exquisite sweetness, an ode of two stanzas, prepared for the occasion. The ode was as follows:

Welcome, mighty chief, once more,
Welcome to this grateful shore;
Now no mercenary foe,
Aims again the fatal blow,
Aims at THEE the fatal blow,
Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arms did save,
Build for *thee* triumphal bowers;
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers,
Strew your Hero's way with flowers.

And at the last line the flowers were strewed before him. On passing the arch, as the choir began the song, the general turned his horse's head towards them, took off his hat and listened, it is said, with the deepest emotion. It was in reference to this reception, that the following characteristic note was written by the great patriot.

"GENERAL WASHINGTON cannot leave this place without expressing his acknowledgment to the matrons and young ladies who received him in so novel and grateful a manner at the triumphal arch in Trenton, and for the exquisite sensation he experienced in that affecting moment. The astonishing contrast between his former and actual situation at the same spot, the elegant taste with which it was adorned for the present occasion, and the innocent appearance of the *white-robed choir* who met him with the gratulatory song, have made such impressions upon his remembrance, as he assures them will never be effaced.

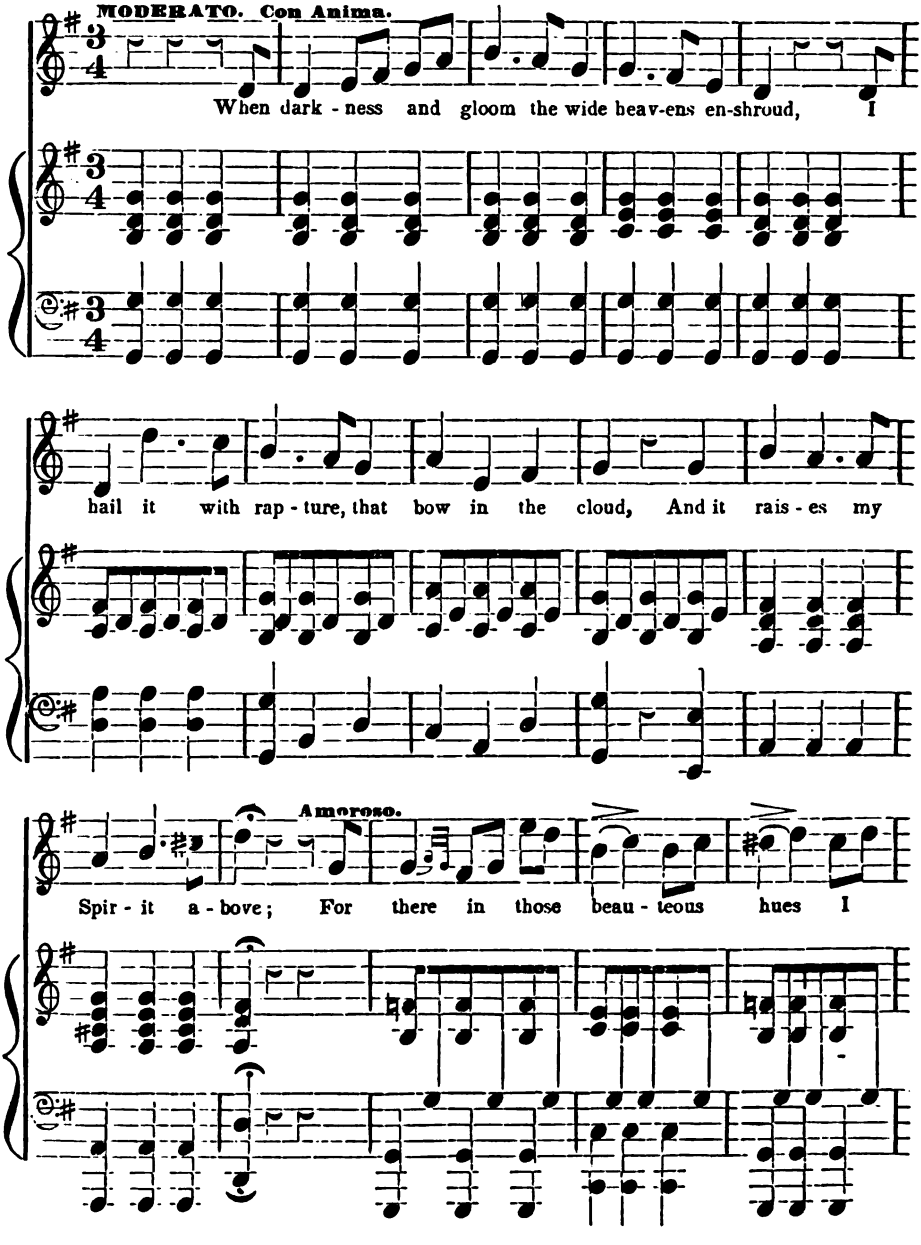
Trenton, April 21st, 1789."

The original of this note is now in the family of the late Chief-justice Ewing as a sacred relic, and is preserved with religious care. It is only lately that it has been made public through the Trenton State Gazette, to whose editor we tender our thanks for his interesting contribution.

A recent visit to some of the spots in New Jersey consecrated by revolutionary remembrances, has re-awakened our interest, as well as inspired our belief that even yet important matters of fact, touching "the times that tried men's souls," might be snatched from the current of tradition and embodied in the records of history, which otherwise must be swept away on the ever-flowing tide of time.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

POETRY BY F. C. WOODWORTH. MUSIC BY PEDRO A. ANDREU.



see A mes-sage a Ser-aph has writ-ten for me— The God of all

A piacere.

Glo-ry is Love, The God of all Glory is Love.

SECOND VERSE.

'Tis thus, while the storms of affliction impend,
A bow in the cloud seems to smile as a friend,
Dispelling the sorrow and gloom.
Bright emblem of mercy, undying and free!
Beam on, and in life's latest eve may I see
Thy form in the cloud o'er the tomb.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

We made but a beginning last month, of the reviews of our table, and we find more upon it now than when we began.

—

The *Life of Summerfield*, by Holland, with an introductory letter by James Montgomery, has reached the sixth edition, which has recently been published by the editor of this Magazine. The name of this *young* man is familiarly dear to tens of thousands, and the sweetness of his seraphic spirit lingers in the memory of many as the recollections of a visit from a dweller in a better land. Not like a comet, but like the morning star, he shone for a brief season above the horizon, then melted away "into the bright light of Heaven," and left behind him a memory fragrant and precious. The volume is embellished with a striking portrait.

—

Lady Colquhoun's treatise on "The World's Religion as contrasted with Genuine Christianity," is a little volume which we commend to all "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." It is not a gloomy book to repel the young; it admits the joys that spring from earthly fountains, but points to the higher, holier and sweeter pleasures at God's right hand, and that bloom all along the banks of the river of the water of life, as it flows through the wilderness of the world.

—

In our young days we often read Fox's Book of Martyrs, and studied the terrible pictures that, more eloquently than the text, proclaimed the sufferings of those men of God. But the taste of the present day has called for a new dress for these scenes, and the graphic pen of Charlotte Elizabeth has clothed them afresh. Her volumes of *English Martyrology* are now the books for the times; children should read them, and early learn the spirit of the Papacy, just what it ever was, bloody and merciless.

—

Who has not read Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming?* But thousands who have read it, and been melted with its magic power, have never read a word of the *history* of the valley and the people that gave the poet his theme. W. L. Stone, Esq., has gathered the veritable facts that clothe the valley with classic interest, and in one of the choicest volumes of the season, has presented these facts to the public. We love the poet, we thank the historian. The poem and the history are in the same covers, and each adds charms to the other, that apart they lack. Thanks to any man who does justice to *the poor Indian*, though gone where the praise, as the censure, of men is lost upon him. We are glad to see that the ladies "on Susquehannah's side," are yearly celebrating the events that have given such melancholy interest to the "Fair Wyoming," and in this connection we are tempted to place on our pages one of the prettiest things that we have seen from the pen of one of the most remarkable men of the age. The Ladies of Wyoming invited the Hon. John Quincy Adams to address them on the occasion of the Wyoming Massacre Anniversary, and the following is his characteristic letter of reply:

Mrs. Sarah H. Butler, *President of the Ladies' Wyoming Monumental Association, Wilkesbarre, Pa.*:

Washington, 18th May, 1844.

Honored Lady: I have received with deep and grateful emotions your letter of the 4th instant, inviting me, on the part of the Ladies' Wyoming Monumental Association, to attend the anniversary celebration of the massacre at that place, on the 3d of July, 1778, one of the ever memorable events of the war for Independence. Besides the profound interest which the melancholy glory of that day has stamped on the memory of every American heart of age to have received its first impression when it occurred, your letter presents other motives not less urgent to the impulses of filial affection and cherished friendship, in its gracious allusions to both my parents, and to their participation in many of the great transactions in which it was their destiny to live, and in the attractive promise which it holds out of an opportunity to meet once more a cordially venerated friend, in the person of Mr. Charles Miner, and of hearing from his lips the deeply interesting and authentic details of that historical epoch, which for a series of years he has been so indefatigably treasuring up for the instruction of after times.

Nor are the genial influences of the flowery season without their stimulants to visit that happy portion of Pennsylvania, where the fascinating beauties on the surface of the soil, are but the index to the mineral riches beneath. My imagination can scarcely conceive a more copious aggregate of inducements to accept, with more than cheerful eagerness, the tender of your congenial hospitality, and to secure for the enjoyment of my remaining days, the actual vision of your paradise upon earth, and the charm of personal interviews with its amiable inhabitants.

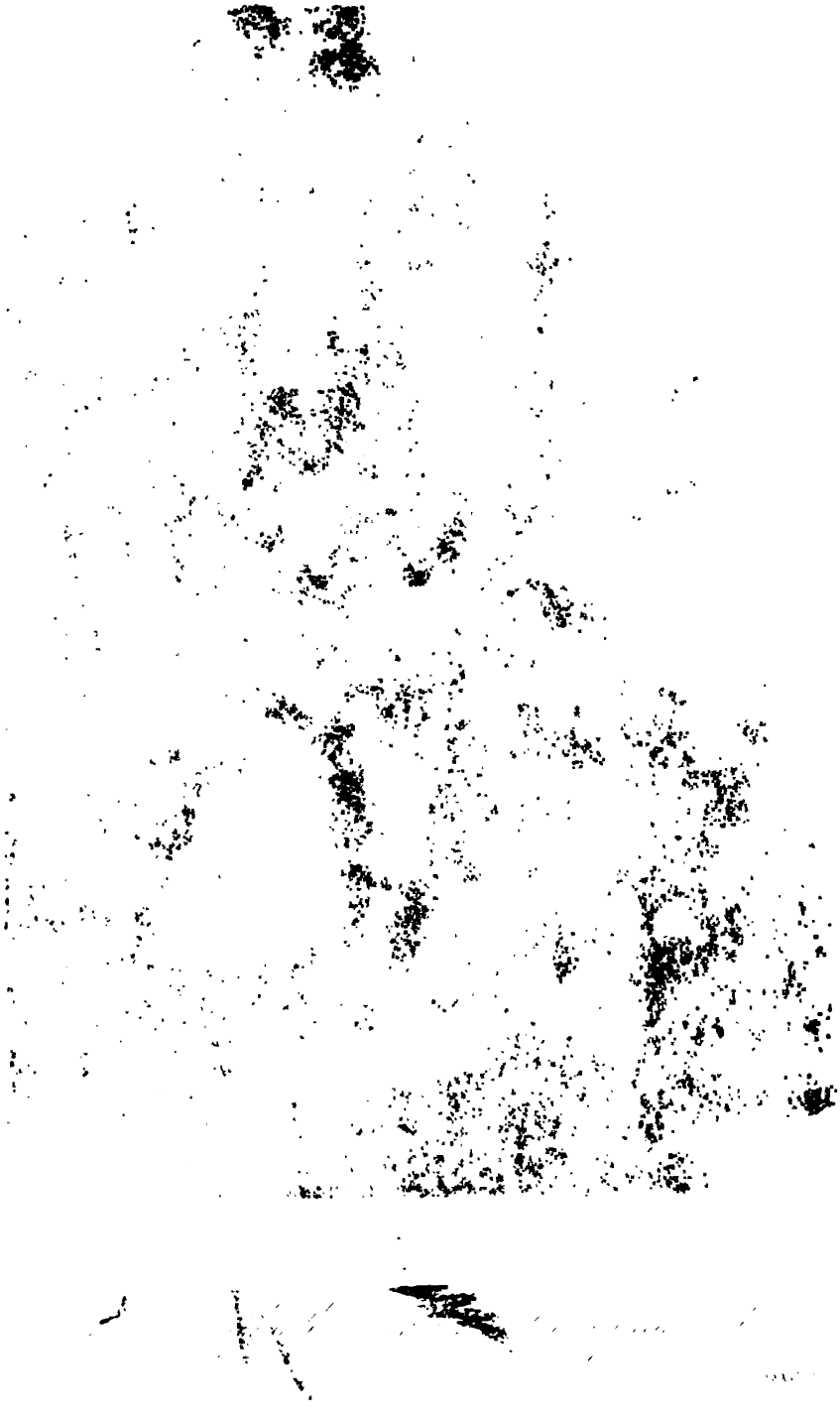
But it is yet uncertain whether the session of Congress will not be protracted beyond the anniversary day, and if it should be, an indispensable attendance upon public duties will detain me here. If it should not, a precarious state of health, and increasing infirmities, enjoin upon me to return, as speedily as possible, to the retirement and repose of my own residence at the North. But on the day of the celebration, I will be with you in the spirit; I will leave your invitation as a precious legacy to my children; and on that day, and to the end of my life, I will invoke the Father of Mercies, that the lot of the Ladies of the Wyoming Monumental Association, and of all the dwellers in that region, may hereafter be as prosperous and happy as the day of their commemoration was calamitous and afflictive.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

infinite age and themselves fathers, there was an utter want of manliness in suffering a feeling of rivalry in their breasts. But yet they could not indulge their aged father in his fond affection, and the superiority of the youth in his traits of moral character, stirred up in their hearts a

by the grace of God, till, in his course of wickedness, he has broken loose from all laws, and is abandoned of God for time and eternity.

The brethren of Joseph were kept from the ultimate act of hardened wickedness.



THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.

THE SELLING OF JOSEPH BY HIS BRETHREN.

(SEE PLATE.)

In nothing does the Providence of God appear more conspicuous than in the use made of the wicked contrivances of men to accomplish his own benevolent and wise purposes. Good is brought out of evil, curses are turned into blessings. The great Ruler of the Universe manages and directs everything with such a wise economy, that the malignity, the violence, and the carefully-studied plans of men and of devils, are all turned to account in the administration of the affairs of the world. Their designs fail of their intended effect, or, if apparently answering them, are made the means, in their ultimate result, of bringing about events the very reverse of their intentions.

In that most interesting story of Joseph, so inimitable in its simplicity and deeply-touching incidents, this overruling Providence was strikingly illustrated. Joseph was the loved son of his father—the son of his old age. He was endeared to him by the death of his mother, and, as he grew up, by that amiableness of disposition so remarkable in his whole life. His brethren were so much his seniors, that nature would have prompted them to look upon him with a tenderer affection than if he had been nearer their own age. In men advanced to middle age and themselves fathers, there was an utter want of manliness in suffering a feeling of rivalry in their breasts. But yet they could not indulge their aged father in his fond affection, and the superiority of the youth in his traits of moral character, stirred up in their hearts a deadly malignity. That hatred which arises from envy is most bitter. No generous emotion can mingle with it, or qualify its intensity. It gangrenes the entire heart. It is in the soul a smouldering fire, until it breaks forth in full madness.

Now Joseph had dreamed a dream. While with his brethren he was binding sheaves in the field, his sheaf arose and stood upright, and their sheaves stood round about making obeisance to his sheaf. Again he dreamed that the sun, moon, and eleven stars paid homage to him. These dreams, which seemed to foretell his future elevation, were related to his brethren in the simplicity of his heart. To them they conveyed a meaning; by himself they seem to have been regarded only as curious vagaries of an imagination over which he had in his sleep no control. Yet their hearts, already cankered, and now affected by a mysterious apprehension that the envied youth was destined to become their superior, determined them by one act at once to gratify a malignant revenge, and to silence for ever their apprehensions.

To contemplate the murder of a human being, however alien to our blood, bespeaks a desperate hardness and malignity of heart. Murder is an offence from which man is restrained by the grace of God, till, in his course of wickedness, he has broken loose from all laws, and is abandoned of God for time and eternity.

The brethren of Joseph were kept from this ultimate act of hardened wickedness. They

fancied that some less extreme course would be effectual to defeat what his dreams had foreshadowed. How idly have men, in all ages, contended with their Maker! Finite minds, in their besotted stupidity measuring themselves against infinite wisdom! Man—the creature of a day—his natural vision limited to the things just around him, and his moral vision stretching not an hour into the future—madly attempting to thwart the purposes of Jehovah!

The youth is approaching them. A wearisome journey has at length brought him in sight of those for whom he had wandered over fields and through the wilderness. He had escaped the wild beasts—a new elasticity is in his steps as his eye catches a glimpse of the far-off flock, and of his brethren, their keepers. How little does he imagine what is passing in their hearts! He comes to them from an aged father to inquire of their welfare. But that father's anxiety is not to be relieved by his report. What mean those clouded brows when the youth approaches with his kindly salutations? Is this the expected return to his greetings? With the exception of Reuben they had already resolved that a neighboring pit should be the grave of the youthful dreamer—to leave him there to a torturing death by famine. But Reuben in his better purpose had resolved to make this pit the means of his deliverance. Yet if Joseph believed his brethren were seriously bent on his destruction, both himself and his eldest brother were alike disappointed. Those were at hand who, with equal readiness, would make merchandize of spices and of human sinews. In the pit it is scarcely possible but the young man looked for deliverance, and was buoyed up by the hope of a speedy return to his fond father. But now slavery stares him in the face—a life of banishment from every early endearment, and of bondage and degradation with no heart of sympathy at hand. To be made merchandize of by those whom he loved—whom he looked to as protectors—for whom his heart beat with the warmth of youthful affection—this was so strange—so unnatural! He appeals to them by every motive—by their common blood—by the grey hairs of his and their father. His tears—his entreaties—his humble, touching prayers call up no relentings. This is the iron-nerved hate of which envy is the parent. Joseph is sold and borne to a distant land to end his days in dishonored bondage. So at least thought those who should have dared every hazard for his protection.

Now what shall become of the dreams of this dreamer? Under the power of a master, and far distant from his kindred, will the sheaves and the eleven stars, bowing to him in his dreams, ever be realized in the lowly obeisance and humble submissions of these envious brethren? And yet that very sale of Joseph was made, by an unseen, guiding hand, a step towards that very superiority which they so much dreaded. The brethren parted—the one into bondage—the others to break the heart of their father and silence his hopes by a wickedly fabricated tale. All felt their parting to be final. But change the scene. A famine is sent upon the land of Canaan to drive these shepherds into the land of Egypt. They go in their distress as suppliants. The garners of Pharaoh overflow with corn. They have been filled by the provident care of one who only on the throne is below the monarch of the Empire. To this man, the governor of all Egypt, the sons of Jacob bow in lowly reverence. *He* holds their lives in his hands. He is clothed in purple robes, and administers the affairs of a mighty kingdom with unresisted authority. *They* are lowly shepherds. They could not endure to bow to a youthful brother—the very thought drove them to madness. But they willingly bend the knee before the ruler of Egypt. They stop not to inquire his age or his lineage. It is enough that the sceptre of Pharaoh is in his hands, and that in his abundance the family of Jacob may find an ample supply for their wants. There are no envyings towards this princely governor. He is too far above them for envy to reach—too independent to need their good will. *Him* they can reverence—*him* they feel it no degradation to approach as suppliants. He imprisons one of them, and holds him as a hostage for their return with Benjamin. They feel at once their own littleness and his greatness. And yet this man, unenvied in his royal power, and commanding reverence by the dignity of his person and his station—this man is Joseph whom they sold into bondage. Themselves the sheaves and the eleven stars have made a willing obeisance to him. They, though with most wicked intentions, have helped to work out the decrees of the Almighty—they sold him into slavery; but He who laughs at the short-sightedness of human contrivances had made him a prince and a ruler—theirs was the wickedness and weakness of contrivance—God's the glory of a wisely and benevolently accomplished purpose.

"MOTHER! I SEE IT!"

BY ADELIA MORTON.

I HAD a sister once, a blooming child
Of six years old. Her voice was sweeter far
Unto my ear than are melodious lutes,
Or e'en the harp's sweet tone from silver strings;
And in her eye there played a beauteous ray
That seemed the spirit-light that lit her soul
With pure and holy gleaming; it was touched
With love's celestial fire, and sweetly shed
Its winning glance in childhood's joyous hours;
Her glossy curls in flowing ringlets fell
Upon her snowy neck, and in her heart
Were found the springs of innocence and love.

She was a pious child. Her infant voice
Tuned oft its gladsome song of grateful praise,
And warbled adoration forth to Heaven;
Or bowing down she sought by humble prayer
To drink at life's unfailing fount above—
To have her spirit sanctified, and drest
In angel's robes, spotless and pure as they.
She did not ask in vain: methinks she quaffed
Life's more than nectar draught—immortal bliss,
And turning back to earth, its waters fell
In radiant drops of holiness and love,
That sparkled in the ray of joy and peace.

She was not long for earth. If angels come
To bear above the spirit pure and bright
To give it to its author—and to claim
Its blest companionship in Heaven; to wing
The image of its God from earthly dross
To where no sin nor taint corrupts its form,
But fadeless as the ray from Heaven's own springs
Keep it unsullied for its Master's use,
They did it then! Disease its havoc made,
And Death, stern sovereign of the mortal life,
Poised his unerring dart, and sent it home.

Her death was calm and holy. Not a sigh
Escaped her lips; no sorrowing tone was heard
At Death's approach; but waiting to be gone
She longed to hear her Maker call her home.
At last she heard the summons—Faith then held
Her angel hand to bear her safe across
Death's chilly waters—Hope rekindled up
Her guiding star, and, hasting to its home,
Her spirit, ravished with the brightening ray
Of Heaven's eternal Paradise, exclaimed,
"MOTHER! I SEE IT!" as her parting word,

"The angels invite me away
To the land which is tearless and pure,
Where the clouds never shadow the ray,
But where glory and peace shall endure;
They call me to realms of delight
Where Jesus my Saviour is seen,
Where spirits are stainless and bright
In bowers of bliss ever green.

"I see it—Immanuel's throne,
Where my Saviour is waiting for me,
And I haste from this world to be gone
That I my redemption may see:
I want to adore him supreme
From whom no allurement can sever—
In the light of his life-giving beam
To love and enjoy him for ever.

"I see it—the crown he has won
To give me when I shall be there,
And robes which the light of the sun
Would fade in, were I to compare;
I see it, and Jesus is mine,
I give Him my spirit again,
And trusting His promise divine
I say to His bidding Amen!"

Long years have passed since then, but memory still,
True to her trust, brings back the tearful hour
When that one link was broken! But I trust
'Tis not for ever! Oh, what speechless joy
Should fill that spirit which can look on high,
And with the eye of Faith, in humble hope
Of GOD's eternal promise, can behold
The spirit sanctified and pure in bliss,
Renewing bonds which death has severed here,
But there to be united ne'er to end.

MORALITY OF THE "BOZ" LITERATURE.

BY REV. F. C. WOODWORTH.

A KIND of fiction has sprung up during a few years, which may be denominated "the Boz literature." At the head of the school is Charles Dickens, who has produced as great a sensation in the novel-reading world, as almost any man since the days of Sir Walter Scott. Few novel-writers have had such a host of imitators. His plots, his characters, his style, his peculiar cant phrases, have been copied by second-rate aspirants to literary fame, and he has been very generally regarded as not only an amusing and harmless writer, but as a teacher of wholesome morality in a pleasant way. We Americans, who are somewhat over-fond of foreign talent, while we are inclined to undervalue the literary efforts of our own countrymen, have been perfectly insane in our devotion to him. When he came to our shores, we were not content to applaud his genius, as the brightest star in that particular constellation of literature, but we told him he was the greatest philanthropist of his times—a second Howard—a man who had conferred untold benefits upon his species. This was doubtless startling news to Dickens. It never had occurred to him before that he had done so much good. While he had been writing his novels and novelettes, under the influence of his cigar and his brandy and water, the thought never entered his mind that he was actuated by the purest and most exalted philanthropy. He fancied he had been writing for fame and money. We told him better. We sent him home with the conviction that he was a sort of demi-god, and that about all the genuine love of humanity in the world was held in trust for his species by Charles Dickens, Gent.

How well that great moralist repaid our laudation, when he returned to his native land, it is quite unnecessary to say. It may be an unwarrantable digression to allude to it. Moreover, it is a delicate subject. Nobody likes to hear about it, and we will let it pass. Since, however, so much has been said about the good moral influence of the books of this same Mr. Dickens, the philanthropist, we have a mind to analyze them a little, a very little, and show how much they are really worth as lessons of morality. We believe their influence in this respect is pernicious, and we will give the reasons for this belief. And let it be premised, that what is true of the master is true of all the disciples. A more servile set of imitators never existed than those of the Dickens school. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

1. The writings of Dickens have an immoral tendency, because *they are unfriendly to spiritual religion.* In all of them there cannot be found any such thing as an approval of genuine piety. Indeed, Mr. Dickens hardly speaks of a God, much less of a Redeemer, at all. We shall perhaps be met with the objection, while the fact will not be denied, that this negative omission, however culpable and unhappy, affords no positive influence against religion. But this is a mistake. When an author makes his characters, after a very imperfect life, pass into eternity peacefully and happily, without any Saviour to sustain them, and teaches that a mere worldly philosophy will make any one die in triumph, he does exert an influence unfriendly to spiritual religion, and consequently to sound morality; or if he does not, no thanks are due to him. No one who has read Dickens, needs to be told that this is the way his heroes and heroines die.

But this is not the only method he takes to show his opposition to the religion of the heart. He takes pains sometimes to throw it into ridicule—the most effective method, frequently, of injuring the cause of God. This attack on religion may not be premeditated. There may be really no great malice about it; and it is no matter, so far as the influence is concerned, whether there be any. Doubtless he speaks out the honest sentiments of his heart, without any design. And just here lies the danger of trusting any depraved and unprincipled man to write on moral subjects for the mind, and especially the mind of the young; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

2. There is in the works of Dickens *a strong current of opposition to the principles of temperance.* This does not seem to be in accordance with the most exalted philanthropy, to say the least. In this respect the Boz literature is nearly all faulty, and must do harm. Suppose Dickens does not harangue against sobriety in so many words. We see plainly enough his repugnance to the practical means employed to promote the principles of temperance, and there

are many ways of throwing odium on the cause, besides direct attack. If we desired to ruin a young man by means of the intoxicating cup, we would not read lectures on the beauties of intemperance and debauchery to him. We would not attempt to convince him what a blessed creature that must be which would "steal away his brains." We would make him familiar with the convivial club, and teach him that the best society belongs to it; that it is genteel and reputable to indulge in drinking, and that men and women who are conscientiously pledged to abstain are all a set of low, mean, narrow-minded fanatics. That would be the way most likely to secure an unsuspecting victim, according to our notion; and that is just the way that our so-called philanthropist chooses. With what a grace his heroes—his immaculate heroes—quaff their wine and strong drink! What an air of decorum and nobleness of soul there seems to be about the bacchanalian revel! Who would not learn to relish the social glass? And good Mr. Dickens himself, how he delights in that delicious "brandy and water." With what wonderful *sang-froid* he holds up the tumbler, and eyes the nectar within! And then with what grace and professional ease he brings it to his lips, drinks the health of a gentleman—a very jovial, generous, high-souled gentleman—and finally tosses off its entire contents, to his infinite satisfaction! What a delightful specific brandy and water must be, and how cheerless this world would become, if one could not drink and smoke cigars! Oh, there is nothing like drinking and smoking to drive away care and cure the heart-ache. Such is the impression which the writings of "Boz" are calculated to make on the mind of the reader Now in all this is there no bad moral taught; and is there no tendency, by throwing a charm around the cup, to lead the young away from the paths of sobriety? Nay, if Charles Dickens had desired to make drunkards, and had set himself in earnest about the task, could he have taken a more wise and appropriate course?

3. The morals of Dickens' writings are in our view very generally exceptionable in another respect. We allude to his so *frequent description, in detail, of some of the lowest and worst features of vicious society.* What is the tendency of habitual familiarity with vice? We believe it is evil, and almost only evil; and for this belief we have a host of indisputable facts, and the testimony of many sensible and good men, as well as the evidence of analogy. Some two years since, the inspectors of prisons in England presented a report, in which was a collection of facts illustrating the demoralizing effects of what may be called "felon literature." It is stated in this report that a vast number of malefactors were found, on examination, to have been first misled by reading such works, and the particular cases are given in detail. The effect of familiarity with scenes of vice, especially on the minds of the young, is to blunt the moral sensibility, and by sympathy to excite the evil passions and deprave the heart.

The mind of Mr. Dickens seems to gloat on these disgusting pictures of human life. He compels us almost constantly to keep company with the vilest dregs of society, and we must listen to their low conversation, and witness their revolting dissipation and debauchery.

We think, then, we are warranted in the conclusion that, whatever may be the literary merits of Dickens' works, the moral tendency of them is, on the whole, too pernicious to allow of their safe introduction into a virtuous family —that though not so bad as many other novels, they are yet far too bad to be encouraged by the Christian community.

We should be among the last to refuse to Dickens the award he deserves as an author. There is much in his style to be admired. At times, when the dignity of his subject requires it, there is a richness, a chasteness, a touching, simple beauty about some of his paragraphs, which one rarely meets with among the best writers of prose, in the English language Then the moral influence of much that he has written would be most happy, were it disconnected entirely with other and more exceptionable matter. We are not blind to the excellences, whether of style or sentiment, that are so much applauded in the works of Dickens. We trust we should not be blind to them, were the objectionable features we have noticed much more marked and numerous, and though he should slander everything American a hundred fold worse than he has done. But may not the very excellence of some portions of his works tend to make them more pernicious as a whole? Is not poison—physical poison—more dangerous in combination with other substances that are pleasant to the taste and nutritious, than when unadulterated—more dangerous, because more palatable, and consequently more likely to be received into the system? And when received, would its virulent action be prevented by the delicious and healthful ingredients with which it was compounded?

Some people—men of good sense and discretion, too—seem to have a very singular way of deciding whether the moral influence of a book is good or bad. They take it to pieces, examine carefully all its parts, put all its wholesome moral lessons in one scale, and its moral impurities and obliquities in another, and determine whether the book is to be welcomed to the bosoms of their families, or banished from their society, by the scale that preponderates. But we must beg to dissent from any such standard of judging. If the mind of a youth receive the germ of a vicious sentiment, it is no offset to that sentiment to inculcate a lesson of virtue; and if by the recital of tales of depravity and vice, the finer sensibilities have become blunted, the heart rendered cold and callous to the claims of humanity, and the leprosy of moral pollution have begun its work of death in the soul, of how much value are a score of pretty sayings about honesty, and benevolence, and generosity, and the whole sisterhood of virtues?

That the works of Dickens are liable to the objections we have stated, no candid reader of them will deny. The only question is, of what weight these objections ought to be, and this question different individuals will answer differently. But will men and women of stern principle—will Christians, with a knowledge of these facts, consent to tolerate all the evil of these works, for the sake of the good they find in them? For the honor of religion, for the sake of humanity, and morality, and virtue, we hope that they, at least, will seek a purer literature than that of Charles Dickens and his satellites.

NOTICES OF NORTHERN RUSSIA.

BY C. W. BAIRD.

A work of much interest has recently appeared in Russia, a translation of which has been published in Paris.* The author was sent by the Russian government in 1820, in company with other gentlemen of distinction, on an expedition to Northern Siberia, among the tribes dwelling on the coast of the Arctic Sea. Of this important and interesting book we will give some notices.

While the northern coast of America had been explored by Ross, Parry, and Franklin, the geography of Northern Asia was but little known. The first voyage made to the coast extending between the Straits of Behring and the Sea of Karsk was performed in 1580, by two Englishmen, Peto and Jackman. Since that time several voyages have been made thither; at one time by a Cossack chief, sent there for the purpose of subjecting some tribe to the fur tax; at another time by a member of some geographical and commercial society. These made some new discoveries, but the result of their researches was far from being satisfactory. Little was known of those countries save the mere outline of the coast. The Emperor Alexander resolved, therefore, to send two officers of the navy for the purpose of making new researches in those regions. This expedition, at the head of which was M. de Wrangell, was to visit the countries near the mouth of the Kolima River. A residence of four years in the polar regions is so rare, that the twenty years which have elapsed since have not at all diminished its interest. Besides, as the manners and customs of the tribes which dwell there depend essentially on the phenomena of that severe climate, they are always the same.

After having crossed Mount Oural, or, as the natives call it, *the belt of stone*, the traveller enters Siberia, the capital of which is Irkoutsk. This city is the limit of civilisation. After making the necessary preparations, M. de Wrangell embarked on the majestic Lena, one of the largest rivers of Europe. In twenty-seven days he reached Yakoutsk, a city of four thousand inhabitants, where, in the middle of July, there was no sign of summer, except the absence of snow. Yakoutsk is the centre of a considerable part of the commerce of Northern

* *Le Nord de la Siberie*, voyage parmi les peuplades de la Russie Asiatique et dans la Mer Glaciale, entrepris par ordre du gouvernement Russe, et executé par MM. de Wrangell, Matiouchkine et Kozmine. Paris, 1842.

Siberia. Farther on, it is seldom that the traveller meets with beaten roads, and generally he is obliged to travel on horseback. A long rope stretches from the head of each horse to the tail of the preceding one. Two guides, the one before and the other behind the line, take care of the procession; and thus about twenty-five miles are daily travelled.

Passing along a forest of mulberry and pine trees, M. de Wrangell remarked several trees whose large trunks were covered with tufts of horsehair; many sticks, decorated in the same manner, were standing around them. The guide who directed the troop stopped at this place, tore some hair from his horse's mane, and placed it on the trunk of one of these trees with great appearance of devoutness; he then said with joyful looks that this offering made sure the protection of the *Spirit of the forests*, and that thenceforth their expedition would be fortunate. The superstition of the guides did not end here; for, that the goodwill of the Spirit might be more certain, they continually celebrated, in their sad and monotonous songs, the imagined beauties of those regions which they supposed were subject to its rule.

The Yakoutes (such is the name of the inhabitants of this country) are of the race of Tartary; all their wealth consists in the horses and flocks of horned cattle which they own. Accustomed to the cold, they seem not to feel it, and use scarcely any means to protect themselves from it. In their travels, they spread the cloth which covers their horses on the snow, wrap themselves up in their overcoats, stretch themselves on this bed, and sleep profoundly in a season when the cold is of twenty or thirty degrees. Their summer dwellings are kinds of tents, of a conical shape, made of the bark of a tree, fastened to a frame; they live a wandering life, and, while their flocks are in their pastures, they make their provision of hay for the winter. During the latter season they live in huts covered with a thick coat of sods, straw, and clay, into which light enters only by two little holes, in which they place pieces of ice instead of glass. Though most of the Yakoutes have been baptized, and though several portions of the Gospel have been translated into their language, they perform many pagan ceremonies, and they place a blind confidence in the sorcery of their *chamans*. These people are of a dissimulating, quarrelsome, and vindictive character. After the traveller has passed the chain of the Verkho Yansk mountains, distances of many miles separate the various dwellings; this dispersion is not occasioned by the want of sufficient pasture, but by the unsociable disposition of the inhabitants. In their meetings, however, they make up for their long isolation by interminable tales; the Siberians are great story-tellers, and they frequently alter the truth for the sake of rendering their narrations more interesting.

The chain of the Verkho Yansk mountains divides the flow of the waters of the Lena and Yana; towards the south, the pine and larch grow, while towards the north the cedar, the poplar, and the willow are seen. To cross these mountains is the most difficult part of the journey from Yakoutsk to Nijne-Kolimsk. Beyond them, in the midst of an extensive plain, is the small city of Zachiversk, where, at that time, was still living a venerable priest, Father Michael. "During more than sixty years, in which," says M. de Wrangell, "he has fulfilled his mission, he has been instrumental in converting to Christianity by the power of the Word, and by his virtuous example, more than fifteen thousand Yakoutes, Toungouses, and Youkaquires, whose manners and habits he has been enabled to change. At present, notwithstanding his advanced age, he makes his annual journey, and travels many hundred miles on horseback; that is, he visits all the villages of his vast parish, to communicate the Divine Word, to console the afflicted, to distribute alms to the poor, and to help the sick." What a life of self-denial! We admire it the more because it is unknown, and finds its only recompense in the work of devotion which it accomplishes.

Beyond the great lake of Orinkine, all bears the signs of desolation; the traveller crosses immense marshes, whose surface is merely dried, not consolidated, during the summer; a thick layer of ice which never melts, is a few feet below it; and this alone preserves the traveller from the dangers which he would have to pass through during that season; but it was in October, when the cold was of 24 degrees, that M. de Wrangell crossed this region. As the Kolima is approached the scenery becomes less severe; however, soon the forests disappear entirely: and nothing but a few shrubs and bushes are met with. The latter part of the journey is accomplished with great rapidity in sledges drawn by dogs. After two hundred and twenty-four days of travelling, the expedition reached the miserable village of Nijne-Kolimsk, which was to be the centre of its operations for three years.

The severity of the climate is very great in

the environs of the Kolima River. It freezes from the 20th of August to the beginning of September, and does not break loose from its icy bondage till the first days of June. It is true that the sun remains constantly on the horizon at Nijne-Kolimsk for fifty-two days, from the 15th of May to the 6th of July; but it rises so little above it that it merely gives light, but no heat. In July, myriads of mosquitoes appear, and are very annoying; however, these insects are of great benefit to the inhabitants; for they drive thousands of reindeer from the forests and force them to repair to the sea-shore, where the winds disperse the mosquitoes, and where the hunters are prepared to kill great numbers of the deer. The fogs which arise from the sea at the time when it freezes, make the climate more tolerable in October; but the cold then increases, and sometimes attains forty degrees in January. A night of thirty-eight days begins on the 22d of November; it would be insupportable, were it not for the brightness of the reflection, the brilliancy of the snow and the strong light of the Aurora Borealis. The beauty of the animal race presents a striking contrast to the desolate state of vegetation; but the variety of species, and the great number of individuals, leaves the landscape inanimate. "All shows here," says M. de Wrangell, "that the limits of the habitable world have been passed, and one tries in vain to understand how men should have crossed them to dwell in such solitudes." The male population of the district of Kolimsk is, nevertheless, 325 Russians and Cossacks, 1,034 Yakoutes, and 1,139 Youkaquires and men belonging to other tribes.

Spring is the most difficult season for those living on the shores of the Kolima. The produce of the fisheries in the autumn is consumed by that time, and famine appears under the most frightful aspect. M. de Wrangell witnessed this three times. Then immense flocks of swans, geese, ducks, and other fowl, arrive in time to save the people; the fish, which were forced by the severity of the season to seek deeper water, are caught in nets stretched under the ice—which, when it breaks, causes frequently sudden inundations.

The winter is mostly spent in the interior of the dwellings, to which a small door leads, which is covered with a bear's or reindeer's skin; it is lighted by a lamp filled with grease. All around the hut are the dogs, half buried in the snow, who, four times a day, and oftener when it is moonlight, interrupt the general silence by their horrid cries. Who could believe that, notwithstanding the climate, the absence of day, and the deprivations of all kinds to which they are subject, the inhabitants have a satisfied appearance, and are in some degree happy?

It is near the village of Potbischa that the flocks of reindeer are in the habit of crossing the Aniouy River when they fly from the mosquitoes which infest the forests in summer, and go to find a refuge on the shore of the ocean, and when they return thence in autumn. The produce of the fisheries is not sufficient to nourish the population, and their existence depends, in a great measure, on this chase of reindeer. In the spring, while the Aniouy is yet frozen, it can only be accomplished by means of the gun and the bow and arrow; in autumn, the Youkaquires, in their boats, attack and kill the reindeer when they are swimming across the river; a good hunter can thus kill more than a hundred of them in half an hour. But sometimes the reindeer do not come. Mr. Matiouckine witnessed the impression produced on the people when they learned that this had happened on the river which he was visiting, and that an immense herd which had appeared, instead of crossing the river, went off to the mountains. "Gladness," he says, "left them, and despair filled their hearts; it was fearful! for death threatened these poor wretches. The women and children were wringing their hands, and the air resounded with their lamentable cries; rolling themselves upon the snow, they dug it out, as if to prepare a tomb."

The travellers continued their journey as far as the shores of the Arctic Sea; and the relation of their discoveries and the dangers they passed through, forms a very interesting part of this work, which we would notice more fully had we the time and the space necessary.

THE POETRY AND POETS OF AMERICA.

"WHAT institutions," said the Japanese Emperor to a European traveller, "what institutions have you in your country for making poets?" "Sire," replied the traveller, "we have a beautiful earth, a beautiful sky, and a holy religion." This answer, as philosophical as felicitous, might be returned by our countrymen to the doubters on the other side of the Atlantic, in our own fatherland, if their questioning of our poetical capabilities did not originate in a prejudice sterner and more invincible than Japanese ignorance. The arrogant incredulity of British critics, which a few years ago demanded "who reads an American book?" has to be sure very considerably lowered its tone; and they concede, sometimes directly, and sometimes by fraudulent appropriation to themselves of our literary produce, that we have uttered some very tolerable prose. Whether America ever has or ever will distinguish itself in the walks of poetry remains with them a question.

There are some considerations worth our notice, which, *à priori*, would strongly indicate a distinguished eminence in imaginative and poetic fame among the glowing prospects of this young country, and justify the prediction that by the broad streams, amid the solemn forests and cloud-crowned mountains, and the boundless prairies of this western world, the harp of poesy would be new strung, and, vibrating to the touch of masters trained amid the magnificent greatness and splendors of nature, would yield its sweetest harmonies and sublimest numbers. We all know how much external nature has to do with awakening and developing the poet's soul. What indeed is that peculiarly fitting and forming education, which reveals the poet to himself and to the world, which etherealizes, warms and elevates his spirit, and touches his lips with hallowed fire, and fills his soul with thoughts that burn for utterance like a prophet's message! What is it but the impress and the inspiration of Nature, working around him in her multiform operations and movements, and breathing upon him her silent, subduing and kindling influence. It is nature, sincerely loved and watchfully observed, and passively, gently yielded to with a child's reverence, that half creates the poet. He hears new music in the flow of waters, in the waving of tree-tops, in the voices of birds, in the low breathing winds of summer; sees her greatness in storms and heaving oceans and wild tornadoes, and is touched with her beauty in flowers and green fields and living forms of loveliness and grace, and he feels

"A presence that disturbs him with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore is he still
A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth."

In all ages and nations the muses have had their supposed chosen retreats. Pindus and Pierus, Helicon and Parnassus, the fountains Castalia and Hippocrene, the honored haunts of their election, were thus distinguished in heathen mythology, only because in such spots, nature disclosed her loveliness or her grandeur, and invited to freer, nearer communion the imaginative mind of her child and disciple. This was the hidden esoteric sense of the mythus of the muses, that the poetic spirit must draw its inspiration from the unveiled bosom of nature, and by beholding her face to face in her retirement, and dwelling apart with her in her own bright and clear element, become by a transforming and transfusing process, a living harp, to utter her deep harmonies in the dwellings and to the listening hearts of men. Nature is thus to him, what she has been in every age, the only true and everlasting muse.

With this truth admitted of the influence of external nature in the formation of mind and in the quickening of the imaginative powers, what may we not expect from it in our own land with its bland yet bracing temperature, its benignant sky, and its glorious panorama of forests, mountains, prairies, rivers, lakes and seas, on a scale of magnificence, and in a style of splendor and beauty entirely its own. Nature did much for Greece and Italy, but she has done infinitely more for America, and as by an ordinance of nature the mind assimilates itself to the objects with which it is conversant, it is not unreasonable to look for the ripest, richest fruits from intellects trained and nurtured among natural scenery so grand, diversified, beautiful and sublime. The feelings and sentiments of poesy find their natural aliment and home in

such a country. The lyre and the harp were invented among the mountains of Thessaly; what wonder if their most perfect and thrilling strains shall be heard echoing among the mountains of America, or floating along her vales and streams.

It were a trifling consideration, if true, to be alleged that as yet no great poets have appeared among us. Rome had been built 500 years before she had one considerable poet. And hitherto the mind of this country has been by the force of circumstances otherwise occupied than in elegant literature and devotion to the muses. We have been of necessity a practical and working people, and yet we are not ashamed to offer the names of our Danas, Bryants, Longfellows, Spragues, Hallecks, and many others, for comparison with the best British poets who have written during the last twenty-five years. On this point we shall have occasion for additional remarks in the progress of this article.

II. In the second place, the free political institutions of this country greatly favor the generous nurture and development of poetic genius. Poesy and Freedom,have they not ever been companions and playmates, nestling together in the same mountain eyrie, invigorated by the same free breeze, and walking forth hand in hand with intertangled tresses over the same smiling fields? So intimately related are they that they seem but one. What indeed is practical freedom but the realized vision and prayer of poesy? And what influence is there worse for mind and all its great capabilities than that of an enthralling, benumbing political power? It is and always has been the great antagonist, and too often the successful one of ennobled, of aspiring and expanding intellect, ruling it an outlawed thing when it would not be rendered parasitical and subservient, bending the supple hinges of the knee to the will of despotism, and meanly cringing to the hest of iron power. Oppression, in its two principal forms, political and ecclesiastical, has thus far in all ages and countries crushed and smothered genius, or created an atmosphere in which it could not freely breathe. Mean things have trodden down the noble; the sordid have overridden the generous, the free, the high-thoughted. All despotism, but chiefly ecclesiastical, is in essence vulgar, selfish, malignant and exclusive, and conspires against the greatness and free utterance of lofty mind. It would reduce all men to become machines turned by a single crank, or brutes reined and guided by a single bit. This unblessed and withering experiment on the human spirit is, we trust, never to be made on any extensive scale in this country. We trust we have the elements and the spirit of a substantial freedom settled among us. The genius of liberty abides here, and at a blast from her bugle, her children start like the war-clad clansmen of Roderick Dhu from their glens and fastnesses, and every vale, and hillock, and mountain slope teems with radiant men. We have faith to believe that the days of oppression are numbered, though its heavy shadows retire reluctantly, slowly; that the millenium of freedom is begun, and that henceforth, and in this land a literature free as the air, and asking no *imprimatur* from lords temporal or spiritual, will continue to bless us with its fruits. We hold it not unlikely indeed that there may yet be many a struggle for the maintenance of the rights of the mind, yet that those very struggles will be the means of intellectual development in its noblest forms, we are taught by all past experience to expect.

III. The religious character and tendencies of this country foretoken for it an elevated poetical fame. No correct estimate of our future literature can be made without noting the activity and influence of the religious principle upon the heart and mind of the nation. The literature and the religion of a people are as intimately related as cause and effect. In the case of a people wedded to a false and worn out religious faith, it is nearly certain that no strenuous mental efforts, especially in eloquence and poetry, will grace their history. The explanation is easy. Poetry is the utterance of our inner, higher nature, it is a voice from the depths of our being, it is music stealing from the hidden heart, elicited by the truth permeating and warming it, like the fabled music of Memnon struck by the ray of morning. It comes forth from those depths in us where belong our ideas and presentiments of immortality and the infinite, where are felt by the living spirit the unappeasable longings for the good, the beautiful, the true, the eternal. The religious principle, or, if you like it better, the religious susceptibility or craving is there, waiting for the light to shine down into it, to awaken it and make it vibrate celestial and audible harmonies, worthy of an instrument of God as it is. Our highest powers, the most delicate and sensitive that belong to us, like flower plants amid cold, dark ruins, withhold their fragrance and beauty, till piercing some crevice, a ray of sunshine enters, and uncoiling themselves they emerge where it broke in, and spread their tendrils pale

and weakly to the breeze and the orient beam, and thence drink in life and joy, and become part of the poetry of nature. What the light and air are to the sickly plant or flower, that the influence of religion is to poetic genius; it is its aliment, and life, and joy—the spirit predestined to educe from its chaos and darkness, a world of order, light, and beauty.

And is it not signally true, and worthy of our thankful acknowledgment, that to the American mind is allotted the blessed privilege of a training specially auspicious and hopeful in this regard? In no country in the world is religion less embarrassed in its transmission to the heart, or in its interspersion with those commanding influences which mould the national character and destiny, and give enlargement and dignity to the movements of mind.

"Poesy baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man
Gives him *his* praise, and forfeits not her own."

They become mutually helpful, and shed grace and glory upon each other.

It may not be amiss, however, to remark, that the religion of which we speak as necessary to kindle and control the poetic fire, must itself be earnest and fervid, quite unlike that heartless, stupid, frozen thing, with which we are all familiar. It must come not in the dry, pedantic divisions of the divinity school, but in the living, leaping earnestness and joy of its own nature, and furnish nutriment and appeals to our highest and profoundest sentiments, and breathe upon our deepest nature, our heart of hearts, and fan open its innermost folds. It is impossible, says an eminent American writer, "not to discern an increased fervor of mind in every department of life, and this character is stamped very strongly on the literary productions of the age Fiction is no longer a mere amusement, but transcendant genius, seizing upon this province of literature, turns it from a toy into a mighty engine, and under the light tale, is breathing through the community either its reverence for the old or its thirst for the new, communicating the spirit and lessons of history, unfolding the operations of civil and religious institutions, and defending or assailing systems of education and morals, by exhibiting them in life and action. The poetry of the age is equally characteristic. It has a deeper and more impressive tone than comes to us from what has been called the Augustan age of English literature. The regular, harmonious, elaborate strains of Pope and his contemporaries, are regarded as playing too much on the surface of nature and the heart. We demand a more thrilling note, a poetry which pierces beneath the exterior of life to the depths of the soul, and which lays open its mysterious workings, borrowing from the whole outward creation, fresh images and correspondences with which to illuminate the secrets of the world within us. Extravagances of imagination and violations of taste and moral sentiment are easily forgiven when conjoined with what awakens strong emotion. Hence the importance of a powerful religious influence, to conserve as well as quicken the poetic character, in the progress of the fervid civilisation of our times and country; and it is cheering to believe that an administration of Christianity, better tempered to human nature and adapted to its development and control, is taking the place of the old, crabbed, heartless, denunciatory fanaticism, of one sort, and the worldly apathy of another, which have been so long in vogue.

IV. But says the objector, "one grand element is wanted for the nurture of the poetical character in America; she has no traditions. She started at once into life, rude, rugged, savage, self-confident. She has nothing to fall back upon in her history—no age of gold—no fabulous antiquity—no fairy land, out of which to carve a national poetry." The Foreign Quarterly, in an article on this subject which would disgrace the most scurrilous diurnal in New York, whines dolorously over our newness as fatal to our poetical aspirations. We have even no modes of dress to revive—no grandmother's hoops—no voluminous wig, no buckles, no ruffs. A distressing case truly, if we could but be made to feel it, as at present we do not. We are accustomed to regard our past as anything but a blank and an oblivion. Our history, colonial and independent, may have little that is interesting, much less poetical, to a venal, one-sided, bragging Englishman, though if he had the wit as well as the grossness of Falstaff, he would in self-defence laud the courage of those who have *whipped him* time and again. We can assure our crabbed old neighbor, over the water, without any desire to sour the beer on his stomach, that we are well enough off for historical glory to spare his sympathy. If we have no fabulous age, we have volumes of facts stranger than fiction —we have historic names fresh as the ungathered flower; already

"We give in charge
Their fame to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,
Proud of her treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and sculpture in her turn
Gives bond in stone and ever during brass,
To guard them and to immortalize her trust."

No, the spirit of poesy needs no obscure mythology, no dusky past, no feigned demi-gods and imaginary deeds of daring to fall back upon. The simple, truthful, unadorned annals of the country, are sufficiently romantic and exciting, for the loftiest imagination; and we can dispense with the inspiration of old wives' tales and puerile legends. We have no occasion to people our solitudes with goblins borrowed from the old world, or our streams with naiads and nymphs, or our groves and glens with fairies. Our English reviewers are welcome to retain all this worn out machinery loaned them by a childish antiquity. We are satisfied with the inspiration of truth and nature, and are content to build up a national literature and a national poetry on the basis of truth and reason. These are the enchantments, the wizard rods of the muse of American poetry. Told in the simplest, most unexaggerated strain, the story of our country's birth and fortunes is itself a poem. Why should we invent one? The necessity of fiction, of invention, is obvious enough with most nations, as the means of concealing a base history or a low and mean origin. The Latin poets, for instance, to hide the fact that Rome was originally a mere asylum for every criminal that might flee to it from other countries, connect its history with the goddess-born Æneas, as you read in the elaborate fiction of Virgil. The British poets, in like manner, when boasting of English virtue and English liberty, are forced perpetually to falsify history and fall back upon the dust and dim distance of antiquity, the fogs of the past, thick and heavy as those in which Providence has doomed those islands to welter; so that it seems to be their belief that there can be no poetry without fiction and falsehood; and they generously pity us because our history is so a thing of yesterday that we can't lie it down, and of course can't make poetry. Those poetic visions of liberty, for instance, that dance on the stream of English verse like sunshine on a leaping river, if the honest truth were distilled out of them, would amount to no more of substance than is found in one of their elves, of whom ten thousand it is said can dance at once on the point of a cambric needle. English poetry boasts magnanimously and grandiloquently of liberty bought with the blood of forefathers; but English history tells us it was purchased in every instance almost with money. "A great proportion of her best laws, including the great Charter itself, as confirmed by Henry III., were, in the most literal sense, obtained by pecuniary bargain with the crown. In many parliaments of Edward III. and Richard II., this purchase of popular freedom is chaffered for, and retailed out, as distinctly and with as little apparent sense of disgrace, as the most legitimate traffic between two merchants would be transacted."* Well may English reviewers court for English poets the aid of fiction. As we said, on this subject the American muse needs it not. She has but to sing the truth. Our fathers rose but yesterday from their baptism of blood. The bones of her martyrs are on every field. The bullets of her foes are in her shade-trees, not three-score years old. The stream of patriot blood still stains our halls. The pen that records it writes poetry!! And this is true of all American history. What imagination a century ago could have pictured all that history has realized within that time on the territory of this republic? We go back to a very recent period, and the whole country is a wilderness; here and there are tribes of wild men, but they are homeless and in a state of nature:

From the small worm that creeps abroad at midnight,
To sip cool dews and feed on sleeping flowers,
To the huge form that leads its quiet life
Among his old contemporary trees.

Life in all its grades is animal merely and uneventful. The mountains lift their heads in lonely majesty. The silence of the forest is unbroken, save by the falling nut, or the rustling leaf. The streams are unrippled, save by the plash of the water-fowl or the beaver. Flowers spring unseen and die ungathered. The sullen Atlantic flaps the eastern coast with his broad, dark wing, and once in half a century flings a dead body on the untrodden beach, the moan of floods and forests mingling for a requiem. There is nothing even to perish.

"Ruin itself stands still for want of Work,
And Desolation keeps perpetual Sabbath."

But look again, and note the mighty change. An Empire, whose western shore receives the eternal serenade of the Pacific, and whose eastern is saluted by the roar of the Atlantic; its north barricaded by frosts, and its south receiv-

* See Hallam's Middle Ages, Vol. ii., p. 191.

ing the spice gales of the tropic, displays its ensigns of prosperity and power everywhere. The wilderness is a garden. Innumerable towns and cities crowd her plains. Her streams, and lakes, and oceans, and ports, are crowded by commerce. Her flag is on every sea. The mountains smoke and empty out their treasure. The people have carved for themselves a name in everlasting characters, the first truly to solve the problem of political freedom; foremost in daring enterprise, with one hand subduing the wilderness of the new world, with the other shivering the shackles of the old. It needs not the grey and solemn twilight of antiquity to give the character of greatness and grandeur to such a history, with its scenes surpassing fable.

Our English reviewers ask "how can these recent people, who are of yesterday, in all their greenness and gristle, know anything about poetry?" Incomparable boobies! What have we been doing but making poetry ever since we came here? We have made such a poem as the world never read before, and we have written it on the floods and fields of our country and on the hearts of all men. What your poets could only dream, we have been and done. Read and be silent.

The truth is, all the great enterprises of this country have been conceived and carried on in the very spirit of genuine poetry, and that spirit still animates us with its own restless energy, and the real question is, whether we have not too much of it. It is the undue excitement of the imagination that makes us uneasy where we are and with what we have, and tempts us to untried and doubtful experiment and ceaseless change. It is this that lures the American from his native village, to become an emigrant, leads him to the valley of the Mississippi, and when there, points him to the Rocky Mountains, and tells him that the happy land lies beyond. Our circumstances are only too exciting, and the controlling and chastening, rather than the awakening of the American imagination, is the chief problem.

But we pass to notice some of our countrymen, whose names and productions are entitled to consideration, in this department of literature. We wish also to regard the moral character and influence upon the highest interests of humanity as well as the literary pretensions of their labors, as they pass before us,—an item, in the estimate, of small account in the judgment of the Foreign Quarterly, though otherwise reckoned here, and likely to be by posterity.

All finite excellence is comparative, and we cannot but remember that the period of our first poetical efforts was one of wonderful intellectual splendor in the mother country. Such a glorious firmament of brilliant genius never hung over it. Such lights as Burns, Bloomfield, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, Crabbe, Wilson, Campbell, Rogers, Scott, Montgomery, Barry Cornwall, Tennyson, Talfourd, and a number more, adorned the period in which our present list of poetical writers appeared, and were read as extensively here as in England, and it is no small praise, that a respectable number among us sustain an honorable comparison with that sparkling constellation, in spite too of the unnatural and cherished prejudices of British literati, who in protecting our well-earned fame would best increase their own; and notwithstanding the inevitable hindrances to literary culture of the first years of the settlement of a great nation on a wide-spread territory. It is no vital matter, to be sure, what is thought of our literature in other countries, but it is pleasant to know, that the names of American poets, which we shall have occasion to mention presently, are honored on the continent, at the centres of literary taste and refinement, and that their well-read productions are found all over England, and by none are more highly prized than by British poets themselves. That there have been failures in the direction of poetical ambition we are well aware, though we are not aware that such failures are less frequent in the mother country.

The elevated moral tone of our American poetry, and its constant tendency to develope and support all the generous, gentle, and philanthropic sentiments; its high moral, religious, and social inculcations; its sweet revealings of the beauty of nature, and its stormy, fascinating pictures of homely virtues, joys, sorrows and endearments; its passionate love of country, compatible with the warmest and most comprehensive love of man, are its unfailing characteristics. In the poetry of no country are there so few lines, which, dying, the writers need wish to blot. It presents at once a singular exception and a beautiful example to other lands of song, in this its distinctive and national peculiarity. The high and holy task of poesy has been sadly misunderstood, even by minds most richly endowed with her intellectual gifts. The glorious Byron, upon whom every seraph did seem to set his seal, whose soul swelled, tortured with revelations from unknown worlds, which his unbaptized spirit comprehended not, and his untouched lip, quivering, left unuttered,

—Byron died dumb, as regarded the great end of poesy. So of Shelley, Keats, and others we forbear to name. They did not comprehend poetry as a teacher of truth through joy and through gladness, as a creatress of the faculties through a process of smoothness and delight; yielding in ethereal ministry, grace and sweetness to the rugged adversities and cankering cares of life, "through knowledge inhaled insensibly like fragrance, through dispositions stealing into the spirit like music from unknown quarters, through hopes plucked like beautiful wild-flowers, from the tombs that border the highways of the past to make a garland for a living forehead."* The tone of poetry, its aim and influence on the heart, is everything. Says a recent critic, "in Childe Harold there is probably displayed more of the radiant vesture of the imagination than in any poem of the present age; yet the tone and spiritual purpose of that splendid apotheosis of misanthropy and egotism is unpoetical. Its effect is merely to stir and to sting. It leaves an impression upon the memory and the heart, disagreeable and harsh. We feel that the author's spiritual life was inharmonious, that the tone of his mind was not pure," and that his work is a failure, the spirit and aim of poetry justly considered.

We turn with glad hearts from such an example to our own bards, in communion with whom the best affections of our nature are warmed and purified, and the soul is wrought up to high and noble purposes, and made strong to do, and patient to suffer. When we enter into fellowship with Dana, Bryant, Longfellow, and kindred minds, especially after we have laid down our Byron, a change comes over us, and over the face of all that we behold that is wonderful. It is a flood of soft and holy light, a mild radiance, an inspiration and a power, noiseless but strong.

"The viewless spirit of a living sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment."

And with it come better thoughts, and holy memories, and tears, and a wholesome sadness that softens, not irritates the heart. We look out upon nature, and it seems "specially rendered and made plain unto us, that a great worship is going on among the things of God." We look upon man and love him better, and wish to do something for him to make him happier and take the tear out of his eye. Home becomes a sanctuary, with sacrament and altar, revelations and worship, and all the and duties of life assume an aspect che sacred. This, we say, is the general t tendency of the great proportion of A poetry. It would be trespassing far to at this time, to give very copious i tions of its excellence, and yet we sho injustice to our subject should we whol them.

Professor Longfellow is one of those writings take possession of our hearts way we have described. We should lik one with any poetic taste, just after rea few pages of Byron, to take up a volu Longfellow, and read thoughtfully his steps of Angels.

"When the hours of day are numbe
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumber'
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The belov'd ones, the true-hearted
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perish'd
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depress'd and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

* Coleridge altered.

What sweetness and power blend in these lines, to which the heart yields itself up freely, wholly! One must have time to recover himself from its inspiration, before he can do a wicked thing or form a wicked purpose.

Let us point out another passage from the same author, and ask you to observe its bracing influence upon your mind, in one of those oft recurring seasons of languor, indecision and feeble purpose, to which most men are subject.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

* * * *

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead
Act, act, in the glorious present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother
Seeing may take heart again."

Beautiful as are these extracts, they are selected to illustrate the quickening, sustaining spirituality of the poet, rather than the richness of his imagery, or the classic beauty of his style and diction.

Bryant is perhaps our best known poet, and well has he earned the high reputation he enjoys in England, as well as in his native land. Even the crabbed Foreign Review admits that "Nature made Bryant a poet. He treats his subjects with religious solemnity, and brings to the contemplation of nature in her grandest revelations, a pure and serious spirit. His poetry is reflective, but not sad; grave in its depths, but brightened in its flow by the sunshine of the imagination. His poems, addressed to rivers, woods, and winds, have the solemn grandeur of anthems. Their beauty is affecting, because it is true and full of reverence." Many of his most exquisite pieces, as well as those of Longfellow, Street, Lowell, and most of our best poets, have been given to the world through that oldest, and ablest by far of all our monthly magazines, the New York Knickerbocker—a work deservedly honored in the highest literary circles of Europe, and sustained by as brilliant a corps of writers as ever graced the pages of a periodical, under admirable editorial management and taste.

Suffer us to quote a part of his Address to the Evening Wind, to remind you of the flowing richness of his verse, and exhibit the characteristics of his style—"chastely elegant both in thought and expression—ornament enough, but not in profusion or display—imagery that is natural, appropriate, and peculiarly soothing—select and melodious language—harmony in the flow of the stanza—gentleness in the spirit, and deep philosophy in the conception."

"Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play.
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea.

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight,
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier at coming of the wind at night;
And languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretch'd beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breath'd upon the fainting earth.

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flowers, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow."

* * * *

The poems of Whittier, full of burning thoughts, of Sprague, of Dana, probably the most original living poet in our language, of Percival, most of the odes of Pierpont, Halleck,

Drake, Willis, Street, and a number more whose names are familiar to the public ear, deserve and will receive the honoring regard of posterity, wherever the English language is read, and true and right-toned poetry is loved. These men have done something more than jingle words; they have spoken from the heart to the heart, and drawn from the deep fountains of truth and nature thoughts that can never perish, thoughts that have entered the moral currency and circulation, endorsed by the amen of millions of hearts that have felt their power.

"Theirs is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek.

And theirs that music to whose tone,
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime."

* * * *

There was one whom we have not yet named, whose harp lies silent by his grave, but whose memory, fresh and fragrant, blooms in many a heart,—one to whom the lines of our Halleck apply most literally—

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise;"

The topic of this essay summons him here, for who that knew him would think the honored list of American poets complete, which did not include the name of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK?

Coleridge defines Genius as originality of intellectual construction; the moral accompaniment and actuating principle of which consists in the carrying on of the freshness and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood. A more beautiful illustration Coleridge himself could not have desired, than the brief, brilliant career of CLARK: Willis we all called him, he seemed so like a child that had not yet lost his innocence and sweetness. He was the friend of our better days; our heart has seldom loved anything so well, and perhaps it is not meet that we should estimate his intellectual wealth. His mastery of language was perfect. Charles Lamb and Professor Longfellow are wonderful in this respect. But I think Clark excels them both in the absoluteness of sway over our inflexible speech, constraining it to reveal the nicest shades and discriminations of thought and feeling, and utter the softest breathings of man's spiritual nature, like the piping of a bird in the upper sky, whose note lingers in our ear long after it has melted away in the heavens. The "searching pathos and mournful beauty" of his poetry, were remarked equally by the highest critical authorities, and the common breast. The lines written by him on the death of his wife, a lady of great personal beauty, rare accomplishments, and fond heart, who fell a victim to consumption in the brightness of youth, are full of touching beauty and the tenderest feeling.

"'Tis an autumnal eve—the low winds sighing
To wet leaves, rustling as they hasten by;
The eddying gusts to tossing boughs replying,
And ebon darkness filling all the sky,—
The moon, pale mistress, pall'd in solemn vapor,
The rack, swift wandering through the void above,
As I a mourner by my lonely taper,
Send back to faded hours the plaint of love.

Blossoms of peace once in my pathway springing,
Where have your brightness and your splendor gone?
And thou whose voice to me came sweet as singing,
What region holds thee, in the vast unknown!
What star far brighter than the rest contains thee,
Beloved departed—empress of my heart?
What bond of full beatitude enchains thee,
In realms unveiled by pen's or prophet's art!

Ah! lov'd and lost! in these autumnal hours,
When fairy colors deck the painted tree,
When the vast woodlands seem a sea of flowers,
O! then my soul exulting bounds to thee!
Springs, as to clasp thee yet in this existence,
Yet to behold thee at my lonely side;
But the fond vision melts at once to distance,
And my sad heart gives echo, she has died.

Yes, when the morning of her years was brightest,
That angel presence into dust went down,
While yet with rosy dreams her rest was lightest,
Death for the olive wove the cypress crown,—
Sleep, which no waking knows, o'ercame her bosom,
O'ercame her large, bright, spiritual eyes;
Spared in her bower connubial one fair blossom,
Then bore her spirit to the upper skies.

There let me meet her, where, life's struggles over,
The pure in love and thought their faith renew;
Where man's forgiving and redeeming Lover,
Spreads out his paradise to every view.
Let the dim autumn with its leaves descending
Howl on the winter's verge! yet spring will come;
So my freed soul no more 'gainst fate contending,
With all it loveth shall regain its home."

They were strains precursive of his early fate, soon to be succeeded by the muffled march of mourners. The spring came. From the windows of his sick chamber we looked together at the young buds, that were never to bloom on his eye. His prayer was heard and they met.

Fuchsia Gracilis.

FUCHSIA GRACILIS

. . . . No nobler heart than his slumbers in the halls of death, and to us the world looks sadder since his gentle and generous nature forsook it.

We close these remarks, and for the present take leave of a pleasant theme upon which more might profitably be said. We look on the field of American poetry, with respect for the moral character, and faith in the intellectual force and literary standing of the country. We thank God that here no mind has immortalized itself by its obliquity, perverseness and misanthropy, and by pandering to the base passions of the heart. We are thankful that we have some immortal names in the peaceful walks of literature, and that our sons of song have understood the high uses of the lyre, and made poesy minister to the happiness and refinement of the nation. As at the presence of Orpheus in Pluto's realm, the wheel of Ixion stopped, the stone of Sisyphus stood still, Tantalus forgot his thirst, and even the furies relented, so has the poetry of which we have been speaking, assuaged the sorrows, relaxed the rigors, and tempered the storms of the world in which man is a pilgrim and a stranger, and too often a mourner; and our heart and head have been made wiser, better and happier, by its sage inculcations and its soothing music. A healthy spiritualism interfuses itself with the common mind, and elevates it to a sunnier level and a serener sky; and the mild lights of a kinder, holier humanity break and beam from a thousand towers and headlands over the laboring waves of life. Poetry, no longer the glorifier of barbaric violence, of horrid war, of vaulting chivalry, becomes a ministering angel, hovering over us from the friendly heavens, commissioned to tranquillize the heart, wipe the tear from the eye, and kindle a living virtue and a beaming joy in the soul of man.

FUCHSIA GRACILIS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

The Fuchsia, one species of which embellishes this number of the Magazine, is a genus of most beautiful exotics. It belongs to the eighth class and first order, according to the artificial system of Linnæus; and according to the natural system of Jussieu, it is ranked under the order *onogræ*. The common name of the plant is Ladies Ear Drop. The genus was so named in honor of Leonard Fuchs, a celebrated German botanist, and if we recollect aright, the author of an extensive work on some subject connected with natural history.

The Fuchsia, except one species indigenous on the island of New Zealand, is a native of South America. It is said to grow in the valleys among the Andes in great abundance, and more luxuriantly than when cultivated in our more northern latitude. A botanist of some note, who made the tour of South America in search of interesting plants for the Royal Botanic Gardens in England, describes one species as attaining sometimes the height of eight feet. She is quite enthusiastic in her account of this family as they appear in their native clime. Their drooping branches, covered with clusters of crimson flowers, which form a happy contrast with their dark green leaves, blooming in humble seclusion, she represents as in the highest degree attractive and beautiful. The Indian girls of the country are accustomed to adorn their hair with wreaths of these flowers at their bridal festivities, and few plants are there more admired for their beauty.

There are several species of the Fuchsia—it is scarcely possible to determine how many. Some botanists enumerate ten; the Metropolitan Encyclopædia says twelve; but of these, doubtless, some are mere accidental varieties, rather than distinct species. Loudon, in his admirable Encyclopædia of Plants, describes only four species; and the inference is, that he found scarcely sufficient authority for extending the genus farther. The calyx of all the species is funnel-form, of a brilliant red color, almost concealing the petals. The engraving represents the *F. gracilis*, one of the most deservedly admired of this beautiful family.

THE MONK.

BY M. M. BACKUS.

The monk is an omnipresent character in modern history. The Romish church will have it that he is an essential element of our religion, and that he dates his birth coëval with the Son of God. However this may be, it is certain the seeds from which he sprang were already flying in the theological atmosphere before the first century was closed, and that these seeds subsequently took root and blossomed under every sky, vegetating like toadstools upon the fallen and decaying branches of Christianity.

The source of this monastic mania is asceticism. Austerities of the body were recommended by the Oriental and Grecian sages to their pupils, as a means of moral and intellectual purification, which in its turn would fit the soul for initiation into the sacred mysteries of high philosophy. The Gnostic school, which at the birth of Christ enjoyed the highest popularity with the western Asiatics, was uncommonly full and rigid in this article of discipline. Its religious dogmas were a singular compound of half-formed truths, and gloomy sentimentalism. Under a sky and a sun which forced the physical powers forward to an early maturity, while they left the mind with only a stinted growth, this dyspeptic state of religion spread like wildfire. When Christianity met so universal an antagonism, she might at first overwhelm it in the open conflict, but in the slow process of establishing her organization among her new subjects, she could hardly escape, for she was not on her guard against, those modifications, which a vanquished and subtle enemy might introduce. Egypt was the hothouse in which this religious weed first shot forth; but like all hothouse plants, it dragged out a weakly, sickly existence, until it had been transplanted into the vigorous soil of Northern Europe, and acquired strength and flexibility by exposure to wind and storm.

The first institutor of the monastic life, Antony the Great, was born in Upper Egypt, about the middle of the second century. An illiterate young man, of great wealth, enervated by idleness, and almost imbecile in mind, he was educated in the Christian religion. Inoculated with the poison of the Gnostic school, he resolved, after the death of his parents, upon the observance of a rigid asceticism, and thus with a hearty contempt of all learning, and a sentimental mania for solitary meditation, animal emotion, and for the indulgence of a lively though diseased fancy, he bade adieu to the stir and confusion of society, and buried himself in the desert. His secret sin and his great transgression were one and the same—the product of an impure imagination. Against this vice he bent all his energies; and in this his conduct was commendable. But when he failed to root out the seeds of the disease, and turned the bitterness of his own disappointment upon the heads of those, who contrived to live full as happily and morally as himself in the social sphere in which God had placed them, he exposed himself to the charge of being an addled fanatic.

Antony denied himself every pleasure of sense, reduced his allowance of bread and salt to the last possible pennyweight, blushed to be seen eating in public, slept only when driven by the demands of exhausted nature, used the scantiest clothing of goats' and camels' hair, wrought mats of palm leaves for a livelihood, put in practice every expedient for torturing and emaciating his body, and spent most of his hours in meditation and prayer. These habits of life required solitude; but while he was fleeing from man, a host of admiring followers hung upon his retreat, and swarmed about his footsteps. His physical powers must soon have yielded under these austerities, but for the employment thrust upon him by the attendant crowd. Despairing of escape, he made the best of his irksome company, by teaching them a philosophy which is now pronounced deism, and imposing upon them a set of unwritten rules for their governance. These rules were a transcript of those observed by himself, and in overseeing their faithful administration, and correcting delinquents, Antony found his hands full. At length, erecting an edifice upon the sloping side of an Egyptian mountain, he formed his company into a band of *cœnobites*. Thus was the monastic system fully developed in his own person and career. His first stage was that of a voluptuary suffering under a plethora of wealth, in ridding himself of which he contracted another, and became an ascetic, or a sort of Christian dervise. The second stage was that of a monk, or a variety of the Chris-

tian fakir—*μονάζων, living alone,*—the more readily and effectually to grow in the graces of his system. The third stage was that of a cœnobite, or a species of ecclesiastical Fourierite. The common terms, hermit, anchoret, monk, recluse, and the like, may be used indifferently of Antony as of all monks after his day; but the term ascetic, with its synonyms, is alone strictly applicable to the enthusiastic observers of austere penances, who preceded this Egyptian monk. Revery, animal excitement, the idle phantasies which spring from an abused dietary system, an emaciated body, dreams, ghosts, coarse and uncleanly raiment, ignorance, dogmatism—these were his virtues which rated the highest with Antony; unfortunately he recommended them to a generation whose theological capacity seems to have been of just magnitude enough to apprehend and admire 'old wives' fables,' by a life of harmless piety and patient perseverance: and when, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and five years, he finished his earthly course in peace, his followers extolled his virtues as divine, and clinched the argument in favor of monasticism by recording a host of miracles which they said he had performed, rivalling in number and degree even those of the Saviour himself. The Romish church directs that prayer for his intercession be made to preserve men from a terrible disease of the middle ages, which dried up and blackened every limb it attacked, and is hence called St. Antony's fire. While relics were in fashion, a fragment of Antony's bones was regarded as an amulet, which made its owner safe and invulnerable in all contests of pugilism.

From Egypt the monastic fever spread into Syria and Palestine. Hilarion, having acquired the requisite knowledge in the school of Antony, turned back into his native land of Palestine, sold or gave away his estate, collected about him a band of sympathetic spirits, and took up his residence in the howling desert which lies between Gaza and Egypt. At first, his abode was a miserable hut, which was soon exchanged for a narrow cell, so low that a man could not stand erect in it. In this living sepulchre he affirms he endured many contests with the legions of bad spirits, and uniformly worsted them in the fight. To his body, which he termed his jackass, he denied barley, and fed it with chaff, in order to tame it with hunger and privation. For several days he would suffer neither food nor drink to pass his lips, and would meanwhile husband his hours by digging ditches, making rush baskets, singing, and prayer. Two-and-twenty years he pursued this course of life, and eventually gathered about himself over two thousand followers. Bishops and renowned instructors high and low, males and females, flocked to see the uncaged monomaniac, and treasure up his silly drivelings as so many revelations from heaven. His fame was greatly enhanced by the victory which he claimed to have gained over the Devil in a personal rencontre. His miracles, however, multiplied the most rapidly after his decease, and the learned, though deluded Jerome, who undertook the task of his biographer, throws down his pen in despair at their vastness and number, and stands in stupefaction before the mass, which a lifetime were too brief to record.

By the middle of the fourth century monasticism was firmly established in the affections of a majority of the churches. Priests and people, all ranks and conditions in life, vied with each other in extolling its excellence, which combined, as it was thought and preached, the concentrated virtues of the Christian religion. Hitherto, however, the monks had been composed of that illiterate and inefficient class, in which numbers can form no substitute for a controlling head. There were energy, and willingness, and materials enough, of every character, in the monasteries: but they lacked organism, oneness of purpose, and external uniformity. This shape and efficiency they were destined to receive from an original and masterly mind, which nature had endowed with singular activity and force, and placed under the happy restraints of sincere piety and sound learning. Such a man was Basil the Great. At an early age he had mastered all the learning of Greece, visited Athens and Constantinople, and made the acquaintance of the first philosophers of the day. Sincerity, and an earnest desire for truth, were the prominent traits and leading motives of his character; and he turned from the infidelity of philosophy as from a soulless, powerless system of dogmas, to investigate the claims of the Christian religion. The name of Origen was at that time famous throughout the world for the learning, sagacity, and beauty of his commentaries. At the feet of this expositor of the faith Basil sat, and drew from his mystic theology that which poisoned the whole current of his after-life—a love of mysticism and asceticism. Travelling into Egypt, he was instantly struck with the advantages of the institution of Antony, and resolved to devote his days to the same retirement and discipline. Returning to Pontus, he discovered, after a diligent search, a

spot, the scenery of which promised to contribute to the end of religious meditation, and immediately disclosed his intention of turning monk to his intimate friend, Gregory Nazianzen.

"The place I have selected," he writes, in his nineteenth epistle, "is a delightful romantic site. It is a high mountain in Pontus, on the banks of the river Iris, surrounded by a dense forest, itself watered by cool and limpid streams, flowing in a northerly direction. At the foot of the mountain lies a level plain, through which meander a score of rivulets, overhung by trees and shrubs, which fructify here spontaneously. It might be called an island, shut out from the rest of the world. On two sides it is rendered inaccessible by the intervention of two deep and broad clefts in the rock; a third is walled in by the impetuous torrent of the river; and approach is practicable only by a narrow path upon the fourth. Of this path we are masters. From my dwelling I enjoy an enchanting prospect over the plain and sinuous stream. Indeed, it will not yield, in point of romantic beauty, to the loveliness of the Strymon, which flows so sweetly by Amphipolis. The latter is the gentler stream, mine more headlong and torrent-like: but even its whirls, and eddies, and breakers, are peopled with an innumerable nation of fishes. Sweet perfumes exhale from the bosom of earth, and soft breezes float in the air. What more can heart desire? Flowers and birds, plaintive notes and sweet incense, all are mine; but above all, the spontaneous growth of every species of fruit necessary to subsistence, leaves me to my own meditation, unoccupied with the cares of this world; and my repose is never disturbed, save by the deep-mouthed hounds of some straggling huntsmen. My companions are the stag, the hind, the goat, and the hare. Were I not a fool to exchange this spot, even for the far-famed Tiberine seat? Like Alcmæon, when he had reached the lovely Echinades Islands, I here finish my pilgrimage."

It is not surprising, that a spot, in which nature united so many of her charms and her sublimest shapes, should awaken the enthusiasm of so susceptible a mind as Basil's. It requires no great asceticism to fall in love with beauty and grandeur, fragrance and music, waterfalls and sunsets; and most of us, totally surd as our ears are to the enticements of a cloister life, would gladly consult our own pleasures and spend a few months in the midst of such inspiriting and ennobling scenes. Gregory was of this opinion himself, and therefore rallied his sentimental friend on the charms, which an overacted disgust for city life had lent to his monastic site.

Basil parries the charge by confessing, that the character of his retreat is of no great value in exciting pious emotions; but he has sickened of the noise and bustle of cities, and loathes the hollow virtues of their inhabitants. "We bear constantly about with us the seeds of internal disease, and are ever exposed to its disturbing action. From this foe solitude furnishes no relief; and yet tranquillity of mind can never be enjoyed except in some deserted spot. He who prides himself on having escaped the toils of wedlock, is no less sleeplessly beset by a legion of raging lusts, and incontrollable passions; or if he be married, he is immediately hampered with the cares of a family, solicitous for the education of his children, the adornment of his wife, and the government of his servants. A secession from the whole world offers the only refuge. A secession from the world, however, does not imply to be out of one's self bodily, but to tear away the soul from its union and sympathy with the corporeal affections—to become citiless, homeless, penniless, friendless, without estates, without food, without business, amassing nothing, ignorant of events and science, and ready to receive only, and those always, the responses of the divine oracles. Such occupations are incompatible with solitude alone. In addition to a rigid observance of hours of prayer, the monk should aim at mildness and affability of address, think before opening his lips, be modest in advancing his opinions, and discard all virulent epithets and raillery. He should scrupulously renounce playful conversation, and adjust his body to the temper of his mind; having a lowly look, a disordered dress, tangled and squalid locks, and filthy raiment. The tunic should be girt with a ceinture; the girdle should not rest upon the hips, for that is feminine; neither should it hang loose, for that is wanton. A slow gait should express the unruffled tranquillity of the mind: the garment should always be of one kind, and chosen in direct violation of all rules of taste as to color and texture; and upon the feet should be found the cheapest sandals the Empire could supply. At the table the frugal meal should be partaken with modesty; and in fine, but one of the twenty-four hours should be spent in the cares of the body."

Such were the crude notions of Basil, when he would apologize to an intimate friend for his love of solitude. In a letter to Chilon who had become a convert to the system, he advises the

young man to prosecute his task with ardor, and banish from his heart every remembrance of former friends. "Love not the crowd, the country or the city, but feast upon the joys of solitude; psalm-singing, revery and prayer are now your only duties. Cast not a glance back upon the world, the learning and theology of its bishops or the extensive assemblies of the saints; frown upon every incipient thought, that you are fattening here like a sluggish wild beast, as only a base suggestion of the Devil himself. There are, to be sure, good things in the world, but they are all mixed up with evil. There are fine speeches and fine fables; plunderers, tyrants, and thieves; great virtues and great vices; drunkards and moral bloodhounds; fair women, but frail; and virginity, that only defiles the thought; yea, I have heard there many a sermon, that was wonderful nice to live by, but I never found a single teacher, whose virtues were worthy of his sermons. Then there are dramatic revels, the gay dance, the sweet lyre, the happy buffoonery, the empty folly and the rough jostling of passion—tears from the haunts of poverty, shouts from the palace of the tyrant, wailing and secret anguish from all. What boots the possession of all this? The convent, my friend Chilon, banishes it all from the thought of the fancy."

We have no sympathy with the mind, which can stifle its admiration of the sincerity which these letters breathe, and the ardor with which a bruised spirit seeks relief from its anguish; but we have just as little sympathy with that other mind, which stupidly transfers its admiration of their sincerity to their fallacy, and pays them the honors due to Revelation alone: which can with a bedridden zeal worship a corrupt system simply because it is as grey in years as in iniquity, and revere a frenzied ultraism of the fourth century as the most perfect and pure Christianity of the nineteenth. It is curious to trace the dividing line between the pure and the impure in Basil's strange medley of compassion and advice; nay, it is even instructive by the lesson it teaches of the insidious character of superstition, and the subtle means by which it acquires a supremacy over the reason and the heart. There can be no danger at this day in taking this circumstantial view of the monastic system, when that system has been subjected not only to the Aristotelian test of logic, but also to the Baconian test of experiment; and verily its condemnation has been to be "buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem."

When this sentimentalism had thoroughly tinctured the reason of Basil, it began to assume form and substance under the active and creative energies of his genius. With wonderful skill and foresight he drew up a body of rules for the administration of a cloister, and the conduct of its tenants. He altered and improved these rules as experience and a riper judgment enabled him, and he left them at his death so perfect and so comprehensive, that they have constituted the basis, upon which all subsequent monastic orders have been erected. This honor of invention is universally awarded to him by the Oriental church; but the pride and envy of the Western led her to shift the laurel from Basil to Benedict, because the latter in the sixth century drew up a constitution for monks, and upon Monte Cassino faithfully bore his yoke of will-worship with a patience, which has been the envy and emulation of all good Romanists ever since.

While man was thus cowardly turning his back on active life, woman looked on, not unconcerned. The epidemic of example overshadowed even those fine and well balanced emotions of the female heart, which so far outstrip the slow pace of masculine reason, and so frequently purify it from the dregs of subtlety and error. But if man was decided on proving recreant to his office, and on offering up, under the old Pharisaical cry of *corban*—it is a gift—eternal celibacy on the altar of superstition, woman was resolved on vowing upon the same altar her virginity: if he was bent on being a monk, she was bent upon being a nun—and it was so. She hasted to the wild and rugged scenes of nature, built herself a substantial mansion, disfigured the natural beauties of her person, wandered about in sackcloth, and brooded in secret despair over the "temptation without and the corruption within," from which she could find no refuge. But now, just when the loud shout of triumph was about to be raised over a vanquished enemy, it appeared that the enemy was even within the citadel itself;—that the last intrenchment against indulgence had been yielded at the moment she imagined the victory won. In her flight from the face of men, she left behind her the fear of detection, and the powerful motives of a good name on earth. The enormous charities of the superstitious had provided her with a home and the means of subsistence for life: and she was left beyond the pale of social sympathy, which is the very heart's blood of woman's happiness, careless of the misfortunes of time, thoughtless

of the morrow, and stripped of her brightest ornaments and the chief office of her sex. It requires no gift of prophecy to foretell the issue of so unnatural a state of things: but it requires a mind, encased in the impenetrable armor of angels, to approach and survey, without exposure to the plague, the steaming lazar-houses of the celibats and virgins, and we hasten from the infected Sodom without daring to revert our eyes.

Chemistry has made known the fact that water, when resolved into its constituent parts, is a composition of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen; and that, when these elements are allowed to issue from their respective reservoirs and re-unite, under certain chemical conditions, they generate a heat which fuses and devours any and every known form of matter on the surface of the earth. We can find no apter simile than this to describe the unnatural decomposition of society into monks and nuns, and its foul reörganization by the issue of the confluent streams of passion from the cloister and the nunnery. On one side stands a fraternity proclaiming in every act, in every gesture, nay, in its very existence, its inability to curb rampant passion, and its distrust of the good grace of God to enable it to lead a chaste life in the social state. On the other a sisterhood responds to the confession by echoing the conscious frailty of its principles and virtue. The very atmosphere about their solitudes vibrates with the whispers of burning passion, the ear tingles with the siren voice of the tempter, and lust is hourly gathering strength to burst from the cerements of a quack embalming, and live again in the form, fashion, and freedom of its native state. The cowl and the veil hide alike the pale brow of effrontery and the crimson cheek of shame, the confessional opens up the tablet of the soul, and heart answereth to heart as the face of man to its reflection from the mirror. Hypocrisy favors the stealthy approach; the absence of earthly hopes has left no room for earthly terrors; and the common interest of accomplices in crime seals the lips against disclosure, and urges them on from thought to sin, from sin to malignancy, until they would, like the fallen angels, wrap the world in the ruin and death which await themselves. Monasticism and celibacy act like the cataplasms of an empiric, adding violence to the internal and festering disease of original sin, and causing it to rankle still more fiercely with the pent-up poison—or they are the ponderous and towering masses, piled up and over the crater of bubbling, heaving, molten, volcanic fire, which, when it lists, uses them as an avenue along which it acquires direction, and as material out of which it forms lava and ashes, to whelm the world with surer and swifter destruction.

To lead the life of a solitary anchoret was doubtless the whole object of the inventor of monasticism; but it was soon found that "the whole duty of man" did not consist in assimilating his life to that of a bat, and that the mind and passions of man were not to be interred along with his body, within the four walls of a cloister. The ascetic, from abhorring himself, began to abhor his fellows; he turned misanthrope for necessity, and when he flung himself back into society—for man is a gregarious animal, monasticism to the contrary notwithstanding—he grasped at such offices as would give the freest scope to his passions, and supply the absence of the indulgence. In this dispersion from the monastery, each naturally resought his native element; the bird the air, the fish his waves, the beast his den, the bat his cell, and the snake and the paddock their stagnant pool. For thus we meet the monk upon the records of modern story: here a devoted herald of the cross, there a crafty statesman; now a harlequin and now an assassin; serving as the ghost for the catastrophe of fiction, sporting the minnesinger under the nunnery window, acting the hangman in an Inquisition, and playing the mountebank at the fair: a missionary under the burning sun of India, a bravo in Venice, a casuist in Paris, a pimp in Rome, and a plotting, intriguing, uncertain, and mysterious being, the world over.

But man, even in the form of a monk, is clannish. The seminaries from which issued the perennial supply of this unnatural order of beings, caught a spirit of rivalry, and fanned it with all the zeal of which such spirits are capacious. Thence sprang a countless brood of conflicting monastic orders, which each century multiplied and subdivided until it seemed as if the whole huge mass would undergo disintegration and crumble in pieces by its own weight. But the pressure from without supplied the want of internal cement. A common interest and a common source of livelihood assuaged the violence of party malevolence. They all labored in common to indoctrinate the mass of mankind with the feculent dogmas of a false religion, and then fattened like a covey of carrion-birds upon the putrescence of the common prey. It was a night of despair, beyond the ken of man to invent a remedy, and beyond the

strength of his arm to apply it, if invented. Then God turned and remembered his own faithfulness. Into the gloomy mind of a Spanish enthusiast he breathed the "savor of death," and caused Ignatius Loyola to conceive and bring forth a scheme, which, combining in one all the motives that stir the spiritual depths of human action, and so adapting its economy as to bring into play every element and every variety of character, turned the lesser rivulets of individual motive and faculty into one deep and broad channel, and amassed the waters to deluge the nations. Then malice, ambition, learning, lust, religious revery, and treachery, received each its fullest development, and knelt in harmony around the specious shrine of religion. As Jesuitism moved onward, accelerating its march and widening its path, absorbing the turbulent and the ambitious, the criminal and the devotee, the miser and the spendthrift, within its ranks, acquiring skill in the use of its tactics, and courage from success, dallying with the haughty and trampling on the weak, it kept its eye singly upon the prize of its calling, and burrowed its way up through sin-laden consciences to the sceptre and the sword. Then, having reached this fearful elevation, and secured its fortress, in the frenzy of its power it turned the artillery of revenge back upon everything that had opposed its progress, and scathed everything lovely and holy in society, civil and ecclesiastical, with the fires of its infuriated zeal. The rival orders of monks fled from its presence as from the spirit of all evil; but when they found opposition useless and escape impossible, they bowed their submissive heads, and consented to become its minions. Thenceforth, like the hell-hounds of Sin, in that gigantic conception of Milton, they

would creep,
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there,

while Jesuitism, in lonely and hideous grandeur, stood like the grisly Terror herself,

Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting,

growing every hour and rising from every exploit, 'tenfold more hideous and deform.'

We have not entered into a critical analysis of the moral fallacy of monasticism. Such an analysis would lead us to a proposition, evangelical in itself, and yet a paradox in its enunciation. In the world, and yet out of the world, is for him who obeys the simple precepts of Christ, easy of solution in practice; while all those who cast up for themselves some better way, only expose their folly, contaminate their faith, disgrace their profession, and jeopard the salvation of their souls.

CHILDHOOD.

When I was a guileless child,
Pure and gentle, kind and mild,
  In the morning of my day,
By those miseries undefiled
  Which have driven my peace away;
  Basking in my merry play
'Neath the sunshine, like a fay
Danced I ever joyously;
Naught to frighten did I see.
  Flowers crowned my childish head,
  When I gaily wandered,
  Every hope before me spread,
Every joy was new to me.
Happy moments, where are ye?
  Can it be that you are fled?

I have asked the flowers I played with;—
  They are withered now, and dead.
I have asked the birds I stayed with,
Whom I gentle music made with;
  But their spirits now are sped,
  Since the tear-drop first I shed
Joy has left my saddened breast.
  Since the heart's weak vein first bled,
I have lost the spirit's zest
Which once used to make me blest,
  When, in youthful gaiety,
  And from care and sorrow free,
Every path to pleasure led.
  Happy moments, where are ye?
Can it be that you are fled?

C. W B.

TRIALS MAKE THE MAN.

BY REV. T. S. CLARKE.

THE human mind is an instrument of mighty power; and yet, previous to its being fitted for use by trial, it is like gold in the ore bed; it is mixed up with the rubbish of passion and sensuality, and covered over with earthly feelings; and not, any more than gold, till it is dug up, and refined, and stamped as the current coin of the kingdom of truth, is it fit to be used to promote the beneficent enterprises of society, and the glory of God.

The common idea of trials, however, is often wide of the mark, they being regarded as something to be *endured;* and *patience* and *submission* are the only expected products. The mind is fixed on one suffering the pains of sickness, or of some earthly bereavement; and the thing looked for is, that he behave himself quietly as a weaned child. This view, indeed, is right as far as it goes. It is right to ask and to expect that the sick man turn his face to the wall, and pray with a sweet submission to the will of heaven But still this view does not appear to embrace the *main article.* The great design of refining gold is to fit it for use, and, when stamped, to make it the current coin of the world; so that the East Indian, when he sees it, shall look upon it with as much favor as he of the country where it was first refined and stamped—so that it shall pass readily everywhere in Europe, Africa, Asia, America, and in the Islands of the Sea, and go forth in exchange for the commerce of the world. So the various trials sent upon us by the Providence of God are intended to purify us, that we may be *used* in the kingdom of truth and holiness. The soul of man has wonderful capacities for useful action, and well it may have, for it is the breath of the Almighty, as indestructible as himself. But what multitudes are utterly unconscious of what they are—of the good they might do, if the dross were melted out of them in the furnace of trial, and their minds were waked up by the power of the world to come! How many deem themselves mere cyphers, as to the power of being useful, not because they are humble, but because they are ignorant of their resources, and of what they *can* do in the way of favorably affecting other minds, and of the wonderful extent to which their faculties might be improved by suitable exercise.

Now there need to be, and there are, various processes by which such men are brought to the knowledge of themselves—of what they can and ought to do—and in what ways they may best serve their generation, according to their several ability. Trials are made of them in various ways, fitted and intended to draw them out of the little nutshell of selfishness, and to induce them "to run with patience the race that is set before them."

The *nature* of these trials, together with their *end* and *aim*, it may not be amiss briefly to state.

It should be remarked, however, in passing, that what gives a man power to do good is self-command, joined to a character for honesty, and the spirit of self-sacrifice for the public welfare. Everywhere, the man who controls his passions, on whose tongue is the law of kindness, whose judgment is so disciplined as to enable him to fit means to their appropriate ends, and whose selfishness readily yields to the calls of public duty, is a leading spirit—a man of strength in the community.

Now, the trials to which we are subjected by the Providence of God, are fitted and intended to bring out and mature just these traits of character.

First and foremost is a class of trials designed to bring us *to the consciousness of power to do battle successfully with difficulties in the way of self-improvement and the general good.*

How little was David aware, when he first became the shepherd of his father's sheep, of what he could do for the honor of his country and his God. To bring him to the consciousness of this power, his strength was first tested by a battle with the lion and the bear that came to destroy the flock of which he had the care This educated him to meet without fear in single combat, the Philistine that defied the armies of the living God. For when the stripling came into the camp, at the command of his father, to see how his brethren fared, seeing all the strong men afraid to accept the challenge of the uncircumcised giant, and remembering what he had been able to do with the lion and the bear, God assisting him, he offered to meet this proud boaster as the champion of Israel. "And Saul said, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine; for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war

from his youth. And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock. And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose up against me I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. David said moreover, the Lord, who delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee." Here the reader will perceive that the bear and the Philistine stood in David's mind in the relation of cause and effect. In other words, that his successful encounter with the bear prepared him also to go single-handed against the great enemy of his country. The trials to which he was subjected, as the keeper of his father's flocks, gave him the first impulse, that made him the eminent man that he subsequently became.

Another striking illustration of the upward impulse imparted to a man's spirit, when trials lead him to the consciousness of what he is, and what he may be, is found in the life of Lord Nelson. Alone and unfriended in his early days, it seemed to him, at one time, that he could never rise in his profession. But though the sense of his discouragement pressed heavily on his soul, yet it had the effect to draw him out—to inspire the fixed resolution to do and to dare all that was necessary to reach the high mark at which he aimed; and to the resolution, which this trial of his spirit inspired, he owed the success of his after life.

Next to these trials designed to bring us to the consciousness of what we are, and of what with energy and perseverance we may *be, come tests of the judgment to devise efficient plans of action.*

Not a day passes, in which a man is not tried in this respect in *some* relation. The test may indeed be, and usually *is*, on a *small scale*, and is intended to show whether he is *wise* in *little* things; whether in his daily conversation and deportment, and in the management of minor concerns, there is such practical wisdom in adapting means to ends as will justify the confiding to him of a larger trust. His condition of being elevated to the high places of responsibility and influence, as it is a *settled law* of Providence, is seldom sufficiently thought of We cannot long confide in men, who lack the attribute of a sound, comprehensive judgment. They cannot be trusted as leaders in good enterprises, because they are not *sure-footed.*

Now if the reader will observe the direction of providential trials, he will perceive many of them bearing on this very point—testing a man's judgment—and showing to the world whether or not he is a *thoughtful* man; whether or not he sits down and carefully counts the cost before he begins to build: whether he works according to a well devised plan of action, or whether he is merely the creature of impulse and whim.

Next there *are trials of his power of self-control:* whether he will keep his body under, and his appetites in subjection to right reason—whether he keeps a strong hand on the various passions of anger, envy, and prejudice, so that his mind can work freely, and in the manner intended by his Creator. The man of passion and appetite cannot be used in the service of truth and benevolence; he does not come forth from trials as gold from the crucible; and hence cannot be used as the circulating medium in the kingdom of holiness.

Now that men are constantly tried in this respect must be apparent to every reflecting mind; and not, till they *bear* such trials can they be *used.* There is as yet in them more of dross than of gold; they must therefore be subjected to the purifying fire of God's Providence and Spirit, or remain useless in the ore-bed of sensuality. Self-command is an essential element in the well-doer. How soon would all the power of even Paul to do good have been turned into utter weakness, if the cavilling remark, or the biting sarcasms of his adversaries, had thrown him off his balance, and led him to return railing for railing!

And then last, though not least, *comes the trial of his preferences:*—whether these are for his own exclusive interests, or for the general good. These preferences are tested by every call made upon him to aid in the printing and general circulation of the Bible—in sustaining the missionary enterprise—in establishing evangelical institutions at home and abroad—and in supplying the wants of the poor and needy. Now if he abide these trials; if his heart has been so changed, as to be filled with the sympathies and kindness of heaven, he comes forth as gold, and can be used in the service of truth and righteousness. "The Lord loveth the cheerful giver," and can use him as the Almoner of his bounties to the destitute and afflicted. But if he

cannot forsake all for Christ, and goes away sad from every call for self-sacrifice, because he has large possessions, and loves them more than the well-being of his race; if his eye is evil, and his heart sour, when charity makes a demand upon his purse, and his efforts, he shows himself to be a cumberer of the ground—a branch that bears no fruit; a cloud without water, carried about by the winds of selfishness.

We thus see that the great question which the trials of Providence are daily leading us to settle is, whether we will take the position in the kingdom of God, in which alone we can work in harmony with his plans. To think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think is to counterfeit and vitiate the coin of the divine kingdom. A proud and selfish man is like a gnarled and crooked piece of timber, which cannot be used for purposes of building, and which is fit only to be burned. And the great design of providential discipline is to humble his pride, to induce a just self-valuation—and to lead him to act in harmony with that law, which requires him to love his neighbor as himself, and to estimate every intelligent being according to his real worth. And when the trial results in casting down his haughty imaginations, and filling him with the meekness and gentleness of Christ, he comes forth as gold, purified, stamped with the divine image, and fit to be used in the moral commerce of the world.

These remarks are sufficient to bring out the noble aim of trials to the full view of the reader, leading him to see that the great stream of humanity is filled with *flood-wood*, drifting down towards the gulf of perdition, and that the Providence and grace of God are using various means to draw it to the shore, and to save it from being utterly lost to all useful purposes. All along the banks, he will see many contrivances to reach and arrest the drifting souls of men, and to plant them on the rock of ages, and to fill them with songs of praise in view of their surprising deliverance. Some are just entering the stream;—others are far on their way to the gulf;—others still are so much under the control of the raging waters, as to be apparently beyond the possibility of being saved. Still all along, God's voice is heard calling after them; his arms of mercy are extended to reach them; his Spirit often breathes over the troubled deep, and during the calm thus produced, many are arrested and drawn to the shore. The design of all such efforts is to save and fit for use what would otherwise be worthless and lost.

If the writer has been successful in this representation of the Nature and Design of trials, he has placed the reader on vantage ground, from which he cannot fail to discern several facts in human affairs, which it much concerns him to understand and appreciate.

He sees first the reason why *so many fail to accomplish much in the great business of life.*

Of the fact, there can be no reasonable doubt. Multitudes, on reflection, must feel and confess that they have done but little, if any, of that work which will bear the test of the final judgment, or such as will give joy to their souls in the eternal world. They must see and acknowledge that but few, if any, minds have been brightened by their instrumentality; that but few, if any, souls have been turned by them into the path of life. The widow and the fatherless; the benighted and the ignorant; the vicious and depraved will be unable to testify that these multitudes cared either for their bodies or their souls.

Now why is this? unless because trials have failed of their intended effect? These multitudes have not as yet been brought, by any of the various processes employed by the Providence and Spirit of God for that purpose, to the consciousness of what they are, and of the deep necessities of their immortal natures. Their hearts are still crusted over with worldliness: and so intense is their selfishness, that they cannot voluntarily be used for good purposes, with faculties that fit them to rise on the scale of moral worth, and to draw others after them; and with motives sweet as heaven, and awful as hell, stirring them to act worthy of the sons of eternity, they have nevertheless permitted themselves to move amid the scenes of time with the mental eye closed, and to act in the matter of accountability, as if to eat and drink were the whole duty of man, and as if death were an eternal sleep.

The reader cannot fail to perceive also from the position which he here occupies, *that great watchfulness and circumspection are needful, in order to know* WHEN *we are tried, and for* WHAT *purpose.*

Multitudes, no doubt, lose all the benefits of trials, through mere heedlessness; and many who are somewhat attentive, fail to derive advantage from an impression that great men are made only by great emergencies, and that those little everyday trials of their power of self-control, and of their habitual preferences are hardly worthy of notice, because they are supposed to exert but little influence in the formation of character. And yet does not the feather fluttering in the breeze show us the direction of the

wind as truly as the golden vane which turns with the shifting currents of the atmosphere? Life is made up of *little* things. The furniture of the most splendid minds has been gained by *little* and *little*. Habits of thought and action which are now as inexorable as the grave, received their first breath in some casual circumstance of childhood, which five minutes of reflection, or one word of warning, might have prevented.

It cannot, then, be too much insisted on, as one of the settled laws of Providence, that those only who are faithful in *little* things will be promoted to the management of *larger* trusts; and hence that every man who wishes to exert a wide and happy influence, or to meet with the approbation of his conscience and final Judge, should ever watch those *little* trials to which he is daily subjected—trials of his temper—of his tongue—of his judgment—of his preferences: he should ever be observant of the direction in which they point, and the feelings which they develope in his heart; and the kind of impulse they give to his conduct. For it is in such circumstances that character is rapidly forming, and the soul receives its education for eternity.

Moreover, the fact must have fallen under the observation of all, that every man at some time in his life has been brought into straits, from which he could not be extricated without unusual effort and self-denial. There was a lion in the way, or some more than ordinary obstruction, while at the same time his better judgment and the voice of Providence both bade him "Go forward, take up that cross; sacrifice your love of ease; fear not the roaring of the lion; advance with the determination to do your duty, at whatever cost." Now if, at this crisis, these monitions are heeded, and the man goes heedfully but boldly ahead, he will come forth from the trial as gold—with twice his former value. He will have a consciousness of power, to which he was before a stranger; and if he bear subsequent trials with the same spirit, he will soon become a leading spirit in the community. But if, at this point, his courage fails him; if he turns and runs when he hears the lion roar, the question as to his advancement is in all probability for ever settled, and settled against him. From that hour he will find himself in the rear. The same discipline which elevates and fits his neighbor for service in the kingdom of truth, will no more extract good from his character than the rain which falls on the deserts of Sahara will make them bud and blossom as the rose. Such facts cannot but impress us with the necessity of watchfulness, in order that we may see the bearings of every trial, and follow resolutely in the path to which they point.

This view, moreover, of the intended effect of providential discipline, presents *the character of God, as a moral governor, in a light peculiarly attractive*. It is not enough believed or remembered that God wishes his creatures well—that he desires every one of them to rise in the scale of moral worth—to run the race that is set before them so as to secure the glorious prize at the end—to do something which shall add to the lustre of their immortality. Hence, too often, we look upon trials as the impositions of a hard master; as something which interrupts the real business of life, and plants its pathway with thorns, when flowers would have done better.—So the froward child looks with an evil eye upon his father for attempting by correction to subdue his stubbornness, and induce a sweet submission to parental authority. But should the trial in this case succeed in its aim, he will bless his father for it all his days. In like manner, of the various discipline of Providence, if we answer to its design, we may say, in the language of an Apostle, "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it worketh out the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." This is a view of God, as attractive as it is just. It shows that his intentions in the trials he sends upon us are generous and kind, and that he is worthy of our unlimited confidence, even in life's darkest hour.

In closing this article, already too protracted, it only remains to dispose of a question which will naturally suggest itself to every mind—*What if men refuse to be in spirit and practice, what trials seek to make them?* Are we to conclude that the divine benevolence is so great and indiscriminating, as to save those from harm who continue stubborn under chastisement, and refuse to learn the lessons which are taught in the school of providential discipline? If the reader will turn, as we hope he will, to Luke 13, 6—9, he will find the answer; an answer which will impressively teach him that if trials fail to *make* the man, they will *mar* him for ever.

THE GREY NUNS OF MONTREAL.

It was a bright morning, of the last month, when, with a party of friends, I rang at the gate of the Grey Nunnery at Montreal. I say it was a *bright* morning; and the sweet smiles of nature were so full of charms for me, that it made it doubly gloomy to look at the walls of a prison, where all the gentle aspirations of the soul for the beauty that reigns in the world are crushed, and hearts are bound in a dungeon whose doors never open for its prisoners to escape.

Over the great gate was this inscription in the French language, "*When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.*" And I thought, surely they who dwell here, have not been forsaken by their parents, and cast on the cold charities of the world; rather they have deserted those whose love was their life in infancy, and to whom gratitude should have bound them by ties stronger than life itself. But I was not long in finding that there was a meaning to the inscription which I did not comprehend, and that one of the chief duties of the nuns is to take orphan children and bring them up, even from the helpless season of infancy, until they are old enough to be put to service.

The impression prevails generally among Protestants, that a *Nunnery* is a sealed prison, which none but the *initiated* may enter, and none of them escape. And this is true with respect to the private apartments of the nuns; but the rooms in which they are employed, are not only always open to inspection, but visiters are cordially received, and encouraged to come, inasmuch as these visits are often a source of no small profit to the establishment. During the travelling season, not a day passes without these convents receiving calls from many strangers, and every one is expected to purchase articles of fancy work, that are freely exhibited in every apartment which you enter.

On entering the convent, an old man, an invalid, was directed to show us through. He first introduced us to the chapel, a beautiful chapel, ornamented with many handsome paintings, chiefly of scenes in the life and death of the sinner's Saviour; and on the canvass he is usually presented in those attitudes, and under those circumstances, that draw the most powerfully upon the tender heart. In various parts of the chapel were nuns and invalids from the hospital, kneeling in profound, and, to all appearance, devout contemplation, if not adoration, of the pictures of the Saviour or the Virgin Mary; and though a large party of strangers were walking around and conversing freely, the attention of the worshippers was not for an instant diverted. This was the morning devotion of souls taught to expect God's favor through the silent study of these images of his Son!

We were led to a long apartment—a hospital for sick men. The diseased were lying on curtained beds ranged in rows around the rooms, and the *sisters* were nursing them with tender care, supplying the immediate wants of those in pain, reading to those who would listen, and in various ways of kindness, seeking to relieve the distresses of those whom poverty and sickness had driven to this refuge. Another room, of the same appearance, was the hospital for females, and here a melancholy group of *old women*, wrinkled, withered, haggard, diseased and dying, were gathered; but around them was every comfort that sorrow could ask or kindness offer, so that, although hardship might have been their lot in life, they would find consolation as old age and death came on.

But the apartments that most interested us, were those filled with children who had been exposed and deserted by their unnatural parents, left in the streets to perish or to be picked up and brought to this asylum for the lost! In one room there were about fifty, two years old or thereabouts, each having its little cradle nicely furnished, some of them playing about the floor, and others sleeping; presenting a spectacle that could not be looked on without mingled emotions of astonishment and grief. In other rooms we found children of eight and twelve years of age, engaged in study under the instruction of these *sisters*, and on the faces of all was an air of cheerfulness contrasting strangely with the saddened feelings with which we looked upon the scene before us.

I conversed with some of the *sisters*, and sought to learn from them something of the state of mind with which they give themselves to this self-denying life. I did not feel, it is true, much confidence in the answers which I received, but I hoped to learn from the tone of the voice, the expression of the eye, or the hesitancy with which the reply should come, something more worthy of confidence than a form of words. But the victims of this miserable superstition seemed as "captives willing to be bound." They had tried the world and it

had deceived them; they had renounced its treacherous pleasures, and now in seclusion and mortifying toil they were rising above it, and living in the serene atmosphere of holy communion with God, preparing by deeds of righteousness to enjoy his future and everlasting favor. These were the fond and vain delusions by which they had been beguiled, perhaps had deceived themselves; and here beyond the reach of any human instrumentality to convince them of their delusion, and lead them to higher and purer fountains of truth and joy, they will live, and toil, and die.

Some of them are the children of wealth, and in youth they were the bright ornaments of the circle in which they shone as stars. Disappointment may have crossed their path, and driven them to a rash irrevocable vow. Or more likely, a romantic religious sentiment has gained possession of their hearts, and a false but masterly system of doctrine has bewildered their minds, and they find in this life of self-devotion, the promise of that exalted seraphic pleasure which the world cannot give! Delusive hope! How many hearts have been crushed under the disappointment that has come, when long years of seclusion within these walls have brought no joy to the soul thirsting ever for something never found! How many have said, as they look out of their small windows upon the clear light of heaven, and feel its breezes coming with the pure incense of nature to their cells, "O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!"

While seeing these sisters, called the *grey* sisters from the color of the habit which they always wear, it was natural to think of the terrible power of the Church of Rome over the hearts of its votaries. What superstition is strong enough thus to tear these *sisters*, in the freshness of youth, when hope is buoyant and life is full of promise, from all that the world offers, and consign them to these walls! The superstition of Rome has its victims bound by as gross and lasting fetters, as ignorance and fanaticism ever forged. It seeks new victims, and finds them every year. Our own Protestant families furnish victims. Our parents place their children in the schools where this superstition is taught, the young heart is fascinated, and the unsuspecting youth is taken in an evil snare. Many have thus been seduced from the path of truth. I saw a father, but a few days since, whose daughter had just been buried alive! shut up in a nunnery to be *his* daughter no more. It was her own choice, and he has himself to blame for having placed her within reach of the destroyer.

The stranger in Montreal, and indeed in any part of Canada, is powerfully impressed with the evidences that the Romish priesthood rules with a rod of iron. I spent some time in visiting the schools, churches, and other religious institutions of the city, and never before had any adequate conception of the strength of the system by which the papal hierarchy holds its subjects in fast allegiance. The early training of the youth in the principles of the faith they are to defend, the male and female seminaries, the nunneries, &c., these are the nurseries of the church, and it is for Protestants to draw a lesson of wisdom, and one of inestimable importance, from the care which the Romanists employ, to indoctrinate their children with the tenets of their peculiar creed.

If the public school is not the place in which the distinctive features of Protestantism are to be taught, there is a *school* where the strong doctrines of the gospel should be early and deeply implanted in the youthful mind. That school is at the fireside, in the parlor, in the nursery, around the family altar; and here, where everything combines to give strength and hope to the lessons taught, should the anxious parent seek to lead the child to a correct appreciation of the truths of his own system as opposed to the errors of Romanism; and not until the parent makes the attempt, will he know how easy it is to give his child a vivid idea of the difference between a religion of forms and one that works in the heart.

There are features of Romanism at which the intelligent child smiles in derision, when they are held up to his view, and almost every error of the system is so clearly at war with reason or revelation, that it requires no great cultivation of intellect or maturity of years, to understand the arguments by which they are met. And believing, as I do, that much of the opposition which has been made against Romanism in this country, has been ill-judged in its manner and measures, I would pray that the minds of Christian parents might be turned, more than they have ever yet been, to the necessity of an early instruction to prepare their children against the seductive wiles of the adversary, and to strengthen them for the great controversy, which is unquestionably coming on, in this country, between the enemies and friends of the truth.

"I HAVE TRUSTED IN GOD."

MUSIC BY J. G. SALMEN, GENEVA.

I have trust - ed in God; his arm will sus - tain me; The

I have trust - ed in God; his arm will sus - tain me; The

I have trust - ed in God; his arm will sus - tain me; The

I have trust - ed in God; his arm will sus - tain me; The

Lord is my re - treat, and he will guard me still. There

Lord is my re - treat, and he will guard me still. There

Lord is my re - treat, and he will guard me still. There

Lord is my re - treat, and he will guard me still. There

is mer - cy in Christ, and no fear can at - tain me, While

is mer - cy in Christ, and no fear can at - tain me, While

is mer - cy in Christ, and no fear can at - tain me, While

is mer - cy in Christ, and no fear can at - tain me, While

trust- ing all to him I do his ho - ly will.

trust- ing all to him I do his ho - ly will.

trust- ing all to him I do his ho - ly will.

trust- ing all to him I do his ho - ly will.

2.

Though the path will be long, and the desert is dreary,
Though friends have left my side, and foes have crept around,
Yet I cry unto him, when my spirit is weary,
I cry to him, and soon my Comforter is found.

3.

I have trusted in God! when billows surround me,
I will not be alone; His hand will guide my bark;
Though the blackness of night should gather around me,
His light will show the path, and brighten what is dark.

C. W. B.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

THE *Curiosities of Literature*, by D'ISRAELI, an elegant edition of which has been recently published, is one of the most ornamental and entertaining volumes on our table. Take it up when we will, and open it where we may, we ever find something to amuse or instruct. The very name is attractive, and such a gathering of rarities as this volume has, may be met in no other. *Griswold* has added to the collection of D'Israeli, a chapter of the curiosities of American Literature, but we have not been a *people* long enough to afford much matter for the picker up of oddities. Yet there are a few not unworthy of record. In old times they had a strange conceit for strange epitaphs. Here is one written by Benjamin Woodbridge on John Cotton in 1654.

Here lies magnanimous humility,
Majesty, meekness, Christian apathy,
On soft affections; liberty in thrall,
A simple serpent, or serpentine dove—
Neatness embroidered with itself alone,
And devils canonized in a gown.
A living, breathing Bible, table where
Both covenants at large engraven are,
Gospel and law in 's heart had each its column;
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name's a title page, and next
His life a commentary on the text.
Oh what a monument of glorious work,
When in a *new edition* he comes forth,
Without *errata*, may we think he'll be
In *leaves* and *covers* of eternity.

The following lines are from the monument of the Rev. Richard Mather, who died in Dorchester, Mass., in 1669, aged 73.

Divinely rich and learned Richard Mather,
Sons like him, prophets great, rejoiced his father;
Short time his sleeping dust here's covered down,
Not his ascended spirit or renown.

The lovers of quaint anecdote and sparkling wit will find in this elegant volume an exhaustless store.

—

In the "*Gems of Scottish Song*," we find but few to our taste, though others doubtless will discover beauties that are lost on us. But *this* is tender, and a mist seemed to be gathering in the region of our eyes as we read it.

THE LONELY AULD WIFE.

Beside the old hearth she hath cherished for life,
Silent and sad sits the lonely auld wife;
Time hath left many a trace on her brow,
But grief hath not troubled her spirit till now.
There are tears in her eyes, that are dim with age,
And she looketh in vain on the holy page;
But she canna see aught but an old arm chair,
That vacant and lonely is standing there.
Long ago when her bosom was swelling wi' pride,
The lonely auld wife was a gay young bride;
And the rose on her cheek wore its richest bloom,
When she gave her hand to the joyous groom.
Faded and worn is her beauty now,
Grey are the hairs on her wrinkled brow;
Silent she sits by the auld hearth stave,
Sad are her thoughts—she is there alave.
Her gudeman is gone to his dreamless rest,
And the lonely auld wife hath a troubled breast,
Yet not for the world would she banish away,
The chair he hath sat in for many a day.
She speaketh not save with a trembling breath,
But hopeth and waiteth and prayeth for death;
For joyless and dark are the days o' her life,
When the gudeman is gone frae the lonely auld wife.

—

The works of Charlotte Elizabeth, with an introduction by Mrs. H. B. Stowe—Vol. 1. This volume contains—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, OSRIC (a poem), The ROCKITE, The SIEGE OF DERRY, LETTERS FROM IRELAND, MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, accompanied with a fine engraving of Charlotte Elizabeth. By M. W. DODD, New York. The works of this talented lady are highly and deservedly appreciated in this country. She writes like one who has seen and felt the influence of what she writes. And if she seems severe in some of her writings, that severity will find an apology in the depth of the evils which she attempts to portray. We hope this work will be read by every American.

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Contributions of Q. Q., by the late JANE TAYLOR.—Messrs. SAXTON & MILES, 205 Broadway, have published in one handsome volume these well known papers, with some pieces not heretofore given. We can give our cordial recommendation to this book, and hope it may make an extended acquaintance among our young readers, for whose instruction and profit it is especially designed. Originally these "Contributions" made their appearance in an English Youth's Magazine, and were much admired for their excellent spirit, good sense and winning manner. Truths and duties the most trite and homely, are inculcated with so much freshness and force, yet with so little pretension, that whoever commences the volume will be reluctant to part with it. No young lady should fail to read Jane Taylor's writings, in a thoughtful frame, and with a self-cultivating purpose.

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THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1844.

OPHIR.

(SEE PLATE.)

Ophir was a place celebrated for its fine gold. It must have been visited long before the time of Solomon, since the gold of Ophir is mentioned in the book of Job: "Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks:" 45th Psalm: "Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir."

Concerning the part of the world in which Ophir was situated, there have been many and various opinions and conjectures. Almost all interpreters of the passages in scripture relating to this place, have differed in their conclusions. Josephus places it in the Indies, and says it is called the gold country, by which he is thought to mean Chersonesus Aurea, now known as Malacca, a peninsula opposite to the island of Sumatra. Lucus Holstenius thinks we must fix on India generally, or on the city of Supor in the island of Celebes. Others place it in the kingdom of Malabar, or in Ceylon; that is the island of Taprobana, so famous among the ancients, an opinion which Bochart has labored to support. Lipemus places it beyond the Ganges, at Malacca, Java, Sumatra, Siam, Bengal, Peru, &c. Others, as Huit and Bruce, have placed it at Sofala, in South Africa, where mines of gold and silver have been found, which appear to have been anciently and extensively worked, and to this hypothesis Gesenius inclines. Rosenmüller and others suppose it to be Southern Arabia.

The most that we know about Ophir is, that it was the place from which Solomon procured the gold and other precious articles with which he enriched himself, and adorned the temple of Jerusalem. For this purpose he made a navy of ships in "Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom."

"And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon."

"And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to king Solomon."

"And the navy also of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almung-trees, and precious stones."

"For the king had at sea a navy of Tarshish with the navy of Hiram; once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."

"Every three years once came the ships of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."

The engraving accompanying this number is a fanciful representation of the navy of ships of king Solomon returning from its three years' voyage to Ophir, with its precious merchandize. We have here a concise history of the commercial transactions of king Solomon some centuries ago. But king Solomon in all his glory, and the temple which he adorned, have passed away.

A LONE INDIAN FEELING AFTER GOI

BY REV. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME.

In the life of David Brainerd by Jonathan Edwards, is recorded a wonderful illustration of the power of natural religion, showing the near approach which the Pagan, unaided by the light of a written revelation, may make towards the just comprehension of his own relation and duty to God.

The story, told in the simplicity for which Brainerd was so distinguished, is itself most touching, almost painful, as we see the poor Indian, feeling after God, if haply he might find him; but glorious, when in the solitude of the forest, having never heard of the Christian religion, praying to God, his heart is comforted, peace comes into his soul, and he loves God and everybody, "so as he never did before." He was a wild Indian, who came to Brainerd, shortly after his settlement—but let us read the missionary's story.

"I discoursed with him about Christianity. Some of my discourse he seemed to like, but some of it he disliked extremely. He told me that God had taught him his religion, and that he never would turn from it; but wanted to find some who would join heartily with him in it. For the Indians, he said, were grown very degenerate and corrupt. He had thoughts, he said, of leaving all his friends and travelling abroad in order to find some who would join with him; for he believed that God had some good people somewhere, who felt as he did. He had not always, he said, felt as he now did, but had formerly been like the rest of the Indians, until about four or five years before that time. Then, he said, his heart was very much distressed, so that he could not live among the Indians, but got away into the woods and lived alone, for some months. At length, he says, God comforted his heart, and showed him what he should do; and since that time, he had known God, and tried to serve him, and loved all men, be they who they would, so as he never did before. He treated me with uncommon courtesy, and seemed to be hearty in it. I was told by the Indians that he opposed their drinking strong liquor, with all his power, and that if at any time he could not dissuade them from it by all he could say, he would leave them and go crying into the woods. It was manifest that he had a set of religious notions, which he had examined for himself, and not taken for granted upon bare tradition, and he relished or disrelished whatever was spoken of a religious nature, as it either agreed or disagreed with his standard. While I was discoursing, he would sometimes say, now that I like, so God has taught me, &c., and some of his sentiments seemed very just. Yet he utterly denied the existence of a devil, and declared there was no such creature known among the of old times, whose religion he suppose attempting to revive. He likewise tol departed souls all went southward, an difference between the good and the b —that the former were admitted into town with spiritual walls, and th would for ever hover around these w attempts to get in. He seemed to be est, and conscientious in his own w cording to his own religious notions more than I ever saw in any oth perceived that he was looked upon among most of the Indians as a p who made a needless noise about ters, but I must say there was som temper and disposition which looke true religion than anything I ev amongst other heathens."

I confess there is something in thi dian's story, that draws deeply on the of my soul's sympathy. I love him, no as my fellow man, and as I would love a whom God made, and for whom I pray; but love him as one who had the same longings after truth that have filled my own soul, the same desires after something purer and nobler than this world offers; who longed after God, and in the silence of a wilderness which the sound of the gospel had never broken, and where the voice of prayer was never heard, even *there*, this Indian sought after God and found him to the comfort of his soul. I love him, then, as one, perhaps the only one, among the pagans, following the law that was written in his own conscience, and "doing things contained" in the written word. I love him as one who knew God, and according to the light that was in him did God's will, striving against sin, resisting the corruptions within and around him, weeping over vices that he could not reform, and loving the world that hated him.

If I should add that I love him as a *child* of God, a renewed sinner, I should exceed the limits of the evidence. But this story does not seem to be appreciated by every one. It is in the edition of Brainerd's life by Edwards, but in Austin's edition, though he affirms that nothing material has been omitted, this wonderful fact, certainly as wonderful as the annals of Paganism has furnished, is suppressed. In later editions of the Memoirs of Brainerd, the

story is rejected, probably from a fear that it teaches too much, and carries with it a sort of demonstration, that after all the heathen may be saved. But the fact remains—in the diary of one of the holiest men the world ever saw, and I rejoice in bringing it out for the study of the philosopher, the admiration of the Christian and to the glory of God's illimitable grace. And instead of affirming that this Indian was truly a converted man, let us study the dealings of God with his soul, and observe the *fruits* of the *change* which indisputably was wrought in him.

Brainerd found this Indian at a settlement one hundred and thirty miles from the English, and there is no evidence that he had ever had any communications with Christian people. Indeed, he informed Brainerd that "God had taught him his religion, and he would never turn from it." There was the confidence of a living faith in a revelation *from above*—had he gathered it from tradition, or heard it from another, he would have wished to learn more of it now that he had met one who believed much as he. But aside from the fact that there is no evidence of his having ever *heard*, through the English, of God, there is the fact that he knew nothing of their language, nor they of his, had he ever come in contact with them, which does not appear. But more than this, in all the *truth* which he evidently had drawn from the light of nature and which God had impressed upon his heart, there is not a ray of the *Christian* religion glimmering in his breast; it is the love of God and man, but there is no *Christ* in his creed, and it is fair to believe that had he derived any part of his system from the lips of one who knew the Saviour, there would have been something of it discoverable in the faith of this profound inquirer after truth. But if there were no conception of a plan of salvation that embraced the idea of a Saviour, where is the ground of hope for him, or any other to whom "Christ, the only Saviour, has not been revealed?" Let us look at this Indian's system, and its fruits.

He said that "God had taught him his religion." It was not by hearing but by *believing*, that he had his religion. He was a thinking man; given to solitude and lone communing with the great unknown. Others of his tribe believed in a Great Spirit, "marching upon the storm," speaking in the thunder, and smiling in the sunshine. But they stopped not to speak with Him, to listen to his voice, or feel his breath on their souls. They were a wild, thoughtless, vicious race, who liked not to retain God in their thoughts, but gave themselves up to work ungodliness with greediness. There was a spirit in this Indian that was not satisfied with sin. He longed after God. He was distressed with the sin of those around him, as well as with his own, and he could not live among the Indians; he went away into the woods and lived alone for some months; and there "*God comforted his heart!*" O most glorious and overpowering assurance! No Bible, no Gabriel, no sign in the heavens, no teacher, no companion; alone for months in the woods, distressed, seeking something he scarcely knew what, but resolved to forsake sin for ever, there in his loneliness and sorrow, *God comforted his heart.* [And if none other ever gave thee thanks, O God, for this manifestation of thyself, now while I write, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto this poor Indian.]

"Since that time he had known God and tried to serve him, and loved all men *be they who they would*, so as he never did before." He tried to persuade the Indians around him to forsake their sins, and when all his entreaties were in vain, he would "go crying into the woods." What more could he do? Weeping over wickedness he could not stay! His countrymen derided him for his religion, but he bore their scorn in silence, rendering not railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing, and showing by his example as well as by his doctrine, that he had a principle in him to which they were strangers.

And then his faith took hold on heaven. Beyond the grave he saw a city with spiritual walls, into which the good alone might enter, while around it the wicked would hover for ever, in fruitless endeavors to gain admission to those realms of fadeless bliss.

Well might Brainerd say as he did, "there was something in his temper and disposition, which looked more like true religion, than anything I ever observed amongst other heathens." His faith was not an abstraction; it produced a real change in his "temper and disposition," and made him earnestly desirous that others might experience its transforming power on their own hearts. Whether it was "true" religion or not, it was a better religion by far, than many have who call themselves Christians. And I would a thousand times rather have the Indian's hope than theirs. A religion that loves God and all men, that weeps over sin and flies from it, that bears persecution and

looks to heaven for its crown, is better surely than a name to live, while not a feature of the life or power of faith is to be seen. Such is much of the faith of Christendom; and give me Pagandom rather; if there the good God will let down into my soul one such ray of light as that which was the guide of this untutored savage.

This story is a study for the Christian Philosopher. The greatest of our day, Dr. Chalmers, seems to have had just such a case in his eye (perhaps the same, for he has doubtless read it), when in his dissertations on the opening chapters of Paul to the Romans, he discusses the very points which have urged themselves just now on the reader's mind. The learned divine is examining the declaration of the Apostle respecting the Gentiles, that "they are without excuse" when they do those things that are forbidden by a law of which they have never heard; and he contends that in their *conscience* the law is written. How far! Has generation after generation for thousands of years been heaped on one another, and in the depth of the present, does the light of conscience still linger, a light that, if improved, would lead the pagan to the knowledge of the living and true God?

"Such vestiges (says Dr. Chalmers) of a natural sense about the right and the wrong, may not only be gathered from the books of Pagan antiquity, but they may be still more satisfactorily educed from the converse that we hold in the present day with the living Paganism which still abounds in our world. We know not a more deeply interesting walk of observation, than that which is prosecuted by modern missionaries, when they come into contact and communication with the men of a still unbroken country—when they make their lodgment on one of the remote and yet untravelled wilds of Paganism—when after the interval of four thousand years from the dispersion of the great family of mankind, they go to one of its most widely diverging branches, and ascertain what of conscience or what of religious light has among them survived the lapse of so many generations—when they thus, as it were, knock at the door of nature left for ages to itself, and try if there yet be slumbering any sense or intelligence which can at all respond to the message they have brought along with them. Nor do we know an evolution of the human heart which carries in it more of a big and affecting interest, than that on which philosophy has never cast an inquiring regard—even that among its dark and long unentered recesses, there still subsists an undying voice, which owns the comfort, and echoes back the truth of Christianity. Insomuch that, let missionaries go to the very extremity of our species, and speak of sin and judgment and condemnation, they do not speak in vocables unknown, and sweet to many a soul is the preacher's voice, when he tells that unto them a Saviour is born; and out of the relics of even this deep and settled degeneracy, can be gotten the materials of a satisfying demonstration; and thus in the very darkest places have converts multiplied, and Christian villages arisen, and the gospel been the savor of life unto life to the some who have embraced it, and been the savor of death unto death to the many who have declined it—all proving that a principle still existed in their bosoms, which if they followed would guide them to salvation, and which if they fled from would try them and find them guilty. Nor let us wonder, therefore, that the apostle, even when speaking of those who are given over to every abomination, should still affirm of them that they know the judgments of God. Even a remainder of that knowledge which they liked not to retain, still kept its hold upon their conscience and gave them a responsibility which belongs not to the beasts that perish. Man, in short, throughout the whole of this world's peopled territory, has a law by which he may righteously be judged; and still enough of it is known and felt by his own conscience to make it out, that for its violation he should be righteously condemned. So that, dark as our conceptions may be of the present character and future state of those who live under the shadow of heathenism, we may be sure that a clear and righteous principle of retribution will be applied to them all; and that they who shall be judged worthy of death on that day will be found to have committed such things, as they themselves either knew or might have known to be worthy of it."

This doctrine is level to human reason, as well as in harmony with the Word of God. And it comes in most sweetly with the story of Brainard's Indian, to help us in reaching a conclusion on which we love to rest.

As I have already intimated, Dr. Chalmers, perhaps, had his eye upon this very case when he wrote the passages we have just read; or, what is more probable, he had met with these facts in reading Edwards' works, and here is the fruit of the impression which this story made upon his mind. Certainly the "books of Pagan antiquity" furnish us no parallel to the fact before us. Plato, and Seneca, and Cicero, discoursed wisely and well on reverence for the gods and duties to our fellow men, but their systems fell far short of the standard which the Indian formed in his forest sanctuary; and their books and all the annals of Pagan antiquity, furnish no record of a spiritual and practical faith like that which he embraced, impelling him to seek the reformation of his neighbors, and to weep in secret places over vices which he could not cure.

There is joy in the thought that with the light of eternity, there will break upon us the knowledge of those great truths which now so

often distress the heart by their mystery—that then the ways of God to man will be vindicated, and all that is now dark and trying will be made clear. Then we shall see the ways of God with this Indian, and those other pagans, if any others there have been, who thus were led through nature up to nature's God. There may have been many like him. I have not stumbled upon their history in the records of ancient or modern times, but it would not be surprising, if in the forests of our own land, or away in the more distant lands of heathenism, some had been led by the light that still lingers within them, and by the light which nature ever reveals to the rational soul, to believe *there* is a God, a good God, who requires his creatures to be good, and who is angry when they sin; and thus taught, they may have been led to forsake sin, and by lives of devotion to seek the favor of Him whom they adore. All this and more, *natural religion* may teach, and how many have learned the lesson, we may not know till eternity reveals the truth.

But we learn one important fact by this story. After reading it no man can doubt the justice of God in punishing the heathen! If they were as *religious* as this Indian, there would be greater difficulty in determining their state. But if they sin against light that is in them and around them, revealing God and their duty, if they sin against conscience and do those things which reason plainly and loudly condemns, then they are justly punished. "In the darkest period of this world's abandonment, there were still the vestiges of truth before every eye, and a conscience awake in every bosom, insomuch that not one trembling culprit will be seen before the Judgment-seat who will not stand self-convicted under the voice of a challenging and inspecting Deity; his own heart will bear witness to the sentence that has gone forth against him; and the echoing voice of his own memory will be to him the knell of his righteous and everlasting condemnation." With these words of Chalmers, I leave this subject, which has taken a strong hold upon my mind, since the case was presented to me by a friend, with the injunction that I should make it the theme of remark.

THE CHOICE OF LOT.

It has pleased God, in giving a revelation to mankind, to make a large use of history as a medium for his thoughts, and as illustrative both of his ways and man's. The study of all history is profitable. History, says the great English moralist, is philosophy teaching by example. Bible history is divine philosophy teaching by example the truths that concern our eternal welfare.

We propose to notice the disastrous history of Lot as recorded in the Bible, and most fully in the 13th chapter of Genesis, with a view to educe any principles involved in it that may be of use in the regulation of our own conduct in life.

It is a true saying, and one that was remarkably verified in the case of Abram and his brother's son, Lot, that prosperity often separates the friends whom poverty had but knit the more closely together. It appears from the history, that their flocks and herds multiplied so rapidly that the land was no longer able to bear them, and it was found impossible, without encroaching upon the inhabitants of the country, to keep the two establishments together any longer. Some serious disputes, likewise, having arisen between the herdsmen respecting a well, of all things the most valuable in eastern and arid countries, Abram therefore proposed a separation, and in a spirit of enlarged and self-denying generosity, said to Lot, "Let there be no strife between me and thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen, for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." A beautiful exemplification of the generous and disinterested spirit of the Father of the Faithful! "And Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan that it was well-watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan; and Lot journeyed

east; and they separated themselves the one from the other. Abram dwelled in the land of Canaan, and Lot dwelled in the cities of the plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom."

The criminality of Lot's choice consisted in this, that it was determined chiefly if not solely by worldly considerations. He lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, and on this account suitable for his flocks and herds, which were then his principal stock and wealth. He therefore chose the plain of Jordan, and pitched his tent towards Sodom. Religion had nothing to do with his preference. In selecting a permanent residence for himself and his numerous dependents, a right mind would have been influenced merely by the advantages or disadvantages in a religious bearing, of the future abode. It was a good place for cattle. Very well—the good man regardeth the life of his beast. But was it a good place for souls? This latter requisite seems not to have been insisted upon. Lot thought of his herds but forgot his soul, when he pitched his tent toward Sodom. He criminally disregarded a prime consideration of interest and of duty to himself, and to all whose welfare was bound up in his. The consequences were eminently disastrous. Even in a temporal view, his calculation was a bad one.

Hitherto he had lived peacefully, occupied with the innocent pleasures and uncorroding cares of pastoral life. But his personal comfort and tranquillity were gone when he set foot within the precincts of Sodom. Though he had too little virtue to weigh well his religious interests when he removed to Sodom, he had too much to be happy after he had settled there. The apostle says he was daily vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked, and with their unlawful deeds. And the loss of his peace of mind was soon followed with the loss of his property. About eight years after his separation from Abraham, and when, perhaps, he was exulting in his accumulating stores, the people of the plain, and among them the Sodomites, engaged in a rebellion, which was revenged by their prince Chedorlaomer, who sacked and plundered the cities and made the people captives; and as the companions of fools must share in their fate, the houses and lands of Lot were laid desolate, and himself, his family and flocks were carried into captivity. And though this wreck of his fortunes was soon in a measure repaired by the interposition of Abraham, it was but a little while before all his hopes were blasted and scattered again by the judgment of God poured forth in a storm of fire upon the guilty and incorrigible city of his abode. His life indeed was miraculously spared, requiring to be dragged forcibly from the ill-fated but fascinating city. But his houses, his flocks, his herds, and all his substance were consumed. His daughters who had married in the place, regarding his warning as idle dreams, were, with their husbands and children, overwhelmed in the universal ruin. His wife, almost beyond the verge of the fiery deluge, but casting a lingering look behind, was riveted to the spot and turned into a pillar of salt. The only members of his family that escaped, his two unmarried daughters, were apparently spared rather in judgment, than in mercy; for carrying with them the worst vices of Sodom, they brought the deepest infamy on his old age, becoming, in a manner not to be named, the mother of two heathen nations, the Moabites and Ammonites, to whom the curse of heaven was doomed for ever to cleave. Desolate old man! peeled of substance, bereft of friends, his home a cave on Mount Zoar, he looks out with bleared eye and broken heart upon the once well watered and fertile plain, now become the grave of his family, of his substance and his hopes. What a mournful and impressive lesson of inspired history, a lesson, alas! how often disregarded!

With this history before us, let us be instructed in regard to the guilt and folly of a worldly spirit. An example is written here in lines of light—all can understand it—all are concerned to ponder it with self-application. But are there any like-minded with Lot? Especially among Christians, are there those who often blindly barter for worldly advantage their highest, dearest, everlasting interests?

We are often struck with the conduct of parents, in providing for the education of their children. The whole aim of their training is to fit them for this world, and to enable them to make a figure in it, to amass wealth, or gain honor and distinction regardless of anything higher. They choose a school for their daughter, or a college for their son, on the same principle that Lot chose the plain of Jordan for his cattle, because it yielded pasture for animals, though it had no food for souls. What are these parents doing but pitching their children's tent towards Sodom? And what is that but a preliminary to pitching into it?

The same spirit is manifested in putting out their sons to business. With the hope of some merely temporal advantage, their children, long before their principles are formed, are sent from

the old homestead, the little farm, the religious village of their infancy, and cast into the great commercial metropolis, and committed to the guardianship of those who disregard religion or perhaps scoff at it; and the mellowing and virtuous influences of home are exchanged for the random and corrupting associations and seductions of the city, and while they lay the foundation of an earthly fortune, contract the principles and habits which ruin them for ever.

And do we not see the marriage contract determined by the same principles which regulated the choice of Lot? Is it not true, in a large proportion of cases, especially when parents seek this connection for their children, that an eye is had chiefly to this life and its advantages —and that wealth, worldly respectability, have more to do with determining the question than the high consideration of religious fitness?

Is not the same spirit seen also with lamentable frequency in persons changing their residence from one part of the country to another? Of the many thousands who have removed to the west, we fear a great many have acted the part of Lot over again. They have looked for the well-watered plain, rather than the well-supplied sanctuary—they have examined the natural much more attentively than the spiritual soil, and they have pitched their tents towards Sodom, not considering that though it might be a good place for their cattle, it was a poor place for their souls. And hence it has become a homely proverb, that the religion of many eastern Christians does not bear transportation.

The history of Lot suggests, also, that our prospect of usefulness is small in a situation or calling to which worldly motives have determined us. Many yield themselves to doubtful, or worse than doubtful enterprises, flattering themselves with the promise of increased usefulness. An opportunity to get rich offers. To be sure, it will interfere at present with religious duty and spirituality, but then it will enlarge future opportunity to do good. We should not wonder if Lot reasoned in this way when he moved to Sodom. Perhaps he meant to reform Sodom. But Sodom came near reforming him. And this is the common fate of such reasonings and experiments. Many who engaged in the wild speculations a few years ago, meant to make money for the Lord; instead of which they made trouble for themselves; and as for the money, it is doubtful if the Lord would ever have received it if these speculations had been successful. The truth is, that when the religious principle is weak enough to be seduced from present duty, it is not strong enough for future usefulness. Lot resided in Sodom twenty years; and it is poor proof of his usefulness, that not ten righteous could be found in it to save it from destruction, and that meanwhile all his own family had perished.

In short, we see in the conclusion of Lot's history, a striking and mournful picture of the influence and the rewards of a worldly spirit when indulged by a pious mind. That Lot was a righteous man is vouched for by the apostle—that he was in an alarming degree worldly in spirit, is manifest from his whole history. His life exhibits throughout a strong conflict and vacillation between these two alien and adverse principles; and the close of his history is in melancholy keeping with his incoherent and self-contradictory career. Bereaved of his earthly all, disappointed in all his plans of self-aggrandizement, the last view given of him by the pencil of inspiration, exhibits him a miserable, desolate old man, a monument of the ravages of sorrow, care and disappointment. Looking down from his cave upon the smoking plain, he sees the once smiling and flower-clad vale thunder-scarred and blasted, and the only object not shivered into fragments, is that monumental pillar which tells him where his infatuated wife lingered, looked back and perished. The only beings who might share with him his calamities and alleviate his grief, are his two incestuous daughters, and they but mingle bitterness with the dregs of his cup. Thus ended a life whose morning opened without a cloud; thus closed a pilgrimage begun with Abraham, the friend of God and Father of the Faithful; and thus was illustrated, strikingly indeed, the falseness of this world's promises to the tampering, yielding Christian.

O. P.

LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. A. D. EDDY, D. D.

JOSEPH, OR THE PROSPEROUS YOUNG MAN.

One of the strongest principles of human nature is that of assimilation, or the susceptibleness of deep and permanent impressions from the objects and intimacies of life. From the durable character of these impressions, that period of life when the mind is most susceptible, is preëminently important. It may be regarded as the crisis or deciding period of man's destiny.

There is an earlier period when the elastic and ever changing mind is like the rippled waters, or the spray of the wave, too unstable for an impression; and all that is drawn upon it is, at most, like traces in the sand, which the next surf erases for ever. And there is a later period, when the whole tablet of the mind is too full of deep drawn characters, or too hard to admit another inscription. It is fixed, immutably fixed, for its endless state. The character is formed. Not another feature—not another hue to its complexion can be given here or hereafter, save a deeper growing shade, that soon merges into the blackness of darkness.

Upon that most important period to which we allude, everything depends. It is now that you form your plans, choose your associations and employments. You now begin to write your history, and lay up the durable materials of your own character. This period borrows most importance from the melancholy fact, that a large portion of our young men utterly fail to realize their own hopes or the wishes of their friends. One half sink to an early grave, while the tears of disappointed affection, the deep sighs of blasted love, are the memorials of their fearful end. Crowds of our young men fall *suicidal* to the grave; while others, mere dying wrecks, remain, with pallid brows and wasted forms, the cold marble, on which, in characters of shame and blood, their epitaph is written.

Passing from this waste of life and blasted character, we search for the result of others; we look for their success in life; and a melancholy picture meets us here. The country and the age present us with almost an unbroken history of failures, severely trying to moral principle and fearfully disclosing moral delinquency. For years past, not one in ten of our young men have succeeded even in the laudable pursuits of life; and this failure is wholly unnecessary. Painful as it is, we soon forget it, and cease to read the lesson it imparts. Our business and interest are with the living and the prosperous, and not with the prostrate and the dead. We live on hope, ever fleeing despondency and despair. Like the careering voyager, though the mariner, thrown from the shrouds to the wild waves and is lost, it is hopeless, and we speed our way, eager for life and honor, though the ocean in its coral beds sepulchres its millions. It is like the dreams of life amid the dying,

"Men think all men mortal but themselves."

It is like the resolute daring and vain hopes of crowded gamblers; each hopes to win, while all are sure to lose.

We would not have this immense failure of health, reputation and life among our young men, lost upon the rising generation; and we allude to it, not so much to suppress their aspirings, or to reflect upon their common nature, or to draw out new paths of adventure, as to induce them to examine the sources of evil, and to study the securities from the failures to which we have alluded.

We have mentioned the strong principle of assimilation, and would commend to your regard a scriptural model of human excellence. And, whether conscious of it or not, it is by the study of models and by their admiration that our own character is formed. We assimilate to everything that surrounds us, and grow into the likeness of all that we love. Even against our will, the character we admire we imitate, and drink in the spirit of the scenes through which we move.

There is often a species of false independence, in which the young man early seeks to leave a father's side in the church, a father's house in business, to make his own way in solitary manliness, to become the maker of his own fortune, untrammeled by the theories of a rigid religion, the habits of domestic devotion, or even by the more settled rules of human economy. The world is full of such young

men, and when they have careered their brief course, like baleful meteors, they are lost in disgrace, or found returning in poverty, prodigal, if not penitent, to their father's house.

It is wiser, it is better, it is safer, to have a model before you, and early to adopt the tried rules of a rigid morality, the only permanent landmarks of success in life. And what character would you imitate, but that constructed from the model of the *moral law?* We will not ask you to look on Jesus Christ, that embodiment of all excellence and charity, but form some distinct earthly pattern of its virtues, and then see if it is not a good and blessed thing to study and imitate.

The Scriptures are replete with models of excellence, and the gospel rich in precepts of wisdom and holiness. While we would commend these to your admiration and study, we know of no human character that has stronger claims and higher charms than the Son of Jacob.

The touching story of *Joseph* has been read a thousand times, and what it has lost of novelty, it has gained in the rich radiance of its inspired excellence, and the growing distance at which he stands, is like the fixed star of the firmament, brightest to charm and surest to guide.

We know not which most to admire, the filial meekness, love and obedience of his infancy; his fraternal simplicity; his quiet submission to wrong; his equanimity of character under successes; his sterling resistance of temptation; his unmurmuring spirit under injustice; his meek acceptance of honor;—faithful discharge of duty; unostentatious regal living; providence for the poor; forgiveness of injuries; the glory of that blest scene that led the grey and bending patriarch of Canaan, leaning on his arm, to the Egyptian king; that filial act that bore the bones of Jacob to rest with the ashes of Rachel at the "oak of Shechem," or that last and glorious act of confidence that breathed his spirit back to God, and crowned this type of Christ with glory in the skies. We say, we known not which most to admire. *It is all admirable!* We commend it to your high regard, a beautiful model of scriptural excellence. It arose from human nature, and should be and can be imitated by every young man of every age.

A modest simplicity—an unvarying sincerity—unsullied integrity—immaculate purity—a reliance on Providence—a manly assumption of trust—faithful execution of duty—humility under honors, and a holy remembrance of all the relative duties of life, made up the character of Joseph, and has left a monument of human excellence and commanding worth, imperishable as the Word of God.

It is only by studying the elements of this character, and entering into the scenes and circumstances under which it was formed, that you discover its full beauty and power. We would have you tread over all the steps of his earthly way—enter into the deep workings of his mind and the deeper feelings of his soul, under that vast variety of causes, conflicts, claims, that so like a sea came over him; and then we have the consciousness of his own innocence and integrity—regard for future well-being; how deep-laid principles of virtue and fear of God, and rigid regard for the good of others so governed him, that amid dangers he was safe, in temptations fortified, out of servitude and prisons delivered, and in death kept alive.

You see no policy, no wily calculations, no artful management, no political intrigue, no measured efforts for ulterior ends. Everything seems but the result of moral worth, a character resting on sterling integrity, that met and discharged the duties of every day and of every station on the immutable principles of right; that feared God and kept his commandments.

Do we mean to be understood that the true secret of success in life lies in moral character? We do. What else but the moral integrity of Joseph gave him either the favor of man or of God! And where is the young man of any age, who with sterling moral integrity, lived and died unfavored of man and of God?

Rest assured there are ordinarily no killing casualties crowding in your way, but from the rude assailing or violence of the laws of nature. Keep in harmony with God's orderings, and you are safe, till a good old age shall lay you peaceful in the grave. Sow in seed time, and in harvest you shall reap. Improve the favoring breeze, and your voyaging is safe and prosperous. Do no violence to thyself, and thy constitution shall live. But defy storms—plough on winter snow-drifts, and trifle with the exquisite framework of your mortal state, and you cannot escape the fatal issue, nor justly charge on God or the world your sad decay and death.

And there is equally a moral constitution and a moral law. This constitution regarded and this law obeyed, and the issue of safety and success is still more certain. For moral

ills, under Christ, unlike the convulsions of nature that sometimes come to all, invade not that territory uncongenial with their blasting and petulant storms.

Moral integrity cannot fail, and it never does fail in this world even, save from associations it cannot control, or with which it has early or incautiously been involved.

You are believers in the Bible, and as such you would calculate upon success flowing from sterling integrity. It is there promised, faithfully and fully promised. But you are more than believers in the Bible, and you know how intelligent, moral worth will accommodate itself or diffuse a controlling influence over the whole life, and bring every action to bear upon the same high and worthy end.

A young man whose moral principles are correct, other things being equal, will so accommodate himself to his circumstances; so meet the claims or bear the severities of every possible relation and variety of associations and changes, that he can get good and do good everywhere, and commend himself to the confidence of all. Moral principle makes all the machinery of life move right. Without it, the governing power is gone, and all, sooner or later, is disordered and wrecked.

Christianity, you know, can live anywhere, under all governments and against all adverse interests, and do good everywhere. And so it is with moral principle, which is but the creation of Christianity. It never fails, and when most severely tried, is brightest and best; like the solitary star to the voyager of a dark and stormy sea, the sweetest and surest guide.

In this world, young men will always be tried by temptations to deceive, to defraud, to neglect duty from indolence, or to betray trust and confidence from avarice, pride and lust. And when temptations come crowded and strong, if destitute of moral principle, they will yield, and perhaps a thousand precious and endeared interests are wrecked with their own. Not wife, nor home, nor tender offspring can withstand or escape the rude and ruinous assaults of corrupted morals.

When we look at the character of Joseph, we are captivated and charmed with those prominent features of excellence so essential to the honor and success of every young man, and which shone so preëminently bright through the whole life of the Son of Jacob. There was his *filial piety; his immaculate purity; his unostentatious devotion to the various trusts committed to him, and his uniform reference of all things to the pleasure and control of Providence.*

AND THE LORD WAS WITH JOSEPH, AND HE WAS A PROSPEROUS MAN, AND THE LORD MADE ALL THAT HE DID TO PROSPER IN HIS HANDS.

"I WISH I WAS RICH."

BY ANN F. PILLSBURY.

WOULDST ask for wealth—for paltry gold,
By avarice heaped in sums untold?
Wouldst ask the knitted brow of care?
The unsteady eye with fitful glare?
For these exchange the radiant light,
That gleams in smiles so free and bright?
Dost crave a share of senseless dust,
Whose honors dim—whose glories rust?

Nay, not because my lot is low,
Nor yet for gems that mines bestow,
I crave of sordid gold its power;
Fond hearts are mine—a richer dower.

I sigh not for the broad domain,
With silver lake and verdant plain,
For earth is beauteous everywhere;
To all her scenes alike are fair.

But, ah! when trembling at my side,
Dreading to meet a glance of pride,
Some wretched child of sorrow stands,
And seeks a pittance from my hands,
'Tis then, and only then I crave
The glittering dust that misers save—
When want turns empty from my door,
O! then I feel that I am poor.

New York, 23*d Aug.*, 1844.

RELIGIOUS HEROISM.

Nothing is more apparent than our wonderful intrinsic weakness. What a feeble thing is this body! What creature of all the irrational tribes so shiftless and dependent! What insect more easily crushed! What are all the physical energies of the strongest and most compact muscular organization in man, compared with that of the lion or the elephant, the whale or the constrictor serpent? Still more do we see our bodily imbecility amid the inanimate agents that work around us, and, at God's bidding, against us. The volcano is stronger, and the wild winter's wind, and the tornado, and the sea, and the earthquake, and the polar cold, and the heat of torrid climes. These are all stronger—and yet man is in the midst of these mightier and often hostile powers—a mere infant on a plank, on a wide, wide sea, and every wave that buffets him is stronger than he; and with God's leave may overwhelm him, and roll on moaning his death-dirge. Some one has denominated this world the "bedlam of the universe." Perhaps the Niagara of the universe, and man amid its ceaseless rush and roar as impotent as the drift-wood or straying skiff that is borne down by the cataract. True, we have made some progress in compensating for our physical weakness, by taming and subjugating in a degree the elements around us. We have laid railways to facilitate our movements from one point to another; we sometimes make streams and torrents, and steam and wind, often our natural antagonists, to enter into covenant and be at peace with us, and become our hewers of wood and drawers of water; and thus our relative physical weakness has been diminished. Yet, after all, we remain wonders of feebleness, surrounded by gigantic powers.

Still more striking, and of much more serious account, is the amazing disparity between our moral strength, commonly, and the moral antagonists that assail us. Lack of strength of this latter sort, is our reproach. Physical weakness is not. This should check our presumption and pride, but that is both our sin and shame. And we fear it is an abounding reproach. Is not the world full of it? Nay, is not the church full of it?—full, we mean, of the feeble and wavering—of faint and flickering purposes—of imbecile intentions and fruitless resolves—of tame, and yielding, and inglorious compliances and submissions to things that we know to be wrong, and yet have not strength of virtue enough to resist? In viewing the moral world justly, does there not seem to be a very loud call for that invigorated virtue, that heartfelt and hearty goodness of the inner man, which we may denominate religious heroism?—that character which Noah displayed, when he set at nought the scoffs of the old world—which Moses exhibited when he preferred affliction with the people of God to all the treasures of Egypt—which led Daniel openly to worship his God, regardless of the den of lions and the decree of the king. In a word, we need religious heroism, manifested in self-mastery, in strength of heart to do and to suffer the whole will of God, energy of sanctified will to encounter in fearless death-struggle the foes of our salvation. We need to have our souls imbued with the love of truth and goodness—a love so intense and constant, that it shall be the ruling passion, not alternating with other principles in its possession and sway of the heart, but ruling absolutely and without a rival.

In estimating the amount of this forceful and heroic virtue extant at the present time, we are exceedingly liable to be deceived by appearances. There is a show of strength, of enterprising philanthropy, of invigorated piety, and there is a marshalling with much din and clatter of the masses in one array, which is often less a power than a pageant, and which, to borrow an allusion, often persuades itself that it is marching when it is only marking time. The heroism of the mass, the energy of the crowd, will not always bear to be examined in detail. It must not be taken as the index and sum total of individual heroism. The thronging, onward mass may be moved by other impulses, by some common and contagious excitement, in which individuality is lost, and individual will is suspended; and each, like the particles in an avalanche, is powerless, and might be held between the fingers of an infant, while the whole is mighty and irresistible. We look for heroic piety, for that strength of the inner man of which we are speaking, not to the thrilled congregation, the marshalled, and drilled, and excited mass, but to individual minds, moving in the orbit God and nature assigned them, and plying the daily and common-place task of duty and endurance. We look for the loveliest exhibitions of trustworthy piety to him who encounters the unromantic ills of common life with a meek, uncomplaining heart; climbing with

cheerful perseverance the steep places in his path; bearing poverty and sickness without murmuring; or health and riches without pride; enduring disappointment, disgrace, and reversed fortune with quiet and dignified submission—cool amid the world's ferment—calm amid its confusion—steady, though surrounded by the wayward—firm, where others tremble and fly—humbly bold among the boldly humble—among the faithless, like Abdiel, faithful. We look to the mother, who with sleepless and pleased alacrity and tireless love instils, day by day, immortal principles into the immortal minds of her children. We look to the man of toil, who, as he strikes the sturdy blow that earns his bread, holds commerce with the skies, and goes home at night with a wearied body but a glowing soul to bless his household, and make his wife happier with new proofs of his moral worth, and to spread the bland and blessed influence of truth and goodness over the family group that climb his knee and surround his homely board. It is not amid the glare and circumstance of great occasions and high places, that we look for the purest and best nurtured virtue. The whole strength and vigor and availableness of an individual's virtue is not so tested there, as it is in meeting the every day responsibilities of common life; as it is in the training of a family, or in the teaching of a common school, or in bearing a wearisome sickness, or in enduring the wants of poverty. Great and injurious is their mistake who think unyielding and heroic goodness necessary only for special exigences and unusual occasions and stations, and so neglect amid the common-places of life to seek to be strengthened with might in the inner man. Rather would we say it is not possible to fill the most humble station, and perform the most common duties, and overcome every-day difficulties and hindrances in a right manner, without that inward and invincible strength of goodness which we denominate religious heroism. Men of faint and flickering virtue will find nowhere a walk to which their attainments are adequate.

But is this character obtainable by all? Is there a way by which these feeble hands and faint hearts of ours may be made strong? May we not only have goodness, but goodness so vigorous, fresh and immortal, that one may chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight? And may we thus be spared the mortifying reflection that every shadow in a world of shadows, frightens us—that every trifle in a world of trifles, frets and turns us aside; that so many of our best purposes are never executed, or executed tamely. Yes, dear reader, there is redemption from weakness. We may become strong and acquit ourselves like men. But then it must be by appropriate painstaking and self-culture. It will not come upon us unsought, as Samson's locks grew while he ground in the mill of the Philistines. We must awake to the consciousness that we have an immortality to struggle for. We must be persuaded that a right heart is of more value than mountains of fine gold—that the chief good is goodness—that the meanest littleness is little strength to avoid evil and do right—that it is unworthy of the dignity of an immortal being, to be tossed about like a feather in the breeze, by the breath of man's praise or censure, or by the claims of expediency, or the clamor of fleshly lusts. Whoever, we say, would become strong and heroic in heart, must not only wrestle in prayer for God's mighty working, but he must distinctly and daily gather up the energies of his soul into the one great purpose of being a man and not a child—a good and right-minded man. He must dare to know his whole duty, and then dare to do it. He must enshrine goodness in his heart, and yield himself up as an infant into her moulding hand—and he shall be strong, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

THE POETRY OF MRS. HEMANS.*

BY REV. FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

MUCH has been said and much written about the poetical genius of Mrs. HEMANS—so much, indeed, and so ably, that to make her muse the subject of a critical essay, may savor somewhat of arrogance. We trust it will be a satisfactory answer to this charge, however, to premise, that in the present article we have no intention of attempting a *critique*, in the common acceptation of the term among reviewers. We wish rather, in a plain way, as nearly untrammeled as may be with the technicalities of the *Ars Poetica*, to let others know how we have been affected by a somewhat familiar acquaintance with the poetical efforts of Mrs. Hemans. This we may do without presumption.

The estimate different individuals form of the various classes and orders of poets, will of course depend in a great measure, almost altogether, upon the particular standard by which they are in the habit of judging. It is customary in these days, for persons of taste to attach themselves to a particular school of poetry, and to disparage, sometimes even to stigmatize as unworthy the name of poetry, everything which does not conform to the rules of this school. Such persons are to be pitied and blamed—pitied, because they have no soul for some of the richest productions of the muse—blamed, because, by their own act, the beau-ideal of poetry is so circumscribed and narrowed down—because they have put out their own eyes, that they might not see. There is no more effectual bar to just criticism in matters of taste, than this blind and intolerant devotion to a particular school; and if among those who may read this article, there are any whose sympathies are enlisted in favor of a particular class and order of poets, so that they would fain be crusading against all other classes and orders, we have little hope, should Mrs. Hemans be so unfortunate as to have no place in their favored category, that they will see anything greatly to be admired in her efforts, albeit they have the benefit of all the microscopic glasses at our command. If any have become so intoxicated at the table of Southey, or Coleridge, or Wordsworth, as to play the Caliban towards them, or either of them, we have no disposition to disturb them until they get sober again. If they ever should get sober, perhaps we might venture to hint to them, modestly, that there is some poetry in this matter-of-fact world, besides that which is cast in their own favorite mould.

The peculiar style, fashion, drapery—call it what you will—of Mrs. Hemans, is, it cannot be denied, quite dissimilar to that which is so greatly popular at this day, and which is perhaps best represented in the pages of Wordsworth; but allowing the "Excursion" to be a very good model of what an epic poem ought to be, and admitting that his sonnets and fugitives are excellent specimens of their kind, we are not able to perceive why the poetical genius of Mrs. Hemans should be questioned, though the characteristics of her efforts are acknowledged to be widely different. In other words, we see no reason for this exclusiveness on the part either of poets or their admirers. If we belonged to any school, it should be the eclectic school, and we would have for a motto, "Live and let live." We would allow every man, and woman, and child, to sing in his or her own way, always conformable, of course, in the main, though not too slavishly, to certain general conventional rules of masters of the art. There is no surer way of making an artificial poet—if that is not a misnomer—than to give a man a particular class of models, and to set him to work copying these models. You might as well cut off the wings of his muse altogether, for she can never fly in such paltry bandages.

Many definitions of poetry have been attempted—laconic, comprehensive definitions—but from the nature of this class of literature, it is difficult, if not impossible, to describe it accurately without a circumlocution. It is difficult, indeed, in one's own mind, to define the precise boundary in every instance, between poetry and prose. But if poetry be the language of passion or excited imagination, formed generally into regular numbers, as one critic not very poetically observes—if it be sympathy with the being of God, as another fancifully, perhaps too obscurely designates it—if it be the art of col-

* The Poetical Works of Mrs. Felicia Hemans; complete in one volume. New edition, with a critical preface, and a biographical memoir. Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliot, No. 9 North Fourth st., 1844. Royal octavo, pp. 559.

lecting the beautiful things of nature into the focus of the soul, of enduing them there with light and grace, and of impressing them glowing upon a kindred soul—if its province be to move, please, charm, delight the heart with the living creations of genius, rather than instruct the intellect with dry abstractions—if such be the character and design of poetry, then have the productions of Mrs. Hemans a high claim to be regarded as noble, beautiful, sometimes almost inimitable specimens of the art; and he who discovers in her numbers little to admire, is so far, at least, deficient in poetical taste.

Let us bring some of the particular characteristics of her poetry under review.

It is not a slight recommendation of Mrs. Hemans' poetical works, to say that there is about them all, so to speak, a remarkable degree of naturalness. She is a true daughter of nature. From her early childhood she was familiar with the romantic scenery of Wales. There, amid those wild play-grounds of nature, her mind early became imbued with impressions of the lovely and sublime which impart so much richness to her subsequent efforts. In after life, she became acquainted, too, with the unrivalled scenery of Scotland. We have often thought it might be impossible for any one, however great his genius, to excel in soul-stirring poetry, who had no acquaintance with the picturesque in nature. Be that, as it may, however, to this intimate acquaintance, doubtless, we are indebted, in part, for one of the most striking peculiarities of Mrs. Hemans. The features of the external world around her lent a coloring to her feelings, and imparted that air of wildness that runs through all her works.

How naturally, and withal how beautifully told is the romantic tale of the "Sicilian Captive." Though it is highly ornate, there are no affected, dazzling ornaments about it; it is a simple story, and its drapery is simple; but there is more genuine poetry in a few of its stanzas than can be found in as many pages of some authors whose names are written high on the scroll of popular favor. How she identifies herself with the scenes she describes, and especially with all that concerns the captive girl!

"The champions had come from their fields of war,
Over the crests of the billows far;
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
Where the deep had foam'd to their flashing oars."

They sat at their feast, those conquerors; they sung in Runic numbers the songs of the olden time; the air resounds with mirth and revelry—but anon the harsh voices of the Scalds have ceased. They have summoned the fair Sicilian to sing, and at their bidding she stands forth in the midst of the warrior's hall.

"They bade her sing of her distant land—
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her, woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke
Faint was the strain, in its first wild flow,
Troubled its murmur, and sad, and low;
But it swelled into deeper power ere long,
And the breeze that swept over her soul grew strong."

Her spirit flies back to the sunny skies that overarch her native land, and her enthusiasm is kindled into a glow as she warbles that plaintive strain:

"They bid me sing of thee, my own, my sunny land! of thee!
Am I not parted from thy shores, by the mournful sounding sea?
How should thy lyre give here its wealth of buried sweetness forth?
Its tones of summer breathings born, to the wild winds of the north?"

Yet, it must be so once more; once more through the mists of death her spirit shall shine out for her dear country's sake. And she sings of the orange groves, and the vintage hills, the haunts of shaded loveliness in that green land—the home of her childhood; deeper and deeper is the flow of her emotion, for she had been torn away from those scenes with her locks adorned for the bridal hour, until she reaches the last stanza in her song:

"My fleeting spirit shall o'ersweep the mountains and the main,
And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods again.
Its passion deepens—it prevails!—I break my chain—I come
To dwell a viewless thing, yet blest, in thy sweet air, my home!

And her pale arms dropped the ringing lyre;
There came a mist over her eyes' wild fire,
And her dark, rich tresses, in many a fold,
Loosed from their braids, down her bosom rolled.
For her head sank back on the rugged wall;
A silence fell o'er the warriors' hall;
She had poured out her soul with her song's last tone—
The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone!"

Mrs. Hemans, in all she has written, whether she aimed to do so or not—if we recollect aright, she says in one of her letters that such was her aim—has contributed to exalt the sphere of poetry. In other words, she seems to have had a just perception not only of what poetry is, but of the proper subjects to be honored with a poetic dress. She never introduces a trivial, common-place, prosaic theme, and sings some ceaseless lullaby about it; her themes are dignified, homogeneous, so to speak, with the spirit of song; and this characteristic, negative though it may be, in an age when it is fashionable to sing about everything beneath the sun, is deserving of special commendation. Poetry, serious poetry, the language of strong emotion, as it is, should be resorted to, only when prose is too weak to express the thought. Carlyle has a good idea on this subject. "We advise all men," says he, with his characteristic quaintness, "we advise all men who can speak their thought, not to sing it—to understand that in a serious time, among serious men, there is no vocation in them for singing it." Would that the scores of literary empirics, who seem to regard themselves as divinely commissioned to immortalize hobby-horses and broomsticks in silly and vapid rhymes, could be made to understand this—that they are to discourse in numbers, when the tide of the soul rises too high for prose, and not till then.

Mrs. Hemans has been called the poet of the affections, and it needs but a cursory reading of her poems to feel the truth of this remark. Her *forte* is here. In delineating strong emotions or passions, in chaste and beautiful numbers, she is sometimes almost unrivalled. Indeed, at times, when she portrays some passion which is most strikingly exemplified in her own sex, she excels every female writer we ever read, and approaches very near the world's great poet, the inimitable bard of Avon. How graphic is the picture she has drawn for us of the rival affections in the breast of the "Bride of the Greek Isle."

"She looked on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore;
She hung o'er the myrtle once called her own,
As it greenly waved by the threshold stone;
She turned—and her mother's gaze brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded track."

It is a moment of agony. The song, the household song is hushed, and the maiden yields to the overflowing of her young heart's tenderness.

"Holy and pure are the drops that fall,
When the young bride goes from her father's hall."

The lines that follow would be an honor to any poet that ever wrote the Anglo-Saxon language:

"She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;
She wept—yet laid her hand the while
In his that awaited her dawning smile,
Her soul's affianced, not cherished less
For the gush of nature's tenderness."

The unfortunate Arabella Stuart, so celebrated in the history of the first James, is the subject of a beautiful poem. The writer most happily portrays the supposed fluctuations of Arabella's thoughts and feelings during her dreadful confinement in the Tower. We must copy the finale of this poem. It will be recollected that the Lady Arabella was married privately to William Seymour, for which act the tyrannical and jealous James confined both lovers in separate apartments. The poet thus pictures the emotions of Arabella on the day of her death.

"Thy love
Hath been to me all gifts of earth above,
Though bought with burning tears. It is the sting
Of death to leave that faintly precious thing
In this cold world! What were it then, if thou,
With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now?
Too keen a pang! Farewell! and yet once more
Farewell!—the passion of long years I pour
Into that word; thou hear'st not—but the wo
And fervor of its tones may one day flow
To thy heart's holy place; there let them dwell!
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet—Farewell!"

The most truthful and affecting sketch of the strength of maternal love, that we have ever seen in song, is that which Mrs. Hemans has given in the "Siege of Valencia."

"There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart," &c.

It is no disgrace to Mrs. Hemans that she could not do everything; and it is no small praise to say that she executed well nearly all she attempted. There are different degrees of excellence in her efforts; and no one can fail to see that her success is greatest in occasional or fugitive verses, which are semi-lyric in their character.

The "Forest Sanctuary" is one of the longest of her poems, and is written in Spenserian verse. It has been pronounced among her best by some of her admirers. We do not think so. The poem is good, but we should be unwilling to rest her reputation as a poet on this alone, or this mainly. Yet should we be sorry to have the "Forest Sanctuary" lost from the bright constellation of her works. It is too good to die, and it never will die. The following stanza happily exhibits the poet's power of description.

"Silence upon the mountains! but within
The city's gates a rush—a press—a swell
Of multitudes their torrent way to win,
And heavy boomings of a dull deep bell,
A dead pause following each, like that which parts
The dash of billows, holding breathless hearts
Fast in the hush of fear—knell after knell,
And sounds of thickening steps, like thunder-rain,
That plashes on the roof of some vast echoing fane."

In the few dramatic poems which Mrs. Hemans has produced, we think she is least happy. Her male characters are not masculine enough, and the interest is not sufficiently sustained throughout the plot. She has, however, in her "Siege of Valencia," and "Vespers of Palermo," succeeded as well as any female writer of tragedy with whose works we are acquainted, Mrs. Joanna Baillie, perhaps, excepted.

It has been objected to the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, that there is an air of sadness pervading it all. It is true her strains have much of sorrow in them. She may not have been

"One of the spirits chosen of heaven to turn
The sunny side of things to human eyes."

Grief became an early inmate of her heart. Her union with Captain Hemans was an unhappy one—it was an unfailing fountain of sorrow to her. But why should we complain of this feature in her poetry? She but sung from the deep founts of suffering in her soul. Her grief chastens her heart, too, and makes it better. Her spirit was an Æolian harp. Its chords were naturally fine, and easily moved by the breath of every breeze. But when the winds of adversity sweep those chords, the music is richer, chaster, holier. It is often thus. The best of poems are written, if this is not too bald a figure, with the heart's blood.

And here we must notice another feature in Mrs. Hemans' poetry—its virtuous and religious influence. Its tendency is to refine, elevate, ennoble the mind not only, but to purify the heart. It never appeals to our baser passions; it addresses itself to the better feelings of our nature. Parents can commend it without qualification, to their children, without a fear of the stain, and blight, and mildew of vice. Mrs. Hemans lived the life of a Christian, and she died a Christian's death. Her genius had been to Mount Zion, and had caught the inspiration of Gethsemane and Calvary; and her works are scarcely less remarkable for the sanctified spirit they breathe than for their glowing imagery, simple and tender pathos, natural and chaste versification, and artless elegance.

Mrs. Hemans, it should seem, must be dear to every true American heart, for the interest she has manifested in our country and our institutions. We cherish the author of the "Pilgrim Fathers" as a kindred spirit, and we forget almost that we listen to a trans-Atlantic bard—she seems in a sense our own, as she sings,

"What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The spot where once they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God."

We know not how we can better sum up all we wish to say of Mrs. Hemans as a poet, than to employ the language some time since used by the Edinburgh Review, that "she is the most touching and accomplished writer of occasional verses that our literature has yet to boast of." Some may think there is in this language a trifle too much of enthusiasm—we believe it is true—true to the letter, and now that she has gone where

"Affection's cup hath lost the taste of tears,"*

we may apply to her the eulogy which she so generously bestowed upon another. None better deserves it than herself.

"True bard and holy! thou art e'en as one
Who by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie—
Unseen awhile they sleep—till touched by thee,
Bright waves flow forth, to each glad wanderer free."

* Forest Sanctuary.

which within a few years has obtained so much celebrity among the medical profession, especially those who have adopted the peculiar

have felt at the first discovery of two of our own native flowers. One was the *Trillium Erectum*, with large purple flowers, in the

wilds of the interior of this State—the other the magnificent *Lobelia*, along the margin of the brook where we were wont to ramble in the sunny days of boyhood. And now as we gaze upon the gay Cardinal Flower, it calls up a hundred scenes connected with that stream by the side of which it grew. Some of the sweetest recollections of childhood are associated with this flower, and when we meet it, it seems to smile upon us as a familiar friend. Oh, what blessings to the pilgrims of earth are the fair flowers that grow along the pathway to eternity! How many rills of pleasure that now flow into the soul, would be dried up, if our beautiful flowers should cease to bloom, and earth should put off her robe of green, to be arrayed in it no more!

"O Father, Lord!
The All-Beneficent! I bless thy name,
That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,
Linking our hearts to nature! By the love
Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first
Into her deep recesses are beguiled,
Her minster cells; dark glen and forest bower,
Where thrilling with its earliest sense of thee,
Amid the low religious whisperings
And shivery leaf sounds of the solitude
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made
Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,
Thou callest us from city throngs and cares,
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,
That sing of Thee!"

THE INFANT'S MISSION.

It is the beautiful theory of Christianity that all things work together for good to them that love God. Every creature, intelligent or otherwise, every atom enters as an agent and instrument into the great and benevolent plan of the Deity in reference to the universe, and *works*, intelligently or ignorantly, voluntarily or by an overruling direction, in the great field of benevolence. God's government being absolutely perfect, nothing defeats his plan. Every atom is made law and subserves its purpose, and whatever appearances of derangement may strike our eye and stagger our faith, the firm voice of the great watchman of the universe proclaims "all is well."

To our limited view, as might be expected, appearances are often inexplicable, and the most pious and experienced have their faith tried, so that in reference to the very events which are working out for them peculiar and incalculable good, they exclaim "all these things are against us."

Few things that occur in the ordinary course of earthly events, perhaps, appear more perplexing than the sickness and death of infants. The tender, dependent, delicate little creature comes into the world all unconscious and helpless. In the bosom of its parents its presence awakens a thousand new emotions and pleasurable feelings, and opens a new world of hope and ambition. The interest and love for the little stranger becomes daily more deep and passionate, and in a few months that infant has imbedded itself in its parents' hearts, and become, as it were, a part of them, so that its removal is like tearing a living limb from the living, quivering body. And yet just at this point in the history of their love, disease and death, the stern ministers of mysterious Providence enter to perform the most awful office, to slay and not spare,—to cut off, unheeding the anguish and the agonized cry of parental affection that implores for its life. Childhood, death-stricken amid its playthings, infancy amid smiles and tears turned back from the sunny precincts of life, and overwhelmed with the cold shadows of death; these, we say, are dispensations full of perplexing ambiguity. We see a living existence cut off so early that we must tax our minds to imagine what single end it was sent into the world to accomplish, or what possible object relating to this world was proposed in its creation, that has not been balked and rendered abortive; and the difficulty of our reasonings will be greatly augmented when we further consider that not here and there at distant intervals only does infancy perish, but that in all ages and climes a vast proportion of the human family die almost as soon as born, and surrender life long before they can be conscious of life's great end.

What shall we say then to these things? Hold fast our faith, certainly, and believe that even dying infancy has its mission which it accomplishes as distinctly as the hoary man of threescore years and ten. Sometimes that mission is immediately to its own.

It is impossible not to believe that the dispensation of death exerts a vast moral influence in this world, callous as are the hearts of men. The nature of the case precludes the idea of an exact measurement of that influence. But that it is great and commanding, there can be no doubt. We live in a world from which hundreds pass every hour to the grave—in which every moment some family mourns—some circle of friendship is invaded—some resort of business is desolate—some hope is dashed—some heart is broken. In such a world, and amid such scenes, how often must a restraining, solemnizing influence steal over the human heart and waken its moral sensibilities, and allay its passions, and repress its levity! How often may the inconsiderate be brought to pause, as it were, on the margin of eternity, to number his days and apply his heart unto wisdom! O how sober and thoughtful is this world, compared with what it would be were there no dying here, and were this anything but a grave-yard!

The death of infants contributes to the general effect of this solemn dispensation. But besides this, the unconscious dying infant may be the bearer of a message from the invisible world to the fond parent who weeps over his wasting form, which no other lips could deliver; and the heart that vibrated to no other touch, may yield to the blow which severs from him for ever the life of his only idolized child; and in eternity it may appear, that the only errand of that infant in this world was to die, that a parent might live a life of joy beyond the tomb. Precious in the sight of God is the soul of man, and to save it, what acts of mercy, what devices of wisdom, what clouds of ministries, does he not employ for its rescue!

But we commenced these pages with a particular instance fresh upon our heart. Poor little Frank! We have just laid him in the vault by the side of his little sister. We have returned to our desolate, childless dwelling; and while we muse and fall into a momentary reverie, we find ourselves listening to hear the patting of his little tottering feet along the hall, or the music of his infant prattle, but we are roused to the consciousness that we are alone; that the purposes for which his life was given are fulfilled, that he has accomplished his mission and returned to his Father and our Father, to his God and our God. Our little one had a mission here, and till it was fulfilled his tender feet embraced these rugged coasts, and his gentle, innocent spirit tarried and lingered among us, then vanished like some bright dream of joy. Our hearts were diseased with worldliness. There was a proneness in them to love the creature. He came, drew out our hearts, and left them bleeding and in anguish. We were making him an idol, and he withdrew from our worship; he would not receive that which belonged to God; but not till he withdrew were we fully conscious that we had offered him that which was God's.

But this was not all of our infant's errand to this world. We can now see that he was sent to be a healer of discord, and a restorer of sweet peace among our dear and cherished, but latterly somewhat alienated relatives. Between us there had sprung up, no matter how, a coolness and a reserve extremely painful as it was utterly wrong. Late months had done something towards our re-union. Intercourse had never been entirely suspended, and it was becoming more frequent, but still there were inward checks upon it, and our hearts did not flow together as was their former wont. It was for poor little Frank to adjust this difficulty, and sweetly to re-unite the hearts that once seemed separated by a gulf. After his last sickness had greatly reduced his frame, the indications of Providence, and the advice of our physician, urged us to accept an invitation to our relative's house, to try the effect of a change of air upon the little sufferer. We accordingly went. The effect at first in his favor was almost magical. But it was not to last. Little Frank did not come here to get well. He came to melt hearts that had been estranged, back again into a fountain of love and unity, and this was to be done by sacrifice—his little bed the altar, and he the victim. Oh, as we all knelt beside that bed, and blended our tears and prayers, how fully was all forgotten, how freely was all forgiven that had ever separated between us; once more it was true that our hopes, our fears, our joys, our hearts were one. Then was the sacrifice accomplished. Gently the spirit of the little sufferer released itself, the pulse of life paused, and our Frank was in heaven.

BIBLE READERS IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

BY REV. R. BAIRD, D. D.

It is the Word of God that is the grand instrument which infinite wisdom has resolved to employ in effecting the regeneration of mankind and their preparation for heaven. This glorious revelation of the nature and will of God, of his purpose to save sinners of our race, and of the means by which this is to be effected, has Christ for its author and the blessed Spirit for its indicator. How wonderful is this volume! How amazing are the subjects of which it treats! How astonishing the renovations which it effects! "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple." "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb."

As with individuals, so with communities. The word of God, wherever it is brought before the minds of men in masses, soon begins to effect, through the coöperating and applying agency of the Holy Spirit, those glorious reformations in society which have so often followed the march of Christianity, wherever it has prevailed in its purity. Could the history of all these triumphs of the Truth be fully written, how wonderful and how instructive it would be! Such a history we shall never peruse in this world. This may constitute a portion of the blessed employments of heaven. But imperfect as the history of the church is, it abounds in instances of the happy influence which the reading of the Scriptures has exerted in bringing about a revival of true religion in neighborhoods where it had become almost extinct.

The history of religion in our own country, furnishes some striking illustrations of the influence which the simple reading of the Scriptures and other religious books, may, through God's blessing, exert upon a community. About the year 1740, a Mr. Samuel Morris, a layman in Eastern Virginia, who had been brought to the knowledge of salvation by reading the Scriptures, together with Flavel's works and Luther on the Galatians, began to invite his neighbors, who, like himself, had been living in great ignorance of the Gospel, to come to his house on the Sabbath, and hear him read his favorite books. Such were the crowds that soon attended, that a house had to be built of sufficient size to contain them. To Flavel and Luther's writings, there was added a volume of Whitfield's sermons, as furnishing spiritual food for these hungry souls. They were visited in 1743 by the Rev. W. Robinson, a Presbyterian minister sent from New Jersey on a missionary tour to the south. His preaching was greatly blessed to the "Readers." Some years later, the Rev. Samuel Davies (afterwards the celebrated President of the College of New Jersey) visited these people, organized a church, and labored nearly twelve years among them with great success. The blessed work which was commenced in the reading of the Bible and other good books, spread far and wide, and its effects are visible in that country to this day.

But the most striking instances of the salutary influence of the reading of the Scriptures and other religious books which have come to my knowledge, whether through the perusal of the pages of ecclesiastical history, or through personal observation, have occurred in Norway and Sweden during the last twenty-five years.

In both of these countries, as well as in all the Protestant countries on the continent of Europe, there has been a sad decline of evangelical religion. This has been owing to several causes. One has been the union of the Church and the State, which exists in all of them without exception. This has rendered all proper discipline in the churches nearly impossible. It has encouraged, or at all events, has in no way hindered, the entrance of unconverted men into the ministry. It has led to the churches being filled with worldly professors, and the pulpits with unfaithful ministers, and the action and reaction of both on each other have been deplorable for the interests of sound doctrine and vital piety. "They shall be like priest like people." And they have too often been "like people like priest."

Another cause of the religious declension which has taken place in all Protestant coun-

tries on the continent, has been the many and long continued wars which have unhappily occurred since the Reformation. The influence of these wars has been eminently disastrous to pure religion. The spirit of God retreats from such awful scenes.

But there is one fact which we must never lose sight of when we contemplate the sad decline of religion which took place in all the Protestant countries in Europe, in the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present; or rather, which more fully developed itself at that time. It is the very partial extent to which the Reformation, as a spiritual movement, reached the masses of the people in most of those countries. It is quite certain that the great bulk of the nobles and of the common people in every portion of Christendom, which embraced the Reformation in the sixteenth century, were influenced by other than purely spiritual motives. I am far from saying that these motives were not proper ones; I only affirm that they were not spiritual, and those who acted under their influence were unacquainted with that glorious emancipation of the soul which nothing but Truth can, through the agency of God's Spirit, accomplish. Many of the nobles desired the overthrow of both the political thraldom in which they were held by a superior political authority, and of the spiritual domination and insolence of the Romish hierarchy. The masses hoped to find in the Reformation, guarantees against the despotism of the monarch and of the nobles, as well as to escape from the yoke of Rome. Wherever the monarch took the lead in the Reformation, there the work was more exterior and political than interior and spiritual. This was greatly the case in Denmark and Norway, which constitated one portion, and in Sweden and Finland, which constituted another, of what is called Scandinavia. Frederick I., during whose reign Norway was united with Denmark, and the Reformation established in both, was in many respects a worthy man, but he seems to have been very little acquainted with the spiritual nature of true Christianity. It was otherwise with Gustavus Vasa, who gave freedom and a renewed national existence to Sweden, and labored with most commendable diligence to spread the glorious Reformation in his extensive kingdom, on both shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. In this blessed work he was zealously aided by Olaus and Laurentius Petri, who had received their theological education under Luther at Wittemburg. And although there can be no doubt that the number of those in the kingdoms of Sweden and Denmark who truly received the heart-renovating doctrines of the Reformation, and brought forth their appropriate fruits, was very considerable, yet it is equally certain that the masses of people in both realms remained unaffected by its purifying faith. The celebrated Swedish historian, Geijer, says in his admirable history of his native country, that the peasants in the north part of Sweden long seemed to be wholly ignorant of the change which had come over the country, and thought, one hundred years after the Reformation had occurred, that when they were chanting the Lutheran Liturgy, they were still reciting the Breviary of the Church of Rome! Surely the Reformation was only nominal among such people.

Whatever may have been the causes, it is certain that the state of evangelical religion has long been at a low ebb in the Scandinavian countries, as well as in all the other Protestant nations on the continent. But it has pleased God to raise up, from time to time, men who labored, not without success, to revive the decayed piety of the churches. This is especially true, in our day, of Norway and Sweden.

I may remark, in passing, that the four great Scandinavian countries—Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland—embrace nearly eight millions of inhabitants, who are almost wholly Protestants. There are a few Roman Catholic churches in the kingdom of Denmark, not one in Norway, and but one in Sweden and one in Finland. The laws of Sweden and Norway,* if not of Denmark and Finland, are almost as intolerant in respect to the Roman Catholics, as are those of Italy and Spain in regard to the Protestants. And in both cases, they are utterly unwrothy of the 19th century.

In all four of the Scandinavian countries it is the Lutheran Church which is the dominant one. Indeed, no other form of Protestantism is allowed to exist in Norway and Sweden. I am sorry to say that but a small minority of the clergy in any of those countries appear to be truly converted men. A large proportion of those in Denmark and Norway are Rationalists of the German stamp; whilst in Sweden and Finland, the greater part, though well-educated and moral men, and orthodox in their creed, cannot be said to be faithful and competent preachers of the Gospel. As might be expect-

* The Constitution of Norway forbids a Jesuit or a Jew to set his foot in that country.

ed, in this state of things, vital piety prevails to a very limited extent. Here and there, where an evangelical and truly pious minister labors, there is what may be called a spiritual garden, of greater or less extent. But the number of such preachers in all those countries, bears but a small proportion to those of a latitudinarian character. Blessed be God, however, the prospect is gradually growing brighter. The distribution of the Scriptures and religious Tracts, the progress of Temperance (respecting which I have just received very cheering news from Norway), and other causes, are concurring to bring about a better state of things. Among these causes we may justly reckon the efforts to revive true religion by means of meetings for reading the Scriptures and prayer, No man in modern times has done more in Norway to institute such meetings than the late Hans Hougа, who possessed no ordinary mind. Having become a devoted Christian himself, he began to feel deeply for the low state of religion in his native land. He established meetings among the peasants or country people of the neighborhood, for reading of the Scriptures, singing, prayer and exhortation. Finding that these meetings were useful, he travelled into various parts of the kingdom, and instituted similar ones. In some places he was received well by the parochial clergy; but much oftener he was opposed by them, as well as by the civil authorities. Still he went on, encountering not a little opposition, and even persecution. He continued to labor steadfastly until the day of his death. He was a man of some property, and had the leisure requisite for his pious enterprise. The Lord smiled greatly upon his attempts to revive pure religion in Norway. Though his home was within a short distance of Christiana, where he owned a beautiful farm, yet he often extended his missionary journeys into the middle and northern portions of the kingdom, as well as into the southern. He was not a minister of the Gospel; he was only a plain farmer, whose education had not been extraordinary, but his mind was well enlightened by the divine pages of the Word of God, and his heart was filled with the love of his Saviour and of the souls of men.

Since his death, the good work has gone on, not, perhaps, with the same energy as when it had his supervision and guidance. Nevertheless there are many of these little meetings held every week in Norway; and the Spirit of the Lord, I doubt not, still continues to render them a blessing to the souls of those who attend them. They are an admirable means of keeping alive the spirit of true piety in communities where the preaching is little more than an exhibition of a cold and heartless morality.

These meetings in Norway for reading the Scriptures are not held during the hours of the public services in the churches. Hans Hougа founded no sect. His "people," as they are called, have not attempted to separate from the parish churches, and no schism has taken place. In this they have probably acted wisely. Indeed, the laws of the country would hardly permit them to form separate societies or churches, for they do not tolerate dissent. The only object of this good man and his followers has been to increase true piety among the people and the churches, by the use of such means as lay in their power, and such as the Scriptures justify.

When I was last in Christiana, in the summer of 1840, I had the pleasure of spending an evening with a sister of this excellent man, who lives about two miles north of that city, in a delightful valley, through which a small stream makes its way down to the gulf, at the head of which the capital of Norway stands. And never, whilst memory lasts, can I forget the very sweet spirit of piety which was manifested in the remarks of this lovely woman. She was far advanced in life; and yet, having good health, and unimpaired faculties of mind, she was enabled not only to take a lively interest in the cause of the Saviour, but also to labor, in her way, to promote it, She delighted to converse about the progress of missions among the heathen, and not less respecting the gradual revival of religion which is going forward in almost all Protestant countries. Like every other truly pious person whom I have met with on the Continent, I found her very desirous to know more of those wonderful manifestations of the Spirit which our American churches have so often seen in the revivals of religion, which God in his mercy has vouchsafed to them.

But the meetings of the "Readers," as they are called, have not been less useful to the cause of true religion in Sweden than in Norway. I know not who was their founder, nor when they commenced. It is probable that such meetings have been held in Sweden, with more or less frequency and continuousness, as in other Protestant countries, from the days of the Reformation. However that may be, it is certain that they have been a powerful means of keeping alive the spirit of piety in some districts, and of reviving it when decayed in others. Of

this I had frequent proofs when I last visited that country. On that occasion, I made a long tour up into the northern part of the kingdom, in company with the Rev. Mr. Scott (then a missionary at Stockholm, and whose face has since been beheld with delight by many in this country), and the Rev. Mr. Wieselgren, a most eloquent and devoted pastor and dean from the south part of Sweden. The object of this tour was to hold a series of Temperance meetings at Upsala, Danemora, Geffle, Säderala, Norrala, etc., and especially to attend a great missionary, Bible and temperance meeting, which was to be held at Hudiksvall, on the Gulf of Bothnia, which was to be the apogee of our journey.

This tour brought us into the districts most celebrated for the existence and the happy influence of the "Readers." One of these is the parish of Norrala. This parish may justly be termed the Swedish garden of Eden. In no other in that whole kingdom is there so happy and so wide-spread a religious influence. Two thirds of all the population above sixteen years of age, it is said on excellent authority, give good evidence of piety. The very appearance of the country I could almost imagine, and certainly that of the people, indicated that this district was a "garden of the Lord." Not only was there proof of this in the neat and proper dress of the people, and the courteousness of their manners, but even in the very looks which their countenances habitually wore. That sweet serenity which the peace of God, peace of conscience, and true benevolence, alone can give, beamed forth from every face. There was an amazing contrast between the aspect of the people in this parish, and that adjoining on the north. Nor is it difficult to assign the true cause. In Norrala, pure religion has long been maintained by the faithful preaching of the pastors whom the Head of the Church has from time to time placed there, and the meetings of the "Bible readers," or "Readers" as they are more commonly called in that country; whilst the other has been one of the most irreligious spots in Sweden; drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, and all other vices seemed to have taken up their abode there. For there, alas, the true Gospel had not been preached; and there, no meetings of the "Readers" had been tolerated, by the "blind leaders" who undertook to "lead the blind." And there, the dress, the manners, and the very countenances of the people indicated that that blessed religion which inculcates "whatsoever is pure," "whatsoever is lovely," "whatsoever is of good report," exerts none of its hallowed influences, because it is there unknown.

The meetings which were held at Norrala, were in some respects the most interesting of all that took place during our tour. The first was held in the morning, when we were going up; the second was held in the evening, upon our return. The former was attended by a considerable number of people, who came together at a few moments' notice, and were delighted to hear, during an hour and a half, some account of the Revivals, Sunday Schools, Home Missions, etc., of America. The latter was a Temperance meeting, and was held on the sloping side of a green hill, near the village. The sun was just descending to the horizon when the meeting commenced, and had long disappeared before it broke up. There, from the very rock on which Gustavus Vasa stood, in the year 1521, and addressed the peasants of this parish, did those who spoke on this occasion call upon the people to rise against a greater enemy than the terrible Christian II., and his mighty Danes. Around stood some fifteen hundred persons, listening with breathless attention to the powerful speeches of Mr. Wieselgren and Mr. Scott. In front were the Norrala peasant women, each with her head covered with a white handkerchief, fashioned into the shape of a plain bonnet. Everything in their appearance indicated the greatest propriety. Higher up, on the hillside, and immediately in the rear of the speakers, as well as on each side of them, to the distance of several rods, stood peasant men in their best, though plain clothes; whilst a number who could get no better position, were seated on the roof of a low building which bounded the left portion of the assembly. Throughout all ranks, a profound stillness reigned. Towards the close, the venerable and very aged chief pastor of the parish arose, and addressed the people with great animation. They were much affected by the sound of his well-known and thrilling voice, which, on account of his manifold infirmities, they had not been permitted to hear for a few years past. Prayers were offered up, and several sweet hymns were sung. The Swedes are lovers of music, and they sing well; and never did music more deeply affect me than on this occasion. Whilst the sweet tones of the tenor arose from the compact mass of the women who stood below us, and who, in singing, made a gentle waving motion, the bass rolled along the hillside above us, from one extremity of the living mass to the other, like the sound of the waves

of the ocean, as they strike on the winding shore. And it was not until the last lingering rays of the departing sun were almost wholly gone from the western horizon, that the exercises could be brought to a close. We then hastened to the post-house, took a little refreshment, and bidding adieu to the friends who attended us thither, set out for Söderrala, a parish lying to the south and adjacent to that of Norrala. But what was our surprise, when passing the rock of Gustavus Vasa, as our road led us to do, we found a large company of men and women waiting there, who immediately surrounded the carriage, commenced singing one of their sweet hymns, and thus walked along by its side, until we approached the descent of a considerable hill! Here we stopped until they had finished; and then, amid their mingled "tacks" (thanks) and "farväl" (farewells) we bade adieu, for the last time, as we supposed, to these interesting and pious people.

I had a fine opportunity of seeing a goodly company of these "Readers" in another parish, considerably to the north of Norrala. Upon our arrival at Njutanger, it was concluded that I should stay there two or three days, and then rejoin our friends, Messrs. Scott and Wieselgren, at Hudiksvall, distant some ten or twelve miles from that place.

Njutanger is rather a scattered settlement than a village. It lies in a valley of some extent, which stretches from north to south, a fine, fertile and nearly level piece of ground, which is bounded on the south by a bay that puts up from the Gulf of Bothnia, and on the north by a small lake. The house of the hospitable pastor of the parish, at which I took up my temporary abode, stands but a few rods from this lake, and is separated from it mainly by the road which passes from Njutanger to Hudviksvall.

At this interesting and very pleasant spot I passed a Sabbath, amid the repose which was visible in all parts of the little secluded mountain-valley. At ten o'clock the villagers began to assemble for worship. The church stands in the centre of the settlement. It is a relic of the times when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed in that country. It is situated on a little eminence, or hill, and is built of stone and stuccoed. Its walls are well-nigh three feet in thickness. Its roof is high and sharp, like all the old parish churches of Sweden which were built four or five hundred years ago. A stone wall, with high and heavy gateways, surrounds the church; and a belfry, or tower, stands at a little distance outside the walls of the churchyard. This belfry resembles those which one sees in almost all parts of that country. It consists of four curiously shingled columns of wood; which are not perpendicular, but lean towards each other, and sustain an indescribable round edifice, containing two bells, and surmounted by a pear-shaped cone,—all covered over with very small shingles. The church retains in the vestibule a quantity of wooden images, which adorn one side of it, and which are relics of Roman Catholic times.

The interior of the church recalled days long gone by. It is long and narrow; an aisle runs down the middle; and there is a row of pews on each side of it. At the western end there are two galleries, one above the other, the panels of which are carved and gilded in the heavy manner of the middle ages. In the eastern end is an old altar, covered with gold and silver cloth of a rich and heavy texture. Above it is a cross, with a huge image of the Saviour upon it, remaining just as it was when the Roman Catholics occupied this church three centuries ago. Two wax candles were burning on the altar. The pulpit is on one side. It is small, box-shaped, and richly gilded. The front panel bears a carved and gilded representation of Christ preaching to the people. I ought to add that the pulpit rests on the shoulders of a wooden image, purporting to be that of a human being, after the old Gothic manner. Winged little angels adorn the corners.

The first part of the liturgy (for the Swedish churches use a liturgy, and it is of a highly evangelical character) was read by the preacher from the steps of the altar; and the remaining portion from the pulpit after the sermon, save the concluding part, which was read from the altar. The whole service, including the four psalms which were sung, occupied a little more than two hours. The congregation, which might be some three hundred persons in number, appeared to be very attentive to the discourse of the excellent young man who preached. I was struck with the decorum that prevailed among the peasants, who composed the entire auditory. The men were dressed in coarse but comfortable clothes, about which there was nothing worthy of remark. The women came all with handkerchiefs, mostly white, on their heads, two corners of which were tied under the chin, and the other two were left loose behind. Each one carried a psalm-book, a pocket handkerchief, and a little bouquet of flowers in her hand.

As we approached the church—for I accompanied the excellent pastor and his family—we found a large number of people on the grassy space in front of it, surrounding an open coffin, which contained the body of an infant, neatly dressed, and on whose little forehead flowers and leaves of evergreen trees were strewed—sweet emblem both of the innocence which mankind everywhere attribute to childhood, and of the hopes of eternal life, which can alone console a parent's heart when giving up his tender ones to the stroke of death. After the funeral service was over, all entered the church. The women laid aside the handkerchiefs which they had worn on their heads; and then appeared one of the most remarkable head-dresses which I have ever seen. The back of the head of every one was covered with a nice silk cap, generally black, though some were blue, some red, etc.,—made exactly like the corresponding part of the black silk bonnet of some neat Philadelphia Quakeress. This silk cap or bonnet reached only as far as the middle of the head. A white band of muslin, or linen, and in some cases of lace, one or two inches in width, bordered the front part, and extended to the cheek and the outward corners of the eyes; whilst on the forehead it retired, by a graceful scollop, and exposed the entire middle part of it, and a little of the hair above. I cannot describe the singular appearance which some hundred and fifty women, dressed in this costume, and occupying one half of the church, present to one who has never seen anything of the kind before.

After the service was over, the handkerchief resumed its place on the head, and all dispersed, walking away with a decorum befitting the occasion which had convened them. I was exceedingly struck with the simplicity of the manners and of the appearance of this secluded, and, as I have reason to believe, virtuous community.

Old-fashioned and singular as are most of the country churches in Sweden, they have for me a wonderful attraction. They are almost all built in the same style; long and narrow, of stone, stuccoed and white-washed, and with sharp roofs. The belfry often stands detached from the church, and at fifty or a hundred feet from it. The old wall, too, which bounds the yard or court of the church, following the uneven surface of the ground and varying in elevation with it, with gateways which resemble, in miniature, a porter's lodge, having a sharp-pointed roof wholly disproportioned to the height of the wall—all this is so very antique that it has a great charm for me; and yet I cannot tell why. I suppose that this sentiment, like many of the agreeable impressions which external objects make upon us, is in fact not susceptible of any analysis, and therefore no account can be given of it, other than a statement of the fact of its existence.

I like to wander in the rural churchyards of Sweden, and read the simple words which affection has engraved on the monuments of the dead, and see the sweet borders of flowers, or of evergreen plants, which the tender hands of childhood have planted around the grave of a beloved mother, and which it often visits, and waters, and watches over. Sweet emblems these of hopes which death cannot destroy, and of that immortality which shall arise and flourish even from the tomb itself! It is here that death, even now, is made to wear the appearance of life, and the grave to be only the resting-place of the body, whilst it is undergoing the process necessary to its emerging from its chrysalis state.

How sacred is the grave of a *Mother!* Mother! sweetest word in all our language, whether when first applied to the interesting being who receives her first-born to her arms and presses it to her bosom; or to her at a later period, when she sits amidst a circle of noisy though grateful children, swaying the sceptre of justice and of love among them, and moulding their tender minds by the sweet accents of heavenly wisdom which fall from her lips; or still later, when, venerable in age, and mature in goodness, she receives the profound homage and the affectionate embraces of her grown-up sons and daughters! It is the influence of Christianity alone which can make such a mother, or hearts capable of appreciating her.

There being no service in the church in the afternoon, a number of the villagers assembled, as usual, at the house of the pastor, to hear the Bible, or some other religious book, read and commented on. The weather being remarkably fine, it was proposed to hold the meeting on the top of the high hill which rises in the rear of the pastor's house, and from which there is a fine view over all the valley. Thither we were all conducted, and clambered up the rugged sides of the hill, or mountain rather. The ascent was soon made; and there, on the rocks covered with white moss and the short heather, then bearing its sweet little violet flower, we sat down to listen to the words of wisdom.

The scene was most enchanting. We were

on the very top of the highest hill. On the east, the eye could perceive the dark waves of the Gulf of Bothnia, distant some ten or fifteen miles. On the west lay, at equal distance, a ridge of the blue mountains, behind which the sun was hastening to descend; whilst beneath us lay, in the same direction, the valley from which we had ascended, with its sweet fields, its scattered villages, and its tranquil lake, now covered with the fast lengthening shadows of the distant mountain. The smoke was beginning to curl in sluggish volumes above each house, and the tinkling of bells arose from the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle which were depasturing in the fields which spread over the valley.

In little groups the villagers hastened to join us, until the number reached to seventy or eighty. Then, in an indentation or basin in the rock, they sat down in rows, rising one above another, like the seats in an amphitheatre; whilst the pastor read the Scriptures, and the first chapter in the Life of Martin Boos, and commented on what he read. Some account of the state of religion in America succeeded, and was listened to with great interest. A prayer followed, and the singing of hymns, until the sun was fairly gone down. Then, from amidst the grateful salutations, and the universal expressions of *Tack! tack!* (for what had been told them) of this simple-hearted and excellent people, I retired with the pastor and his family, and returned to their hospitable abode. And thus terminated another of the Sabbaths of my life. It was a day of sweet repose, which, though long in that high latitude, passed rapidly away. All nature seemed to sympathize with the peaceful and holy nature of the day. As it closed, not a breath of air was felt, nor a rippling wave appeared on the lake beneath my window, which lay like a mirror reflecting the stars in the blue vault of heaven, and the shadows of the forest on its shores.

THE FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN'S REWARD.

BY ADELIA MORTON.

Servants of God! whatever name ye bear
  Of all who wait at Zion's golden gates,
Be steady to your trust! Though kings may wear
  Earth's glittering crowns and gems—though potentates
Be decked in jewelled robes, and wealth expend
  Uncounted stores in Folly's vainest mood,
All these corroding things shall have an end,
  And naught be left of all their plenitude!
Be steady to your trust! For they who turn
  An erring soul from death, a crown shall win
  Surpassing every thought, and freed from sin
Shall wear pure robes and heavenly songs shall learn;
  And held for ever by an arm divine,
  As peerless stars in glory e'er shall shine.

SELF-CULTURE.

Among those to whom our Magazine makes its monthly visit, may be reckoned a due proportion of minds that have never enjoyed the advantage of a liberal education, and have never endeavored by diligent self-culture to supply the deficiency. And it is reasonable to suppose further, that many of these minds, if fairly nurtured and developed, would be highly useful, and highly respectable beyond anything that can now be expected of them.

It would be to us, and much more to them, a source of unmingled joy could we succeed in awakening in those persons the desire and the determination to undertake seriously and systematically, a process of *self-education*, and to do this, under a sense of their moral obligation to cultivate to the highest point of improvement the faculties of their minds. At present, we apprehend, there are but few who recognize any obligation to cultivate their minds. Many who readily admit their obligation to keep their hearts with all diligence and to educate and improve their moral powers, with a strange and absurd inconsistency think it lawful to neglect their mental faculties. Is this reasonable? Is it right? Is it not supremely self-contradictory and ridiculous? And should it not subject any man to the reproaches of his conscience and the rebuke of his Creator, who bestowed the wonderful faculties of the human soul to the intent that under the wise and diligent culture of their possessor, they should improve and expand for ever, and become reflectors of the Infinite Intelligence. It is not the duty of every man to become a member of a learned profession; nor is it required of every one to forsake his ordinary avocations and spend a portion of his life within the walls of a college; for this, in a multitude of cases, is impracticable. But it is a plain case, that every man should be an *educated* man to the extent of his opportunity. He is no more at liberty to starve his mind than he is to starve his body. He is no more at liberty, by exclusive or undue attention to the means of securing a temporal subsistence, to repress his mental growth and vigor, than he is to destroy or paralyze the limbs of his body. Every man, every youth, owes it to himself, to his fellow-men and to his Maker, to carry the culture of his mind to the highest attainable point. He owes it to himself. His personal happiness cannot be secured otherwise, for it is a law of our being, that our happiness depends upon the employment of all our faculties. The dignity of his rational nature demands it. He is constituted a thinking being, capable of endless growth and progression, and he is unworthy of his place in the scale of being who practically denies his rationality. He owes to his fellow-men the culture of his powers, for he cannot insulate himself from others, nor escape from the obligation to contribute in every way in which he is capable to their happiness. And he owes it to his Maker, whose steward he is, to improve all his talents, be they few or many. There is scarcely a more wonderful, as there is not a more gross mistake than this, that a man may without criminality omit the cultivation and development of his mental powers.

We should rejoice in what we believe would be both for the honor and the best interests of our readers, that each should deliberately propose to himself and herself, a system of self-culture which should henceforth be as assiduously pursued as we are wont to pursue our several fixed and ordinary avocations. We wish to see those who have enjoyed advantages, make continued efforts, and those who have not, begin forthwith, and carry forward simultaneously with their other and ordinary avocations, a work of improvement in their own bosom. We desire to see and hasten the time when every farm-house and every mechanical establishment shall embrace thinking minds, conscious of their dignity and vast capabilities. We wish not a community of pedants, or speculatists, or of mere newspaper readers, but of industrious, well-balanced minds, engaged honestly and earnestly in the pursuit of knowledge.

Some may be discouraged from undertaking anything, because so much of their life has already passed without culture. But when we look at the lives of others who have distinguished themselves, there seems no reason for discouragement. Dr. Carter was originally a grazier, and did not commence his studies till he was nineteen or twenty. Ogilby, the translator of Virgil and Homer, was above forty years of age when he commenced the study of Latin, and not till his fifty-fourth year did he commence the study of Greek, What has been done may be done again. Examples, enough to fill a volume, might be brought to show that it is never too late to hope for success.

Some may apprehend difficulty from the want of suitable instruction. Self-education seems to them a hard process But they should remember that the ancient philosophers were all self-

educated. Sir Wm. Herschell was a self-educated man. So was Sir Humphrey Davy. So was Alexander Murray—who is supposed to have prosecuted the study of the languages to a greater extent than any man who ever lived, and who, in 1812, was chosen to the professorship of Oriental languages in the University of Edinburgh—a self-taught man. Before his connection with the university, his whole school attendance had been but thirteen months—and he was but thirty-eight years of age when he died. And, in our own country, many of the leading minds who have shaped and adorned our history, have been self-educated men. Such were the Shermans, the Franklins, the Rittenhouses, and numbers more whose names we need not stay to mention.

We earnestly commend these suggestions to those whose benefit they more especially contemplate.

NEGLECT—OR THE LESSON OF A DAY.

"Pa," said Emmeline to her father, Mr. Vinton, as she threw herself in an evidently vexed mood upon the sofa, upon returning from church, "Pa, I am sure I shall never become a Christian under the preaching of Mr. Taylor. It only hardens my heart. So far as it has any effect, it only sours my mind, makes me unhappy and dissatisfied, so that I am afraid church-going will become at length positively burdensome."

"And pray, my dear, what was Mr. Taylor's fault to-day?" replied her father. "I thought the discourse a very superior one. Its statements were clear, its arguments and illustrations forcible, its appeals to the heart tender and persuasive, and the manner of the preacher was in beautiful keeping with the benevolent spirit of the discourse. For my part I felt, as I have often before, thankful that it was the privilege of myself and family to sit under such an instructive and faithful ministration; and I much regret that you do not share in my feelings. Now tell me, my dear, what has ruffled your peace to-day?"

"Well, pa, what I complain of is, that Mr. Taylor makes no distinction at all between the best people, if they don't happen to be religious, and the very worst. For instance, from the text to-day, 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation,' I am sure he made out mere inattention to the subject of religion to be as criminal and blameworthy as the very worst sins I ever conceived of, and destroyed all distinction among the very different classes of those who have not been converted. Now I am not disposed to be classed with profane swearers, liars, blasphemers, and the like, although I admit that thus far I have been a neglecter of religion."

Mr. Vinton was proceeding to reply, when the dinner bell interrupted the dialogue.

At an early hour on Monday morning there was quite a commotion among the young people, occasioned by the arrival of the package of New Year gifts which always punctually made its appearance at this season, from their uncle, who was a wealthy merchant in the city of New York, and who, having no children of his own, cherished a fond affection for his three nieces, the daughters of Mr. Vinton. The arrival of the annual package was to them like the arrival of an argosy with the treasures of the east, and indeed it never failed to contain a costly and well selected outfit for the year, of articles both of necessity and luxury.

Mr. and Mrs. Vinton were soon summoned from their chamber to preside at the opening of the precious package. There were rich dresses, a casket of jewelry, and various sundries directed to Ella, the eldest, and a choice variety suited to her years, to Clara, the youngest, but to the surprise of them all, there was nothing for Emmeline, and even in the hasty note which accompanied the presents, no allusion was made to the omission, and her name was not even mentioned. This was the more surprising, as she had always been considered the favorite niece. Poor Emmeline was so overpowered by her feelings that she burst into tears, and her distress was uncontrollable. She was a tender-hearted, sensitive, yet high-spirited girl. She fondly loved her uncle, and now the painful conviction, that by some means unknown to her, his heart had become alienated and his interest in her destroyed, fastened upon her mind and crushed it to the earth, and the anguish of a life-time seemed compressed into that hour. It was, of course, in vain that her kind-hearted sisters insisted upon sharing with her in the most liberal manner the presents directed to them; and equally in vain did the parents conjecture reasons explanatory of his omission to send to her. She felt that she had been neglected, and if neglected, despised, and she stole to her chamber to give free vent to her feelings.

In the afternoon, the family were called to attend the funeral of a beloved neighbor and friend, who had been cut off in the brightness of youth but a little more than a year after her marriage. Prior to that event, Mary had been a daily visitor in the Vinton family, and was as a daughter and sister; and although, when she became the wife of Mr. Ashley, their intercourse was less frequent, the depth and tenderness of their attachment was in no degree diminished. Slowly and mournfully they entered the house of death, and grouped themselves around the remains of Mary. There she lay in beautiful repose, like an angel overtaken by a dream; or like a fresh creation of the divine artist only waiting for the breath of life to heave that breast, and dilate that flowing form, and part those lips, upon which even now seemed to hang some utterance of gentleness and love. Alas! within that tabernacle, the lamp of life had gone out, never to be rekindled; and that frame so beautiful, was attired, not for the gaieties of life, but for the gloom of the grave. Oh Death! thou great reaper of this world's field, thus it is ever. Thou cullest the lovely, the tender, the good. With thy frosts and chills thou strikest the child amid his playthings, and the young saint kneeling at God's altar, and sparest to fill up his three-score and ten the reviler of his Maker and the foe of his kind.

The funeral solemnities over, the Vintons, who were truly the chief mourners, returned to their homes, severally occupied with reflections befitting the melancholy employment of the afternoon. There a pleasant surprise awaited them. Mr. Vaugher, the uncle of whom we have already spoken, had arrived from the city an hour before, taken possession of the premises, and roused up the parlor fire to a generous glow. Finding, he said, that by some inadvertence of the person charged with sending the annual package of knick-nacks, Emmeline's parcel had been omitted, and having, moreover, a little leisure on hand, he had resolved at once to allow himself the pleasure of an old-fashioned winter evening with those he loved best. The cordial welcomes showered upon him, and the fond kisses of the affectionate girls, effectually dispelled the chilliness of his ride. Poor Emmeline's fears and sorrows were of course brought to an end, and she was now the happiest of the group.

The conversation after tea naturally turned to the funeral of Mrs. Ashley, whose many virtues all eagerly dwelt upon, and whose early death all deplored with profound emotion. Mr. Vaugher was much affected. He had known and loved Mary as a child, and had strongly counselled her against accepting Mr. Ashley, whom he also knew thoroughly as a heartless debauchee, unworthy of a woman's confidence. "Have you understood the nature of her disease?" inquired Mr. Vaugher. "That seems to have been obscure," replied Mr. Vinton. "I will tell you," said the uncle. "Mary Ashley died of a BROKEN HEART! Yes," said he, "the man who vowed to her and to God, to love her truly and only, forswore himself, and lavished his gross affection upon another and an unworthy object. She knew it. In vain was her dwelling supplied with every necessary and with every adornment and luxury. In vain did he look blandly upon her in public. She was an *unloved*, NEGLECTED WIFE. The consciousness of this was a scorpion upon her heart, till the grave pitied her and took her to its bosom." The old man wept as he added, in subdued, solemn undertone: "Sleep there, pale and weary one, for thou hast long been sleepless, and there none shall disturb thee. Thanks to God, though thou wast a neglected wife, thine was not a neglected Saviour."

As he uttered these words Emmeline shrieked in an agony of feeling, and for some time lay sobbing on the sofa, unable to speak a word. At length, beckoning her father to her side, she said, "Pa, I understand it." "Understand what? my dear." "The sermon, pa, Mr. Taylor—the sinfulness of NEGLECT—O, I see it all. Was I not tortured this morning, when apparently only our dear uncle had slighted me, and have not I slighted the Saviour indeed all my life, when he justly looked for the evidences of my affection? Did our poor Mary pine and perish amid all the brightness and bloom of youth, stung with a sense of neglect? And is it nothing to the Saviour that I, the poor worm upon whom he set his everlasting love, and to the door of whose heart he has so often come knocking till his locks were wet with the dews of the night, that I should regard him with indifference, and repel him with neglect? My eyes are open, and I see that what we call mere neglect, may be indeed cruel and criminal as the murderer's steel. Never again shall it be my plea that I am only a neglecter of the Saviour, and soothe myself with the idea that it involves no positive and flagrant transgression." And they all knelt in prayer for a blessing upon the lesson of the day.

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTIAN.

POETRY BY MRS. HEMANS. MUSIC BY PEDRO A. ANDREU.

MARCIALE.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God, our fath - ers'

f

God! Thou hast made thy child - ren migh - ty, By the

touch of the mount - ain sod; Thou hast fixed our ark of

f *mp*

ref - - uge, Where the spoil - er's foot ne'er trod,— For the

strength of the hills we bless thee, Our God, our fath - ers'

f

God!

f *f*

2.

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar,
'Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

3.

For the shadows of thy presence,
Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battles,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

THE PARLOR TABLE.

SERMONS not before published, on various practical subjects, by the late EDWARD DORR GRIFFIN, D. D., N. Y. M. W. Dodd.

"The Prince of preachers" was the title which Dr. Griffin often received, and which he deserved as well as any man of the age in which he lived. With a beauty and brilliancy of imagination never surpassed, he combined close reasoning powers rarely equalled. Both were exercised with a refinement of taste which gave a charm to the productions of his pen; and his style of delivery possessed all the characteristics of the loftiest eloquence; so that no pulpit orator in this country drew more attentive crowds or produced more immediate and permanent impressions. Mr. Dodd has published a volume containing sixty of his sermons, and we doubt not that they will become *standard* family discourses, to be handed down from generation to generation. And so long as the glowing genius of man employed in elucidating and impressing the highest truths of the Divine Word, has admirers, so long will these sermons stand in the front rank of American sacred literature.

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THE MARTYR MISSIONARY. Under this title the American Sunday School Union are just issuing the life of the Rev. John Williams, the English missionary, who was murdered and devoured by the savages of one of the South Sea islands, a few years ago. The volume is one of the most interesting that has ever been published by this Society, abounding in striking anecdotes and descriptions of the manners and customs of a barbarous race; and showing also most glorious triumphs of the gospel, converting the ferocious and cruel cannibals into meek and humble followers of Christ. We would that this little volume were in the hands of every child. It is specially calculated to be useful from the fact that it shows the great good effected by a man who was once an apprentice in a blacksmith's shop, but who, by the grace of God, became one of the most distinguished missionaries of modern times.

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AWAKE, THOU SLEEPER, a series of awakening discourses by the late Rev. J. A. CLARK, D. D., author of "The Pastor's Testimony," &c., &c. N. Y., Robert Carter, 1844.

Dr. Clark was a beautiful writer, and his books have been widely popular, not only among Christians of his own denomination (the Episcopal), of which he was so bright an ornament, but among all who love the Evangelical spirit which they breathe. These discourses are rich, fervid, and eminently calculated to produce a deep impression, and we commend them cordially.

CHRISTIAN RETIREMENT, or Spiritual Exercises of the Heart, by the author of "Christian Experience as displayed in the Life and Writings of St. Paul." N. Y., J. S. Taylor & Co., 1844.

This is the third American from the eighth London edition of a beautiful book for the Christian to keep in his closet, for reading in hours of retirement; and the popularity it has obtained in this country and in Europe, shows that it reaches the wants of those who love to have their meditations judged by the suggestions of those who have made great attainments in the divine life.

—

OLD HUMPHREY'S COUNTRY STROLLS.

"The course of time seems back to roll
Where nature's varied charms abound;
And when through country scenes I stroll
Admiringly, and gaze around
With eager eye and swelling vein,
I feel my heart grow young again."

We love old Humphrey. He has an eye for the beautiful and true in nature and books, and his former volumes, "Observations," "Addresses," "Hints," &c., have been the source of pleasure to us, many an hour; we thank Mr. Carter for this addition to our Old Humphrey series; and when he hears from him again, we should like to know it.

—

MISCELLANIES, by JOHN HARRIS, D. D. There is not at this moment in the sacred profession, a man who stands higher as an elegant writer than Harris, the author of "Mammon," "The Great Commission," and other works. He has risen from being a poor boy, to his present eminent position, and his example should be a stimulus to all the young. These essays are worthy of being read with attention, and we doubt not that they will find many admirers. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 1844.

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HISTORY OF MISSIONS. The most elegant volumes recently issued from the American press, are the two just published by Robert Carter, containing a complete history of the rise and progress of modern missionaries to the heathen world. In every family, they would prove an unfailing source of entertaining and valuable instruction, as they would serve to interest both the old and the young in the cause of missions. They are adorned with a large number of hand some engravings, and abound in rich anecdotes and striking facts, such as ought to be familiar to every one. Mr. Carter has issued these volumes at such a price as cannot fail to secure for them an extensive circulation.

W H Bartlett

J. F. E. Prudhomme

Mont Blanc from Chamouni

Engraved for the Christian Parlor Magazine

Mont Blanc (*White Mountain*, as its name

reached. These valleys are generally long and narrow, and well cultivated. Even the sides

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1844.

MONT BLANC.

BY REV. R. BAIRD, D. D.

(SEE PLATE.)

THE Alps are admitted on all hands to be by far the most remarkable of all the mountain-ranges in Europe. Commencing at the Mediterranean, they form a vast crescent, one of its horns reaching to that sea, and the other terminating in Austria, north-eastward of the Gulf of Venice, and in fact, uniting with the Hæmus or Balkan. Beginning at the Mediterranean, there are no fewer than ten divisions, called by as many names, viz., the Maritime, the Cottian, the Grey, the Pennine, the Leopontine, the Rhetian, the Noric, the Carnic, the Julian, and the Dinarian Alps. The centre of this vast range of mountains is in Switzerland, whence branches run off, in something like a detached form, into Savoy, France, Germany, Italy, Slavonia and Dalmatia.

The word *alp*, it may be remarked, is of Celtic origin, and signifies an elevated verdant spot of pasture land, lying on the summit, or on an elevated *bench* or *slope* of a mountain. Many of these natural mountain *prairies*, if they may be so called, exist in the range of which we are speaking, and are resorted to by the shepherds and herdsmen of the valleys below, who depasture their flocks and herds there during the summer months, occupying for this purpose rude little houses, built of stone or of wood, and called *châlets*.

Mont Blanc (*White Mountain*, as its name signifies), is the highest mountain in Europe, having an elevation of 15,781 feet. It stands like a great giant in the midst of his fellows, rearing his snow-clad head above them all. Nevertheless, he is not without some noble companions, who are not much his inferiors either in point of grandeur or of venerable appearance. Away off in the south, in the Cottian Alps, is Mont Viso, that has the respectable height of 13,828 feet; and a little nearer is Mont Iseran, in the same division, that is almost as high. Mont Rosa, which is still nearer, being, like Mont Blanc, in the Pennine Alps, is 15,540 feet high, and is only 241 feet lower than its great compeer. Mont Cervin is 14,784, L'Alle Blanche is 14,775, the Great Glockner 13,713, and the Jungfrau (Virgin) 13,720. Besides these, there are several others that exceed 10,000 feet, and a host of smaller ones which vary from that height on a descending scale down as low as 5000. So that it may be said that Mont Blanc is most honorably guarded in the midst of his vast mountain domain.

There is no feature of the Alps more striking than that of the beautiful valleys, that lie between the successive ranges of mountains, that often run in parallel courses, one rising above another, till the centre of the whole system is reached. These valleys are generally long and narrow, and well cultivated. Even the sides

of the mountains are often cultivated up to a considerable height. Nothing can be more charming to the eye of a traveller, as he wends his way in mid-summer, through these vast mountains, than the sight of these lovely valleys. Fields of wheat, rye, oats, potatoes, flax, buckwheat, &c., stretch throughout these valleys, and along the skirts of the adjoining mountain-barriers, and make him feel that though he is in the midst of the stupendous works of God, yet he is not severed from the great family of mankind.

Such a valley is that of Chamouni,* which runs along by the northern base of Mont Blanc. The Arve, or rather a main branch of it called the Arveron, runs through it from the east to the west, and then turning to the north, flows away to join the Rhine, just below the city of Geneva.

Those who visit Mont Blanc from Switzerland, usually go by way of Chamouni. To reach this valley, the traveller, who sets off from Geneva, may go up the valley of the Arve, passing through a number of little Savoyard villages; or he may go up to the head of the Lake Leman, and thence pursuing the valley of the Rhone a considerable distance, cross over the mountain ridge which separates the head streams of the Arveron and the Rhone, and so enter the valley of Chamouni from the east.

The village of Chamouni which is well delineated in the engraving which is given in this number of the Christian Parlor Magazine, stands about mid-way in the valley of the same name, and considerably east of the central part of Mont Blanc, as the reader will perceive. The middle peak of the portion of the mountain that is covered with snow, is called the Dôme, and is the highest point of the entire mountain. The dark looking portion of the mountain which fills up the left end of the plate might be supposed to be higher than any of the summits covered with snow. But this is an illusion. To one standing at Chamouni it has that appearance, because it is much nearer to the village than the summits referred to, which are, in reality, the highest points of the mountain.

The reader will remark that a great body of what appears to be snow, but what is really ice, descends seemingly at no great distance from the village; this is the *glacier* of Buisson. It is said that twenty-five such glaciers descend from Mont Blanc into the valleys of Chamouni, Entreves and Bionnay. The whole number which belong to this mountain is sometimes estimated at sixty. In the whole chain of the Alps, it is believed that the number of the glaciers is between 500 and 600. The appearance as well as the formation of these glaciers are very remarkable.

The cold of the atmosphere increases, as is well known, with the elevation; and at a certain height, depending on the latitude, it is so great as to cause perpetual frost. At that point, and at all places above, snow will lie all the year, unless the nature of the ground or of the rocks—being too steep, as in the case of mural precipices—will not permit it to lie. Above the snow-line, that is, the line at which perpetual frost commences, snow will not only lie all the year, but it will increase in depth, because only a portion of that which successively falls, is carried away by evaporation or the influence of the sun during the summer. During the winter, the snow-line descends at times, from the height of 6000 or 7000 feet, where in latitude 45°, there is perpetual frost, to the bases of the mountains. The glaciers are formed by the partial melting of the lower edges of the masses of perpetual snow which lies above the snow-line, and which degeals in the summer through the action of the sun and rain, and then becomes frozen in the winter. These vast masses of ice lying embedded in the ravines and valleys which descend from the highest Alps, vary in length, breadth and depth. Some are as long as fifteen or twenty miles; some no more than two or three. Some are half a mile in width; and some are two miles and more. The depth of some is thirty, forty or fifty feet; that of others is five or six hundred. There is a glacier of immense size which descends from behind the portion of Mont Blanc which fills the left part of the view which we have given in the plate which accompanies this number, that contains a large expansion at the height of 6000 feet, called the *Mer de Glace*, or sea of ice. This glacier, like that of the Buisson, descends even in summer, down to the valley of Chamouni. And from beneath a vast arch of ice, issues a very considerable branch of the Arveron. This stream is comparatively insignificant in the winter, because its sources are locked up in ice; whilst in summer it is a large one.

The glaciers, pressed upon by the masses of

* This word is spelled very differently, *Chamouni*, *Chamouny*, *Chamonix*, all pronounced alike, viz., as if written *Shamoonee*. As to the origin of this name, M. de Saussure and others contend that it comes from the Latin, *Campus munitus*, a fortified camp.

ice and snow which are above, are more or less constantly in motion. As masses of ice are perpetually detaching themselves and moving down, often with tremendous noise, chasms and fissures are formed, which make it extremely dangerous to walk upon these glaciers, and none should attempt it without a skilful guide. Not a few persons have fallen into these crevices and been lost. Indeed, nothing can be more appalling scarcely than the sight of those chasms, some of them only a few inches, and others several feet in width, and extending down in some cases hundreds of feet. M. de Luc makes mention of a Mr. Escher who, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his guides, undertook to traverse a glacier, in order to reach two chamois-hunters whom he saw sitting on a rock at the upper end of the glacier, and at no great distance from him. In an instant, losing his foot-hold, he fell into a fissure and disappeared for ever from their sight! The moving masses of ice carry with them the bodies of persons who have thus fallen into the chasms, and in process of time carry them down to the valleys below. In the same way masses of rock are carried down.

The first attempt to ascend to the top of Mont Blanc, was made, it is said, in 1762, by Pierre Simon, of Chamouni. It was unsuccessful. Mr. Bourrit, of Geneva, and M. de Saussure made fruitless attempts in 1784 and 1785. Other unsuccessful attempts had been made. But in 1786, on the 8th of August, Jacques Balma (who had ascended with a party in June of that year, that had failed to reach the top) succeeded in going up with a Dr. Pachard, of Chamouni. On the 2d of August, 1788, M. de Saussure reached the summit; and gave to the world a glowing account of the wonderful, and almost boundless, vision which he enjoyed from that great elevation. Since that epoch, almost every year some persons have attempted to ascend. Down till 1827, there had been only fourteen successful ascents, and eighteen persons, exclusive of guides, had gained the height. Ten of these were Englishmen, two Americans (Dr. Van Rensselaer and Mr. Howard), two Swiss, one Russian, one German, and one Savoyard. Since 1827, several others have succeeded in ascending. About fifteen years ago, a party of guides ascended, and took with them Maria de Mont Blanc, as she is called, a high-spirited girl; and in 1838, a Mademoiselle D'Angeville also succeeded in reaching the summit.

The valley of Chamouni is visited every summer by strangers from all parts of the civilized world; and not without reason. There is no scenery of the kind in any part of the world, that is so beautiful and so grand. The view of the valley itself, carpeted over with smiling fields and meadows, and of the hoary head of Mont Blanc, with the *Aiguilles*, or sharp-pointed rocky masses, which, like turrets, rise from the various summits around, that one has from La Flegère, on a mountain which stands on the north side of Chamouni, cannot be conceived by those who have not enjoyed it. Chamouni and Mont Blanc are to Europe what Niagara is to America, each is excellent of its kind; and both display in the most wonderful manner the grandeur which the infinite God can give to his works when he chooses. The albums of the hotels of the village of Chamouni contain the names of those who annually visit this delightful valley. Many have left other memorials of their visits than the mere inscription of their names in the books of a tavern. Those who have, or think they have, the spirit of the muses, are careful not to lose the opportunity to record some verses.* But we have never seen anything in these effusions to compare with some things of the kind which one finds at Niagara, and especially the immortal ode of the lamented Brainard.

"The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee It would seem
As if God poured thee from his 'hollow hand,'
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him,
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
'The sound of many waters;' and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
O, what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might."

* Lord Byron, during one of his visits to Chamouni, wrote some verses in the album of the Hotel de l'Europe; but some vandal of a traveller has torn out the leaf in order to have Lord B's autograph.

But if there be much about Chamouni in the works of God to interest in the highest degree the mind of every cultivated man, there is also much in the moral condition of the inhabitants to afflict the heart of the enlightened Christian. This charming valley, with its grand mountain scenery, lies in the heart of Savoy—a land over which the darkness of papal superstition is like that which rested on old Egypt, a darkness which "may be felt." The shrines of the Madonna are seen, at short intervals, along the road-side. Her chapels, with hideous images of the mother and the infant Jesus, are everywhere seen. Roman Catholic priests abound everywhere. The people are grossly ignorant, and the greatest vigilance is put into requisition to keep those who can read from getting possession of a copy of the sacred Scriptures. Surely it may well be said of that country:

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

HEROD AGRIPPA.

BY MISS MINERVA CATLIN.

A SHOUT, long, loud, tumultuous, like the voice
Of congregated hosts, is on the air;
The foaming sea rolls back in trumpet tones
The sound, till ev'ry breeze bears on its wing
A deafening peal.
Is it the voice of praise
Sent from a nation's grateful heart to Heav'n?
Oh Israel! thine altar is profaned—
The morning sacrifice of ingrate souls
Is laid upon a blacken'd shrine, and lips
That should have breathed in holy awe the prayer
Of loyal hearts, are bowed in dust to kiss
An idol face; and sacrilegious hands
Have dared to pluck the honors of a God,
And wildly wreathe them round a mortal brow.

Dense crowds press on.—Subdued but lovely Greece;
Imperial, proud Rome; cities of Tyre
And Sidon, each brave tribute give, to swell
The gay, expectant throng.
Still bathed in morn's
Soft purple glow, the theatre uplifts
Its form of grandeur, clad in snowy white,
That now unwonted concourse greets, and seems
E'en moving to the beating pulse of life.

In state Agrippa sat enthroned, his brow
With royalty's bright halo graced—the crown;
His silver-tissued robe hung round his form
So like the drapery of the noon-day sun,
Its strange effulgence seemed supernal light,
Blinding the throng that gazed in wonder mute,
And to that pageant concourse audience gave.
But when the heav'n-lit fire of eloquence
Kindled upon his lip, and burning words
Borne on a voice of deep-toned melody,
Arose like ocean-music on the air,
Then burst the thunder of applause, and rent
The morning silence with the pealing notes
That rolled sonorous from a thousand tongues,
'Till ev'ry hill and mountain echoed back
Idolatry's fierce shouts—a God! a God!
The wings of morning took the impious cry
And bore it up to heav'n where vengeance sat;
That arm shall hurl it with a fearful weight
Upon thy guilty head, thou supple king.

Tremble! th' avenging angel's on the wing,
The bird of night—ill omen, broodeth nigh—
Thy guiding star is on the wane, and Death
Waves his pale ensign o'er thy opening tomb.
E'en now his icy signet's on thy brow,
His chill breath on thy bloodless lip and cheek.
Look up! and if thou can'st, drink in once more
The pure, sweet light of Heav'n—that Heav'n which thou
With bold effrontery hast dared to rob
Of homage due to God alone; and move
Thy quiv'ring lips in prayer, if thus thy soul
May expiate its dark, unholy deed.
Oh! nerve thy spirit for its upward flight,
And when a stricken nation's tears baptize
Thy livid corse—a nation's wail repeats
The mournful dirge of Judah's fallen prince,
Thy soul disrobed before the eye of Heav'n
Shall wait its audit at the bar of God.

THE POETRY OF PHILOSOPHY.

Living in a land of Christians and Christian privileges, we can scarcely imagine the condition of such a country as Greece in the days of her philosophers. We look to one fountain as the source of all doctrine, one standard of right and wrong. Then men followed the beck of the sage teachers, whose creeds were as many as themselves. But it is interesting to observe that the nature of men led them to adopt such creeds as possessed much poetical beauty. Perhaps a few moments passed in noticing this fact, may not be unprofitably spent. We shall not undertake to define Poetry. The admirer of Homer, or he who makes Virgil his companion in the closet and the walk, looks for vivid description and rich incident, as constituent parts, while the lover of Gierusalemme Liberata or the Divina Commedia, turns from these old epics in disgust. Equally at variance are the sentiments of the reader of Shelley, Goethe and Byron, from his who admires Thompson, Goldsmith or Cowper. The conclusion therefore is that Poetry is that which produces an effect on the passions varying as the cause. If we analyze the feeling produced on reading Milton, we shall find it not essentially different from that experienced by one who listens to the dash of the surf at night, while the melody of Tasso is none other than that of a bubbling fountain or the same waves singing themselves to rest. Unwritten Poetry exists everywhere; so much so that the idea itself has become hackneyed. Adam saw the Poetry of nature, and we fancy he must have listened often to the song of the morning stars. If he did not, we can answer for ourselves that we have. The earth waxed old and sinful, and the deluge woke man from a delirious dream. The last agonizing cry of mortality rang over the startled waters, and then years passed on before the dull realities of a growing world permitted the sons of Noah to regard the passions and propensities of the heart. Pass we immediately on to the days of Grecian Philosophy.

On the statue of Epicurus was inscribed:

"Oh tenebris tantis tam clarum lumen extollere
Qui primus potuisti, illustrans commoda vitæ."

A text that for a long discourse, we shall make it short. That light was brilliant but fitful, and has long ago died away. The ancient Philosophies (we hesitate when we say it, lest the dead of centuries turn restlessly in their slumberings) were glorious dreams, chiefly rich in poetic beauty The growth of Poetry was analogous to that of mind until it arrived at a certain point. As yet that point was unattained, and man was prepared to receive the most fantastic ideas, and treasure them in proportion as they were less real and more dazzling. There had been as yet no thought of curbing or disciplining the spirit, and it is not the least remarkable feature of the Philosophies of that age, that while all were sedulously directing their attention to the soul, they rather regarded it as a distant object, the approximation to which was the object of life, than as the first principle of their own being, whose visible existence was in every thought and action. Of consequence they were ready to grasp no sound and perfectly constructed theory, but reason and imagination formed a strange alliance, and the product was those gorgeous and startling figments that we can only term dreams.

The light of revelation had not dawned on Greece, when a star arose above an obscure hut in Miletus. All eyes were directed towards its wanderings until it settled over Athens, in the full brilliancy of the Socratic Philosophy; men were charmed to worship. Well had it been said of the son of Sophroniscus, "*Illustrans commoda vitæ.*" Disciples gathered from all countries to hear him reason of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come. Righteousness that we might even now almost recognize, Temperance severe and stern, a future, that the sage feared yet longed for. He arrived by a direct and logical method at the memorable conclusion that he knew nothing save his want of a teacher from above. The pupil forgot the master's warning. The latter, led by the love and full appreciation of truth, was heedful and chastened. The former, loving the beautiful and mystic, as well as retaining much of his teacher's counsels, put forth ideas of immortality, not inconsistent with revelation, but marked with a high degree of poetic fervor.

Plato was a strong reasoner, and (strange union) a poet. We challenge uninspired literature to produce such a perfect specimen of Poetic Philosophy; apparently heedless of the last conclusion of his master in hidden lore, he groped in search of that which the unaided intellect cannot attain. Read if you will the record of numbered years, open the garner of buried ages, look at nature's storehouse of fair things, the earth and sea and all beauty, and above at the depths of pure unfathomable

glory; and learn of all these. Treasure up all the learning that time has hoarded for you, but dare not to lift the veil of the future, or gaze at aught in it, until you have knelt to him whose alone the future is.

Far be it from us to depreciate in the least, the work of the mighty Academician. We are not so mad. Our object is only to show the helplessness of Philosophy, when the light of revelation is withheld. To the question, "Shall I read Plato?" we answer unhesitatingly, "If you can appreciate and understand him, Yes." Unsurpassed in argument, he was led too far and became of necessity poetical. With him, forget that you are in a land of gospel light and revealed religion, regard utility as a motive too base for an immortal, and then revel with him in the dreamy land.

We can see him now, his white locks streaming in the wind, which he points to as an emblem of the soul, unseen yet felt, unknown yet known. We can catch the flash of his eager eye, and see the convulsive movement of his lip as he half hesitates to speak of things so mighty. And now, his head thrown back, and his eye fixed upward, as if to gaze into infinity, and ask of the eternal what he is, we can hear as a rich strain of music, the words that picture forth τὸ Ἀγαθόν. This is

"An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine, of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted."

We have heard it! at midnight when the soul, wrapt in the mantle of its own imaginings, had gathered to it all things of the olden time, when in the inner sanctuary of this temple, the high priests of learning were ministering as they were wont, in days that are told, and the voice of all material things was hushed in the anthem of departed glories, then, above the thousand chords, touched by ten thousand hands, have we heard the thrilling music of the old Academy.

But the fathers of the Ionic school were not the only Poet Philosophers. Long after the star of Socrates had set, when the grove was temporarily deserted, and the Platonists were an obscure sect, the torches of Aristotle, the Stoic and the Cynic were flashing in the palaces of Greece. Did space allow we might go on to show the poetic beauty of these scarce inferior sages. We have no treasures save our Bible, that we regard with half the veneration and love that we have for the fragments of Pythagoras, Zeno, Epicurus and the unconnected quotations of Antisthenes. It is much to be lamented that the vitiated taste of this age is rejecting the antique because it is visionary, and courting and greedily seizing on that which is a hundred fold more so. The cold winds of a modern age swept over the fair flowers of Ancient Philosophy, and they withered. The unskilful nurture of the Roman suffered them to grow unprotected, and the Reformation finding them in such hands ruthlessly chilled them. They hung drooping and lifeless, yet rich in color, evidencing their former beauty, until the touch of Bacon, leading on the pack of modern utilitarianism, scattered them on the ground. Few cared to gather the petals; yet we might linger long here to show how the modern founder of inductive reasoning, chose the gems of Aristotle as the foundation of his theories. But this is not in our course. A few leaves were saved from the general wreck, and placed in that sanctuary of time-honored things the scholar's closet, and here and there, a solitary may be found, kneeling before a leaf of the ancient poetic Philosophy. Need we pause to derive a moral from its fate? "Here" exclaimed the earl of Rochester, laying his hand on his Bible, "Here is true Philosophy." The sage of old time looked earnestly for an unknown teacher; we kneel to him revealed unto us.

He dreamed of a life to be; "Now the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." Mere worldly wisdom has always been proved to be folly.

Here are wisdom and Poetry mingled with inimitable beauty; here is music to the weary soul; balm to the plague-marked brow; water to the parched lips; here is TRUTH, the τὸ καλὸν of all Philosophy W. C. P.

INCIDENT IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF OUR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. C. A. GOODRICH.

It was my privilege, about eighteen years ago, to make the acquaintance of an English gentleman, named William T. Moncy, who related to me the facts I am about to record. He was a man of rare and varied excellence, who had served his country in numerous stations of honor and trust, in different parts of the world. For many years, he was a member of the House of Commons; being one of that small body of Christian statesmen, who, in connection with Mr. Wilberforce, supported Mr. Pitt in his general line of policy, and were thus enabled to claim many concessions from the Minister, of the highest importance to the cause of humanity and religion. Never will it be known, I believe, until the disclosures of the great day, how large was the share of this noble body of men, in preparing the way for those wider operations of Christian benevolence which characterize the present age, especially in those parts of the world where British favor and influence have been made to throw their protection around the friends of religion and humanity.

Mr. Moncy afterwards went to India in connection with the same Christian party, and in furtherance of their designs. He resided for some years at Bombay, occupying a judicial post of great responsibility, and it was there that the events took place, of which I am about to speak. When I knew him, he had recently returned from the East, and was then filling the office of British Resident, at Venice; a station selected for him by his friends, as one in which to repair the injury done to the health of his family by the enervating climate of Hindostan.

Here, as everywhere, his chief desire, his constant aim and effort was to *do good*, especially to the souls of men With this view, he sent to England for a young clergyman of evangelical principles and devoted piety, and supported him, at his own expense, as chaplain of the British Residency at Venice. His object was, to provide a place of Protestant worship for thousands of his countrymen who visit Italy every year, in pursuit of health or pleasure, and who take up their residence for a part of the season, in that city of palaces and paintings. The pleasing manners and generous hospitality of Mr. Moncy, would naturally make his house the resort of most of the English who passed through Venice. To these claims on his time and attention, he laid himself open with a readiness not often found in public functionaries, because he hoped, in this way, to draw many under the influence of the gospel, who knew little or nothing of spiritual Christianity in their own country. Those who frequented his house every day of the week, could hardly refuse to assist him, by their presence on Sunday, in holding up the Protestant worship of their native land. The English, indeed, have a sentiment of honor on this subject, which, I regret to say, is shared by too few of our countrymen who visit the continent of Europe. They consider it a mark of *rationality*, to attend public worship in foreign countries, according to the ordinances of their own church; so that persons of that gay and pleasure-loving class, who, coming from America, utterly neglect the services of the sanctuary while in France and Italy, are found, among the English, sustaining the Protestant worship of their fathers with the utmost punctuality. This gives evangelical churches among them an opportunity of doing much good to the gayer part of their countrymen abroad. Many to whom religion had been a thing of mere outward form in England, have, for the first time in their lives, heard the gospel preached in its true import and power, on the continent, in chapels opened and sustained by such men as Mr. Moncy and Lewis Way, who, in going abroad for health or pleasure, go abroad also to *do good*.

I shall not dwell on the delightful Christian intercourse which I had with this excellent man and his family, in the eight or ten days during which his kindness detained me under his roof. My sole object, indeed, in speaking of his life and character at all, has been to prepare the reader to enter more fully into the events I am about to describe. The facts have been given to the public in general terms before; but there were circumstances connected with the scene, as presented by Mr. Moncy, which greatly heightened its interest; and which though necessarily suppressed when the events were

recent, may, at this distance of time, without impropriety be given to the world.

We were conversing one evening on missions to the heathen, a subject on which the mind of Mr. Moncy always kindled at once into the liveliest interest. I asked him, among other things, whether he knew much of the American missionaries in India.

"I know them well," said he, "some of them personally, and others by the report of friends, in whom I can perfectly confide. I regard them as one of the noblest bodies of men, that ever went in modern times, to preach the gospel of Christ among the heathen. I have been well acquainted with missionaries of various countries, English, French, German; but I must say, the American missionaries, especially those who first went out to India, were superior to most or all of them. They had a strong sense, practical talent, patient industry and indomitable zeal, united to a singleness of aim, and an elevation of Christian principle, which admirably prepared them to be pioneers in this great work."

"What circumstances have led you," said I, "to form this high estimate of their character?"

"I was in India," said Mr. Moncy, "in 1812, when the first missionaries of the American Board arrived at Calcutta. My station was at that time at Bombay, at the head of the police, and of the criminal courts, in that part of the Presidency. The news reached us, that five Americans had just landed at Calcutta, in quest of some field of labor among the heathen. It was a peculiarly unfortunate time. The government at Calcutta had long felt a keen jealousy of missions, even as conducted by Englishmen, and under the guidance of such men as Carey and Marshman. But that *foreigners* should obtrude themselves into a concern of so much delicacy, and especially Americans, who had been for years on ill terms with the government at home, who had assailed us with embargoes, and threatened us with war—that such men should be permitted to endanger the stability of our Indian Empire, and the life of every Englishman in the country, by the preposterous attempt to change the faith of one hundred millions of people—all this seemed to most men in power, to be utterly beyond endurance."

"Were there none," I inquired, "who entertained better views; who even then saw, what the event has so fully proved, that all such fears were groundless?"

"The number," said Mr Moncy, "was comparatively small. Yet there were some at Calcutta, even among the members of the Board, who defended the missionaries, and insisted that they might safely be permitted to remain. The majority, however, decided against them. They were ordered to depart for England; and we read in the Calcutta papers, their names reported as passengers in a fleet which sailed for Europe in November, 1812. Judge, then, of our astonishment, when two of them, Mr. Hall and Mr. Nott, with the wife and child of the latter, arrived at Bombay in the beginning of the year 1813. Convinced, however, of the rectitude of their intentions, though they had left Calcutta for Bombay against the will of the government, I immediately offered them my assistance, and interceded with our governor, Sir Evan Nepean, in their behalf."

"Sir Evan Nepean! Was he not a Vice President of a Bible Society, and a friend of missions?"

"He was, and it was the knowledge of this fact, that induced the missionaries to take refuge in Bombay. But, unfortunately, reports of the most unfavorable character respecting them, had just reached the governor, from Calcutta. They were charged with having violated a promise they had made to quit India, and go at once to the Isle of France; they were, therefore, ordered immediately to leave Bombay. Sir Evan Nepean, however, at my request, listened candidly to their explanations on this subject, and deemed them satisfactory. He permitted them to remain until orders should be received from Calcutta, and even wrote in their favor to the government there. In the meantime, I invited them to my house, and gave them every facility in my power for the furtherance of their designs. I found them to be men of a truly noble spirit; generous, devoted, self-sacrificing men, who 'counted not their lives dear unto themselves,' that they might finish with joy their work of mercy among the heathen. We had begun to anticipate the most favorable results, when an unexpected difficulty arose. An American vessel, the Alligator, arrived at Calcutta in the month of May—the war between England and America, you will remember, had commenced some months before—bearing a letter of protection from our Admiral on the Halifax station, Sir John B. Warren, representing this to be a *missionary ship*, sent out with communications to the American missionaries in India. Suspicions, however, were excited, she was seized, and the court found on investigation, that she had been employed in

cruising for a number of weeks off the Cape of Good Hope, to apprise American vessels of the declaration of war."

"And could any man believe that the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions were in any way concerned in the device —that *they* would unite in deceiving Admiral Warren, and furthering the schemes of some Boston or Salem merchants, to save their ships?"

"The American Board were not as well known to the world at that time, as they have been since; and considering the prevailing jealousy of missionaries, and the irritation created by your declaration of war, which had just reached us, it is not surprising that the most unfavorable construction should be put on the case, and that even Sir Evan Nepean should be shaken in his views and feelings. I wrote, in the meantime, to my friends in the Board at Calcutta, giving the amplest testimony to the character of the missionaries; assuring them that Mr. Hall and Mr. Nott had no concern with the affair of the Alligator; and entreating them to use all their influence to prevent these excellent men from being sent to England, as was then proposed. I requested them, likewise, to inform me by every post, of the progress of their deliberations; and especially to apprise me, at the earliest possible period, if the result seemed likely to be unfavorable. We were kept for some time in the most anxious state of uncertainty, fluctuating between hope and fear. One day it seemed likely that they might be saved, and the next, that nothing could prevent them from being driven from the country."

"And how did the missionaries appear under those trying circumstances?"

"Like men of God, whose only anxiety was, not for themselves, but for the honor of Christ, and the interest of his kingdom. As you would naturally suppose, they were in the deepest affliction. To be driven from the field the moment they had entered it; not to be allowed to go to Ceylon, or some other part of the heathen world, but to be carried to England, and thus cut off from the object to which they had consecrated their lives—this seemed to them worse than death itself. Still, their great anxiety was for the cause of missions in America. They felt that it would be dashed to the ground; its friends disheartened; all missionary operations suspended, at least, during a war of uncertain continuance, and perhaps abandoned in despair for half a century; that all depended on their remaining on missionary ground, and thus keeping up the communication between their country and the heathen, as it were, by a single thread, under the adverse circumstances of a war. With these views, they seemed, at times, almost overwhelmed with emotion; and their only resort was to the throne of grace, where they spent most of their time in fervent supplication, awaiting the decision of their fate."

"Had they any intimation of the result, previous to its public announcement?"

"Yes My friends at Calcutta wrote me, as I requested, the moment it became certain that the Board would decide against them. They informed me, that in two days, a peremptory order would be sent down to Sir Evan Nepean, directing him to send the missionaries by the first ship to England. The Carmarthen was, at that moment, almost ready to sail; and there seemed no alternative but that we should accompany them, like the friends of Paul, to the ship, 'sorrowing most of all that we should see their face no more.'"

"What counsel did you give them under these circumstances?"

"I had none to offer. Indeed, it happened that I was called away into the country that very day, upon important public business. I left them with the expectation of returning before they embarked, and giving them all the consolation I could afford in the last trying scene. Scarcely a day had elapsed, however, before an express arrived from Sir Evan Nepean, requiring my instant return, and attendance at the Government House. *The missionaries had fled!*"

"Whither? By what means?"

"No one could tell. All that was known, was that they left Bombay just before the dispatches arrived from Calcutta, and of course, before any measures were taken to secure their persons. I was summoned to immediate counsel on the subject, and was to expect, as their friend and protector, to bear the brunt of all the indignation which I knew would be awakened by their departure. I set out, therefore, with a heavy heart, yet with unshaken confidence in the integrity of the men. They might have judged unwisely; but I knew them too well to doubt, for a moment, whether they had acted in the fear of God."

"And you heard nothing more on the subject till arrived at Bombay?"

"Nothing. I was there in a few hours, and went at once to the Government House. They were waiting my arrival—all the civil, military and naval officers of the station assembled in

full dress, in a state of high excitement, and spurring each other up to greater and greater indignation against the missionaries, and especially against me, as the supposed author of their flight. The moment I entered the room, the whole assembled company turned upon me like a pack of wolves, and broke forth in the bitterest reproaches and imprecations. 'They have fled! The *saints* have broken their promise, and fled! These are your missionaries! These are your godly ones! And you, Mr. Moncy, where have you been all this time?' I stood silent and perfectly calm, in the midst of them, till they had given full vent to their indignation, and then said, 'Gentlemen, you all look at me as though you supposed I had sent away the missionaries. *I have not done it.* I never exchanged a word with them on the subject. I never imagined they had any such design But I will say, that whether they have acted wisely on the subject or not, I have not the least doubt they have acted in the integrity of their hearts.'"

"But their promise? What could you say to the charge of violating their faith?"

"There was no actual promise They had never been called upon to pledge themselves to remain, and they had never done it. Whether there was an *implied* engagement—an obligation binding upon them as honorable men, to await the decision, will indeed admit of question. Military men, especially when exasperated, would very naturally regard it as an implied *parole;* but I doubt whether there was a military man there, who would not have acted just as they did, if placed in like circumstances."

"And how did Sir Evan Nepean regard their conduct?"

"He had none of the excitement or exasperation which so generally prevailed He was perfectly calm, but felt deeply wounded and injured; he felt they were bound in honor and conscience to await the decision of the Calcutta Board Perhaps they judged wrong; though they considered themselves as acting under the injunction of Christ, 'When they persecute you in one city, flee to another.' They thought also, that Paul's escape from Damascus was a case in point; and they acted, as afterwards appeared, under the counsel of advisers in whom they thought certainly they might place implicit confidence."

"What advisers? Is it, then, known by whom they were aided to escape?"

"Let me tell my story as the events occurred. When their wrath had a little subsided, I took occasion to ask what were the circumstances of the escape Nothing was known, they said, but that a country vessel on the preceding day, was seen to approach a retired spot. A coach, soon after, drove rapidly down to the shore; a lady and little child stepped out, and then two gentlemen, who hastily shook them by the hand, and then jumped into the vessel, which instantly made sail, while the coach returned as rapidly as it came."

"But the coach? Was there no tracing it?"

"Not that any one knew. Suspicion had, of course, fallen upon me and my family; but as it now appeared I had no participation or knowledge of the matter, all was shrouded in mystery."

"And what measures were adopted?"

"It was resolved, as I could throw no light on the subject, to send out swift ships in pursuit, throughout the whole extent of the coast All the naval power of the Presidency was put in requisition to overtake and bring back two poor missionaries! I returned to the country, and after a few days a message came from my wife, '*the missionaries have been caught.* They are now in the harbor, prisoners on board the Ternate; and the report is that they will be sent, like felons, in chains to England.' It was impossible for me at that moment to return; and I wrote a letter to Sir Evan Nepean in the strongest terms I could use, reminding him, that this thing would not be 'done in a corner,' that he must answer for such a deed to the whole civilized world; and imploring him to delay any action on the subject, at least for a brief period. He did so. New exertions were made at Calcutta in their behalf; but as no reversal of the order arrived, the governor felt bound to carry it into effect, and accordingly they received official notice that they would sail on the 22d of December. It was at this moment, that they addressed a powerful letter to Sir Evan Nepean, which shook his resolution."

The letter referred to by Mr. Moncy has never been published, and I will give a brief extract, to show in what terms the missionaries addressed the Governor of Bombay.

"We solemnly appeal to your Excellency's conscience, and ask, Does not your Excellency believe it is the will of Christ, that his gospel should be preached to these heathens? Do you not believe that we have given a credible testimony that we are ministers of Christ, and have come to this country to preach the gospel? and would not prohibiting us from preaching to the heathen here, be a *known* resistance to his will?

If your Excellency finally exerts civil authority to compel us from this heathen land, what can it be but a decided opposition to the spread of the gospel, amongst those immortal beings whom God has placed under your Excellency's government? What can it be but a fresh instance of that persecution against the Church of Christ, and that opposition to the prevalence of true religion, which has so often provoked the indignation of God, and stamped with sin and shame the history of every age? Can you, Right Honorable Sir, make it appear otherwise to your own conscience—to that Christian public which must be judges in this case—but especially can you justify such an exercise of power, to your God and final judge?"

It is certainly evidence of candor and conscience in Sir Evan Nepean, that he could listen to such language from men who he felt had injured him, and who were missionaries from a people at war with his own government. He laid the letter before his council, and finally resolved not to execute the order from Calcutta, until it was re-affirmed by the Board there.

The sequel is soon told. At this critical juncture, a change took place in the government at Calcutta, and the case of the missionaries was referred to the Court of Directors in London. When it came up there, the views which were first entertained were so unfavorable as to make it almost certain the decision would be against them. But here again, the influence of that Christian party in England, of which I have spoken above, was powerfully interposed. Just as the vote was to be taken, CHARLES GRANT, the friend of Wilberforce, arose, and read a written statement of the facts, derived no doubt from Mr. Moncy at Bombay and the Board at Boston, followed by an argument so clear and convincing, that the missionaries were at once exonerated from all blame, and permitted by a very decisive vote to remain in India.

They had been supported in the meantime by the Bombay government as prisoners at large —so I understood Mr. Moncy—were making a steady and rapid progress in acquiring the language, and lost no time by all these trials, in entering on their work.

"And who," said I to Mr. Moncy, in closing the conversation, "who was found out at last to have aided the missionaries in escaping? Who was the lady and the little girl?"

He turned to his wife and daughter about eighteen years old, who were seated on the sofa, and said, "*There they are sitting before you. That was the lady, and that the little child.*"

"You forget Lieutenant Wade," said Mrs. Moncy. "Yes," he replied, "Lieutenant John Wade, Secretary to the Governor himself, assisted my wife in carrying out the design. He hired the vessel, and she conducted them to it. It was necessary, from my official station, that the whole should be perfectly concealed from me, and I never imagined until all was over, that there was the least ground for those suspicions which were fixed, from the first, upon me and my family, as concerned in the escape of the missionaries."

Who does not see the hand of Providence in this remarkable series of events? That they should have fled just in time to avoid being sent to England in the Carmarthen; that the wife of one whose business it was to enforce the laws, should have been made the instrument of enabling them to evade them; that Mr. Moncy should remain wholly ignorant of the fact, and be able to make those disclaimers which gave him all his original influence in defending the missionaries when captured and brought back; that the resolution of Sir Evan Nepean should have been shaken by a letter so plain and cutting, and which might be expected rather to wound the pride and awaken the resentment of a man in his station; that by these various and remarkable interpositions, the execution of the Calcutta order should be delayed for months, till the government there was changed; that the question should thus be carried to London, where it could be argued before a Christian people, on Christian principles, and by the friend of WILBERFORCE and MONCY; who does not see, in all this, the hand of God most strikingly manifest, at one of the most important crises that has ever occurred in the history of American Missions.

LADY JANE GREY.

A BALLAD FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

BY M. M. BACKUS.

O HEARTS of men, both liege and true,
List ye my sorrowing lay!
A trembling lute shall sing it you,
As trembling lute-string may.

The plain runs of a queen and bride,
Of stainless majesty,
Who reached a throne, but in a tide
Of ebbing blood to die.

In one deep grave she buried lone
The vows of kin and wife;
She fled where angels greet their sun,
From night and dreams to life.

* * * *

I sing you of Johanna Grey,
And royal was her blood;
In heart a gentle dove and gay,
With soul of valiant mood.

What Plato read on fancy's scroll
The pure ideal Fair,
A tender germ within her soul,
Half-budded, nestled there.

Outspread—for thus did Heaven dispose,
Ere Time's first moment flew—
Outspread its petals, like a rose
All spangled o'er with dew.

A brother's love—ill bide the hour!—
Bequeath'd her England's crown,
Ah, destiny! then droop'd that flower,
Ere yet 'twas fully blown.

King Edward reign'd, the nation's pride,
Of lion-hearted sire,
And naught within his breast may bide,
That fans unholy fire.

All strife and storm from England swept,
And sealed her holy faith—
Then o'er his grave a nation wept
Too early clasp'd in death.

"And who amid the gath'ring storm
My generous plant shall rear?
On English soil, O, whose the arm
And whose the soul to dare?

O, tender shrub, thrice pale is death
Thrice hopeless my despair,
I feel the hurricane's first breath,
That sweeps thy flowers in air."

"Weep not," then spoke Northumberland;
"What thou, O king, didst build,
For heaven and for your fatherland,
I know the one can shield.

"Thine eyes lift from that ebon pall,
See yonder morning—May!
Listen! 'Tis England's mighty call,
GIVE US JOHANNA GREY."

He gives her. Then, with sweet release,
Ere sixteen summers wane,
The hero sleeps; and sleeps in peace,
Since she is left to reign.

Then Suffolk and Northumberland,
And Guilford, spouse and lord,
Kneel at her feet. "Thy Fatherland,
The royal oath and word,

"Thy kin, thy holy troth and wise,
All, noble queen, bestow
The crown on thee, thy virtue's prize,
O angel, hear our vow."

"The crown," then shrieked the trembling child,
Sank in a deadly swoon,
"Ah, think you my ambition wild?
And call you that a boon?

"The crown! It knows another sire,
I hate the spoil unjust;
From every gem the darting fire
Would burn me into dust.

"The crown! O Father, O my spouse,
My noble Guilford dear,
Why urgest thou the royal vows,
So reckless of my cheer?

"Why. reckless of my loyal love,
Wouldst hurry me along,
To that Elysium above,
For æons—æons long.

"'Tis not a giddy fête and vast,
A coronal and dance;
My Guilford, 'tis a reckless cast,
Upon a dreamy chance.

"A base assent my courtiers crave,
Another's crown to steal,
O'ertrampling law to dig my grave,
With crime and vice in hell.

"O, spare me." But they answer'd stern,
"Thou'rt named by Henry's son;
His last breath spoke it—do not spurn—
To thee he gives his throne.

"To thee his holy work consigns,
Leaves thee its high renown,
The glory Heaven for thee designs,
Johanna, take the crown."

"God's will be done." With humble mien
She bowed the royal knee,
"I yield; by courtesy a queen,
And not by sovereignty.

"As wife and daughter I obey,
And mine own counsel bend;
And come—but ah! this yielding way,
Ah, whither doth it tend?"

She goes, as goes the victim lamb,
To coronal in the Tower;
O'er prison-walls her vision swam,
That short unconscious hour.

Ten days the festive huzzas swell,
When bloody Mary there
Rose sudden, dark as night from hell,
And snuff'd the tainted air.

The faggots kindle. Wide are sown
The ashes of the dead,
The nobles perish one by one,
And friendless leave the maid.

Hear now, and hear it valiantly,
For down thy throne is hurl'd
One day, one axe shall banish thee,
And Guilford from the world.

One day? One axe? Nay, 'twere a sin
In bigot to comply;
Together? Nay: the mobs begin
T' enjoy the agony.

"Should Death embrace the royal pair
Upon one bloody shrine,
Nor from her spouse the maiden tear
In his cold arms to twine?

"No. Guilford first alone shall die,
While thou shalt watch the scene,
And see his blood-stained body lie,
A ghastly corpse, I ween.

"For thee some death, that never dies,
A gurgling, strangling gasp,
Whilst hovers o'er your swimming eyes
A priest, that hated asp.

"And from thy womb swift death shall rend
The offspring of thy liege,
Strangling its birth. "Out on thee, fiend,
Quick, sate thy hellish rage.

"And yet in vain thy feverish haste
Our union to o'erthrow;
Hast power in realms, where angels rest?
In death canst sever? No.

"My noble Guilford, play the man
And win that high estate,
Where racks, nor flames, nor bigot's ban,
Nor death can separate.

"Gaze not on me, though I on you"—
The axe all bloody gleams,
And sick and dim her vision grew,
And faint her trembling limbs.

And o'er her cell three slow suns roll,
While in celestial sheen,
Her Guilford beckons to her soul
To come away to heaven.

"Why weep'st thou, Headman of my ward?
Wouldst beg a parting sign?
Take it, and well the secret guard,
My heart's most inner shrine.

"A criminal—but not with God—
Obeying kith and kin;
In death I win what death would rob,
From night to light divine."

From night to light! Dim through the shade,
She saw the heavenly star,
Then drew the malefactor's braid
Around her silken hair.

"Is this the bright blade, keen and tough,
That drank my Guilford's tide?
Pardon, my Saviour!—There, enough,"
She bowed the head and died.

Thus child and mother swift consume,
Like flower-dust in the dew,
And Guilford's spirit guides them home,
To th' amaranthine blue.

* * * *

Now hearts of men, both liege and fond,
Restrain the flowing tear;
This earth is but a shadowy land,
Before a starlit sphere.

O hearts of men, so stern of mood,
No more chase earthly bliss;
E'en golden crowns but drip with blood,
Fame's goal is an abyss.

But doubt ye not. Hope on, trust on,
This world seems paradise;
But one is built beyond the sun
That seems not, for IT IS.

LARNED, NEVINS AND BRECKENRIDGE.

In 1819, these three individuals, whose meteor-like course has, alas! too soon become a matter of history, were pursuing their education at Princeton; the two former being members of the Theological Seminary, the latter of the College. There commenced our acquaintance with each of them; and we knew them intimately, till death took them out of the ranks of the living They were all noble specimens of heaven's workmanship; each has left behind a name which Genius, Eloquence and Virtue, delight to honor. Without attempting anything like a biographical sketch, we will record a few brief recollections of them, dating back to the period to which we have referred.

The first time that we ever met Larned, was at a prayer-meeting of the Theological students, in one of the college recitation rooms, on Sabbath morning. As he took charge of the meeting, he commenced by reading the hymn, "My God, the spring of all my joys," &c.; and we shall never lose the impression that he made upon us, by the first opening of his lips; there was a sweetness, solemnity and majesty in his tones, which we could not have forgotten, if we had never seen or heard of him again. In due time we delivered a note of introduction to him, from one of his intimate friends, and the generous and whole-souled air with which he met us, gave assurance of what was afterwards fully realized, a sincere and unvarying friendship.

Notwithstanding there were, at that time, a number of students in the seminary of great promise, who have since shone as stars in their respective spheres, it is no disparagement to any of them, to say that Larned was probably the master-spirit of the whole; indeed he would have been the master-spirit of almost any community, to which he could have belonged. He possessed uncommon personal attractions; though he was not above the medium size, his form was perfectly symmetrical, and every movement was characterized by simplicity and grace as well as dignity. His face is tolerably, though imperfectly represented in the engraved portrait, prefixed to the volume of his works lately published: his features were perfectly regular, and when in an excited state, his countenance became a mirror that reflected the brightest, noblest qualities of the human soul. His mind was of a bold and comprehensive cast, and delighted rather to move with the tempest or sport with the lightning, than to luxuriate amidst the beauties of the Elysian fields. His heart was full of a kind and generous feeling, and his hand was ever open according to his ability, for the relief of human wo.

Larned's mind was always actively and usefully employed during the period of his connection with the seminary; and yet he was much less distinguished in the particular branches belonging to the theological course, than he was in respect to his general knowledge, and his ability to talk ingenuously and eloquently, on any subject that might happen to arise; and he was indeed, when he left the seminary, considering his age, a well furnished theologian; but his knowledge had been derived less from books, and more from his own reflection, than is common with theological students; and hence if he had occasion to defend any truth against the cavils of gainsayers, he would be quite likely to bring forth some arguments, at least which his own mind had originated. In those prescribed exercises which tasked his powers of eloquence, and especially his powers of extemporaneous speaking, he was pre-eminent; and whenever it was known that he was to appear on any of these occasions, there was always an additional reason on the part of the students generally, for a punctual attendance. One of his first efforts in the pulpit, after he was licensed to preach, was in the college chapel at Princeton; his audience consisting of the students of college, the students of the seminary, and some other of his familiar acquaintances. Greater expectation could scarcely have been awakened by the announcement that the pulpit was to be occupied by Robert Hall, or Doctor Chalmers; his text was, "He that believeth on the son hath the witness in himself;" a sermon which we are glad to recognize in the collection lately given to the public. The greater part of the discourse consisted of a sober discussion of the doctrine of faith; and though it was delivered, of course, in a manly and impressive manner, it was not of a character greatly to excite the sensibilities. Within some five or six minutes of the close, he fell off from the discussion into a strain of fervid and overpowering eloquence, the effect of which has never been exceeded within the limits of our observation. When he uttered the concluding words, "And will you sleep? Can you sleep? Dare you sleep?" his voice finally dying away into a faint whisper; every hearer seemed

breathless and overwhelmed; and we well remember to have heard of one individual who declared that his feelings were so much wrought upon, that, at the commencement of the prayer, he made an ineffectual effort to rise from his seat. Those who read the paragraph as it appears in print, will perhaps find scarcely enough of beauty or power in it to account for the magical effect which it produced; but they are to bear in mind that one chief element of the might and majesty of the preacher was his manner; and of that no one who has ever listened to him, can form any adequate conception.

Every one knows the history of his career after he left the seminary; how, for a year or two, he shone as a star of unparalleled brightness, and then sunk, to rise, as we trust, in a brighter hemisphere. From the time that he left the seminary, his fellow students, in common with the Christian community at large, had an eye constantly upon his brilliant course, and everything that he did, and every incident that occurred to him, if not chronicled, was at least watched with intense interest. On his return to the north, the first season after he went to New Orleans, he visited Princeton, and was greeted by his old friends with the most warm and affectionate welcome. By that time, he had gained a reputation for eloquence which no man of his age probably had in this country ever before possessed; and wherever he moved, crowds followed him, and hung upon his lips with breathless admiration. His friends were making their calculations, and the church was making hers, upon what he was to do, and what he was to be; little dreaming that this glorious luminary was so soon to go out in the darkness of death He returned to New Orleans, and the world knows the rest. The pestilence came, but it could not drive him from his post, except by driving him to his grave.

Notwithstanding Larned's name has been cherished as a sort of synonyme with intellectual greatness and moral heroism, yet nearly a quarter of a century had passed without the creation of any permanent monument to his talents and virtues. It is an occasion for congratulation, that a brief but interesting history of his life, in connection with a considerable number of his sermons, has at length been given to the world, to remain no doubt as a permanent record for posterity, of one of the most gifted minds which the present age has produced. It is, however, due to truth to say that the published discourses, excellent as they are, represent but very imperfectly the great mind that produced them. They were evidently written with great haste, and designed only for the pulpit: they are, therefore, as compositions, doubtless much less perfect than they would have been, if their author had ever dreamed of their surviving him through the press. But if they do not increase the fame of his eloquence, they will at least be a pledge for its perpetuity.

Nevins, though quite different in many respects from Larned, was also one of the stars of his day, and their memories are embalmed together in many hearts. He entered the seminary in 1816, immediately after leaving college, and was one of the youngest of its members. His very first appearance in any public exercise showed that he had genius of a high order, and an imagination of boundless exuberance; some of his earliest spoken productions were poetical; and no one who listened to them could doubt that he was capable of reaching uncommon excellence in that department. The extreme playfulness of his disposition served greatly to enliven his intercourse with his friends, and to render him the life of every circle into which he happened to fall. So remarkable was he in this respect, that whenever he rose to speak on any subject, that did not, by its serious nature, absolutely preclude any approach to merriment, his fellow-students, almost as a matter of course, put themselves into an attitude for enjoying a good laugh, and they were rarely disappointed. His criticisms on the performances of his brethren particularly, though generally very just, were often marked by so much shrewdness and satire, that the whole audience, by no means excepting the individual who was the subject of the criticisms, would be convulsed with laughter. He was a diligent student, and thoroughly mastered every subject in the prescribed course; though he was by no means unconscious of his own powers, he was far enough from trusting to them without application; and whenever the hour for recitation came, his appearance always indicated the most mature preparation. In his exercises before the seminary, both extemporaneous and prepared, he evinced an extraordinary versatility: here producing an elaborate and condensed argument, there rising on the wings of fancy and glowing with poetic fire, and again dealing forth direct and common sense appeals on matters of every day concern. He had a fine talent for the dramatic; and would sometimes produce an effect in this way which is rarely exceeded. We remember on one occasion he delivered as an exercise, a short piece

on the treachery of Judas, and in it he represented the whole scene; the progress and completion of the bargain, by which his master was sold, so vividly, that one might have almost imagined that the veritable fiendlike transaction was going forward in his presence; the traitor seemed actually to be standing before you; and the sound of the thirty pieces of silver, as they were counted out and thrown down, to fall upon your ear. But while this versatility was apparent in his intellectual efforts, it was obvious that his ruling passion was for the graceful and the beautiful; and hence, it was confidently anticipated by those who were associated with him in his theological course, that this character of his mind, however it might awaken admiration, would be unfavorable to his usefulness as a preacher; and his earliest sermons were altogether surcharged with poetry; and they were rather admired as poetical productions, than approved as the most judicious and effective pulpit efforts. The first entire sermon, if we remember right, which he ever delivered in the oratory, was on the text, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" And we doubt exceedingly whether there can be found a discourse glowing throughout with more exquisite imagery than this. We well remember that, after having dwelt at considerable length upon the miseries of the lost, he uttered this remarkable sentence, "We might say to the adventurous fancy, 'Go again, and bring a shade from midnight, a chill from winter, a shriek from torture, a breath from pestilence, and a thread from the weaving of the death-worm, and that might make it more complete.'" After he left the seminary, however, contrary to the expectations of his friends, the excess of figurative language which had characterized his early efforts gradually disappeared, and he became before his death one of the most stirring and pungent preachers of his time. His style was even a model for sententiousness and severity; and it is perhaps difficult to find a preacher of the present day whose sermons contain so many short, pithy and comprehensive remarks, as do those of the lamented Nevins.

To those who knew him but superficially, during the period of his connection with the seminary, it might have seemed, owing to the unusual buoyancy of his spirits, that his piety was less deep and fervent than should be expected in a candidate for the sacred office; but his most intimate friends knew that he had much communion with himself and his God, and especially that he was no stranger to the deep inward struggles of the spiritual life. After he entered the ministry, however, there is no doubt that his Christian graces shone with a brighter lustre, and he had a far more deep and abiding sense of ministerial obligation; and his old friends, on meeting him, would still discover his sportive tendencies, but they saw also an exemplary dignity, united with the breathings of a sincere and earnest devotion. They felt that he had fulfilled in his character as a minister far more than he had promised; that his fine genius, his glowing eloquence, his admirable powers of adaptation, were all delightfully consecrated to his Redeemer's service; that grace had cured what might perhaps have been regarded as an infirmity of his nature, and even rendered it subservient to the noblest purposes.

During his life he wrote a considerable number of articles for the New York Observer, signed M. S., and especially a series of articles on popery, which at the time excited great interest, and have since been republished in a small volume. A volume of his sermons also has been given to the world, but as these were not designed by himself for publication, and of course did not receive his finishing touch, they are less perfect as compositions than the articles just referred to. They all, however, bear the impress of the same gifted and original mind, and will not, we trust, for a long time to come, have performed their full mission to the world. We remember several years ago to have been inquired of by the celebrated Doctor Abercrombie of Edinburgh, who was the author of certain articles which he had read in the New York Observer, signed M. S.; and he added that the writer of those articles had one of the most gifted minds of the present day.

Breckenridge, as we have already stated, was going through his collegiate course, while Larned and Nevins were students of theology. We knew him first as a fine, promising fellow, without any particular interest in religion, but with much of the chivalric spirit of the part of the country in which he originated As he had always been accustomed to move in the higher circles of society, his manners were uncommonly graceful and fascinating, and his whole appearance such as to render him at once welcome, and at home in the most polished circles. We well remember with how much interest the intelligence was first whispered about that he was the subject of serious impressions; and shortly after this we were assured of the fact from his own lips, and were

gratified to find that his impressions were apparently of the most deep and satisfactory nature. It was not long before the day dawned upon his darkened and agitated spirit, and the hope of a gracious forgiveness shed its consolations into his bosom. The purpose of his life was now changed; his aspirations were sanctified, and elevated from earth to heaven; henceforth his highest ambition was to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and thus instrumentally to save the souls of his fellow-men. He evinced much of the humility, meekness and gentleness of the true disciple, was willing to sit at the feet of the humblest, if he might thereby learn anything concerning his own heart or the will of his master. In due time, after having completed his college course, he became connected with the seminary; and during the whole period of his continuance in it he was regarded as among its most promising students. He was, however, rather distinguished by the more popular and attractive qualities, both in respect to mind and manners, than by that profound research which is necessary to the most theological erudition. And the same qualities which marked his course in the seminary, were no less prominent in his character to the close of life; and hence, he was always one of the most popular men of his day. As a companion and friend he was not only agreeable but delightful!; and there are families not a few of which every member, even to the youngest child, remembers him with an affection which time can never wear out. In his public services there was great inequality, owing to the fact that his discourses were rarely ever written beyond a brief skeleton, and the filling up was always according to the waxing, or the waning of his feelings. His efforts in the pulpit were sometimes magnificent; and on the platform particularly, he rarely failed of producing a powerful effect. Almost with the same breath, he could be as gentle as the zephyr, and as terrible and scathing as the thunderbolt.

Breckenridge's life was one of severe labor, no inconsiderable part having been given to the service of the church, in that most self-denying of all relations, the relation of an agent. It can hardly be doubted that he fell a victim, in a great measure, to his extraordinary labors; while it admits of as little question that the place which he occupied, was one for which he had the most rare qualifications. So few of his sermons were written, and those few probably written in so much haste, that it is scarcely to be expected that anything in this way remains that can be given to the world; but a sketch of his life ought surely to be written, and no doubt ere long will be, as some of his nearest relatives who would naturally be most interested in seeing it done, are also the most competent to do it. The memory of such a man cannot perish, but the record of his talents and virtues should be conveyed to posterity, through some more trusty medium than that of tradition.

There was always a close intimacy between these three individuals, from the time that they first met until they were separated by death. And the period of their separation, Oh how brief and even momentary it appears! It seems but the other day, when they were frequently together in the most familiar and unreserved intercourse; but Larned was called away almost at the commencement of his career; Nevins was allowed the privilege of laboring in the vineyard a few years longer; and Breckenridge finally has followed them both into the regions that lie beyond the vale. What a glorious transition from the labors and vicissitudes and sins of earth, to the rest, and safety, and purity of Heaven! What a blessed communion of glorified minds is that which we may suppose them now to enjoy in the light of the throne, and the light of the Lamb! They sometimes met for purposes of devotion on earth, and counselled each other in respect to their duties, and sympathized with each other in their trials and conflicts, and thus were fellow helpers in their preparation for Heaven; but how much more delightful their intercourse now, when they can reflect upon all the toils and struggles of life as past, and can contemplate a field of ever increasing glory stretching immeasurably before them. Here their lot was ultimately cast in different parts of the vineyard, and even before they were separated by death, they could only enjoy an occasional meeting; there they occupy for ever the same glorious region, and there are no barriers to prevent the most free and delightful intercommunication. How cheering to think of Heaven as the place where those who are thrown asunder on earth come together again; where the friendships of earth are not only revived and continued, but matured into something incomparably more glowing than it has entered the mind of mortals to conceive!

The early removal of these three young ministers, suggests a consideration which would seem to render Heaven more desirable and delightful; it is, that it is a place to which multi-

tudes of the most gifted minds are called, while they are yet in their highest vigor. We cannot doubt indeed that the most decayed intellect —the mind that has become completely unstrung and seems to exist only as a wreck previous to the dissolution of the earthly tabernacle, instantly, on passing the gate of Heaven, springs into a state of exuberant life, leaving all the infirmities and the dust and dross of earth behind it. Nevertheless, constituted as we are, if we were to see none taken out of life, but those to whom life had become a burden—the infirm and the decrepit, the weary and the wo-worn—we should be in danger of losing sight of the renovating process which passes upon them at the moment of death, and practically yielding to the delusion that Heaven is little more than a place for withered minds and decayed affections. But when we see the young and the vigorous taken away in the midst of a brilliant career—when we see a glorious light extinguished before it had yet begun to wane, to be rekindled at once in that world where there is no need of the sun, we find it easy to think of heaven as a region of light and glory—of life and vigor; and our aspirations for heaven become more intense, as we think of the quickening influence which will be exerted upon ourselves by mingling for ever in its glorified society.

Moreover, it was no doubt the design of Providence in thus early extinguishing these bright lights, to rebuke the church for her disposition to trust in an arm of flesh, especially for the idolatry which she so often evinces for genius and eloquence, and to recal her to a sense of her dependence on her almighty Head. When men eminent for their talents and virtues arise, she is too prone to forget the giver in the gift—to exalt the instrument at the expense of the agent; and God in mercy often removes her idols, that she may fall back upon the boundless resources of the Lord, her strength. By these afflictive events he teaches her that he is not dependent on instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes—that he can work by means of the rougher, as well as the more polished—that he can cast aside one and supply another at his pleasure; and he bids her lift up her head and rejoice in the unwavering assurance that, come what will, his purposes shall be fulfilled.

And finally, can we trace the brilliant path of these three young ministers, without being reminded of what it was that constituted their noblest distinction! That which contributed most to give them a bright name on earth, was no doubt their genius and eloquence; and these were indeed gifts for which the church has abundant cause to be thankful. But that which constituted their highest distinction was the very same that distinguishes the obscurest saint from every unrenewed sinner. If, as we trust, they are rejoicing at this hour in heaven and casting their crowns at their Redeemer's feet, it is not because they were gifted and eloquent preachers, who could keep the multitudes breathless while they spoke, but because they had committed themselves to Christ by faith, and had no other dependence for salvation but the merits of his blood. No doubt many as gifted as they have already sunk into the blackness of darkness; while many others of greatly inferior powers, are mingling with them in the celebration of the immortal song. Let it never be forgotten that genius is a noble gift, but piety is nobler still. Genius, by being rightly improved, may help to brighten the immortal crown; but unless it is associated with the usual image of God upon the soul, unless it is consecrated to the cause of truth and righteousness, its splendors will only prove a consuming fire to the soul's everlasting enjoyment. To the perverted and abused genius there remains nothing but a harvest of wo; but to the well directed and sanctified genius—nay, to the Christian of even the humblest capacities, a treasury of boundless wealth and glory in the skies.

A CHAPTER ABOUT SERVANTS.

Mrs. Lathrop dropped in the other morning at our house in a deal of trouble about domestic concerns. Mr. L. had invited a number of friends to dinner, and two of the servants had availed themselves of an occasion so opportune for the indulgence of a fit of spleen to announce that they had engaged places elsewhere, leaving Mrs. L. minus her cook and her nursery maid. In these interesting circumstances she had called upon my wife for counsel and help to overcome the emergency. To oblige her next door neighbor and ancient friend, my wife promptly struck out measures of relief. Our old cook waddled to the rescue, Mr. Lathrop's festivity proceeded "without the slightest accident to mar the occasion," and wife and myself discussed, with a virtuous appetite, a capital cold dinner, rejoicing that we had had an opportunity of doing an office of good neighborhood.

The conversation naturally turned upon family servants, those useful and indispensable members of the household, and the immense trouble some housekeepers have in retaining them and attaching them to their interests. They are always in trouble with their "helps," as the New England people delicately call them; always scolding, continually changing, but only from bad to worse; and about every fortnight, the coffee is brought in by a new hand, and the kitchen is peopled with new tenants. We are not troubled in that way. We never think of changes among the operatives of the kitchen or chamber territory. Now and then a maid dies, or removes to a distant place to join relatives, or mayhap gets married; in which cases a sense of bereavement disturbs us all, and every eye is moist with tears. We feel that we are parting with a friend. We are mutually known and loved, and to separate is not pleasant.

The word servant is not unpleasant to our ear. It associates with itself nothing of degradation. The first two things we remember to have loved were our mother and an old negro servant. The latter faithful, loving creature died many years ago, and we are not ashamed that even now our heart warms with her memory and image before us. Rest on, poor Dinah—few were thy betters!

Nothing, we know, is more common than to disparage the present when comparing it with the past, and to say the former days were better than these. Still, we cannot help thinking that the relation of master and servant, of mistress and maid, was better understood formerly. Then it ripened into friendship, confidence and real concern for each other's interests. Now it is so much work for so much wages, and a perpetual strife who shall get the best of the bargain. The interests of the parties are too often viewed as hostile interests, to the evident damage and discomfort of both. A different spirit has animated and adorned this relation in innumerable instances, many of them under our own observation. Then the servant looked upon his master's house not as a temporary covert, till he could make a better bargain, but as his home, where, for aught he expected or wished, he was to end his days. In the honor and prosperity of the house he exulted; in the day of its calamity he was a mourner. Then "the eyes of the maid were to her mistress," and the same hand that decked the babe for baptism, adorned her when a bride for her nuptials. In the long winter evenings, when all grouped themselves round the big hickory fire, (guiltless as yet we were of grates and anthracite,) and the same jest went round that all had laughed at a dozen years before, while the apples and nuts circulated from the patriarch pair to the 'wee ones' in the chimney, where was the discordant heart that cast out from itself the the common joy, and felt itself a stranger and an alien there? Where was the restraint, and yet where was the insubordination or want of deference? At such times we saw a model government, and while rank and order were duly recognized and honored, none felt himself a master, for these were his children; none felt himself a servant, for these were his parents and his brethren. Confidence, confidence! that rare plant, which grows slowly, and not like a mushroom or the gourd of Jonah—confidence, we say, attained its growth in those old-fashioned times, and blessed fruits it bore.

We are not going into a very particular inquiry respecting the comparative condition of that class of society which furnishes servants to the rest; but we strongly question whether the comfort or interest of either master or servant has undergone improvement since the times we speak of. We hope nobody will feel offended and think we are talking aristocratically. It is the order of Providence that some shall be masters and some servants, and in spite of all republican equalization, this order and

distinction are permanent. The happiness and interest of each depend upon the right performance of his own duties, the proper fulfilment of his assigned relation. Any station is honorable that is honorably filled. It is disgraceful to be, not a servant, but a bad servant, and there is no honor in being a bad master. But somehow different notions have been gaining ground among us, and no good comes of them. The maid feels herself in all respects the equal of her mistress. She must dress as fashionably and as expensively, if possible. She must have her parties and routs. She crimsons as deeply, if called a servant, as if charged with a crime. If affronted, she tosses her head and threatens her mistress with the loss of her invaluable services; and in short, contrives pretty generally and successfully to have it felt that all the dependence and all the obligation are on the mistress's side. A few months are sufficient to make the parties thoroughly dissatisfied with each other, and they separate, the maid to seek among strangers a new situation for the next quarter, and the mistress to take her chance of finding among the thousands of the unprincipled and vicious, a proper person to take charge of the health and life, the manners and morals of a family of children, or to be entrusted with the freedom of her closets and drawers, and the detail of her household economy.

We are far from saying that the blame of this changeful order of things is wholly with servants. We believe no such thing; indeed, we are prone to regard it as *primâ facie* evidence of an ill-bred or an ill-tempered woman, if she often changes her domestics. But of this at another time. We are speaking of the effects, not the causes, of frequent changes. And they are wholly unfortunate and mischievous. To the servant they involve loss of time, of money, of substantial comfort, of reputation, and often of self-respect. We can hardly imagine a more pitiable or a more exposed condition than that of a poor servant girl, without parents, perhaps, or even a prudent friend, wandering from place to place, and having a home nowhere, with none to nurse her when sick, to sympathize with her sorrows, to counsel her in perplexity, or even to drop a tear at her grave. There are thousands of such even in our own country. And let a man but look upon his own little innocent girl, and consider it, as it is, quite possible that she may one day be in precisely these circumstances, and the subject we have in hand will not seem unworthy of consideration. And then how much the family suffers from frequent changes; it brings with it a feeling of insecurity, to be to such an extent and so often in the hands of strangers, whose principles we have had no opportunity of knowing, whose habits have been formed in other families, upon whom we can make no reliable calculation; and who, through wilfulness or ignorance may, injure us in our most vital interests, and blast the whole harvest of life for which we have toiled, by destroying our fortune, or good name, or corrupting the principles of a dear child. An old and faithful domestic who has shared with us the vicissitudes of life, and made herself our confidential friend, is a comfort and a blessing in a house, which money cannot buy, is a link in the chain of domestic love and joy which may not be broken, and which every wise and good man by protecting guards the whole.

Here wife reminded us of the singularly beautiful friendship of our departed friend Mary towards the old and indeed superannuated family servant, "Mammy Jane," the faithful old negress who rocked her cradle in infancy, and was destined to see her sainted mistress close her eyes in death in the maturity of a life of love to every living being—of a life which illustrated every feminine grace and illuminated every Christian virtue—a life that flowed through the world in a stream so gentle as scarcely to be discolored by its corruptions, and that at length mingled with the flood of eternity without a surge or a ripple to mark where their waters met. While Mary lived there was a filial piety in her attentions to this surviving servant, who had clung to the family through all its changes with unswerving fidelity, and had assisted to bury all its immediate members except Mary and her brother, an honored officer in the U. S. Navy. Was Mammy Jane ever threatened with indisposition that her bed was not wheeled into Mary's chamber? Did she ever fail to receive the morning salutation and inquiry about her health and feelings, of her mistress? Did she ever lie down without the cordial 'good night' and the careful 'tucking in' of Mary? Was there ever a nice tit-bit or little delicacy that Mammy Jane did not taste? Kind, good Mary! many a head is less gently pillowed in this weary world since thy removal, and hard indeed had been the reverse of old Mammy Jane, hadst thou not left her a cherished pensioner upon the sole survivor of a noble house, thy generous and high-minded counterpart and brother, Macpherson B——n.

A very pleasant parallel instance of domestic

attachment has lately become public, reflecting in an amiable and interesting light the character of the late Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. Mr. UPSHUR, who met his death so calamitously and unexpectedly by the explosion on board the Princeton war steamer. In his last will he says:

"I emancipate and set free my servant David Rich, and direct my executors to give him $100. I recommend him in the strongest manner to the respect, esteem and confidence of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty-four years, during all which time he has been trusted to every extent and in every respect My confidence in him has been unbounded; his relation to myself and family has always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us, and yet he has never been detected in any serious fault, nor even in an intentional breach of the decorums of his station. His intelligence is of a high order, his integrity above all suspicion, and his sense of right and propriety correct and even refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me in the new relations which he must now form. It is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him. In the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given nor had occasion to give him an unpleasant word. I know no man who has fewer faults or more excellences than he."

Surely the happiness of families would be immeasurably increased if the same spirit pervaded them that is illustrated in these two instances.

It would really be worth something to possess the secret of making good servants. Some people possess it, and out of almost any tolerable material, in the course of time, they make very decent and desirable 'helps.' The simplest and surest direction we can give, though we are sure it contains the secret alluded to, is to make your dependants respect and love you. They may not be operated upon by fear to fulfil your wishes—increased rewards may have no effect—threats may pass by them as the idle wind—but love and respect will command anything. Let masters and mistresses think of this. It is worthy of thought in every family that is properly concerned for its own security and comfort. We should like to add some suggestions, especially to Christian mistresses, but this paper is already sufficiently long, and we are not sure that our topic is not too homely to secure interested attention, though rightly considered it is one of prime importance. Let us finish by saying that we are all servants one to another, and honored be they who best acquit themselves. The rich, after all, are not less dependant upon the poor than are the poor upon the rich. There is mutual servitude and mutual obligation, and there is no use in putting on high looks and thinking otherwise; and generally the best servants are the best served, and the good-will and kindness which we show to others is by them accorded to us.

HYMN.

THOU wilt not break the feeble, bruised reed;
Thou wilt not scorn the humble sinner's prayer,
Saviour! thy love is all that sinners need,
And I would raise a filial altar there.

The fluttering bird that from the parent's nest
Has wandered long, and sought in vain a home,
May safely hie back to that welcome breast,
And nestle there, no longer thence to roam.

Oh Father! like a bird on weary wings,
To Thee, first source, my spirit would return,
Thou wilt not leave the soul that to thee clings,
And the faint pilgrim's prayer thou wilt not spurn.

Why should I seek from powerless servants, aid
Which I can ask for at my Father's gate?
Away! ye fears that would my course impede,
There is no prayer my Father will not greet.

PHILOS.

Campanula Rotundifolia

THE CAMPANULA.

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE subject chosen for the colored embellishment of this number, belongs to a genus of plants in the Linnæan system called *Campanula* (a little bell), so named from the form of its flower. The specific name, *rotundifolia*, is given it on account of the shape of its radical leaves. It is commonly called the Hare Bell.

It is placed in the class *Pentandria*, order *Monogynia*, the 29th natural order of Linnæus, and the 52d of Jussieu. Calyx five cleft—corol, bell-form, closed at the bottom by valves—stamens, flat—stigma, from three to five cleft. Leaves, near the root, heart-form or kidney-form—along the stem, linear and entire. The radical leaves wither as soon as the blossom appears, so that the plant has only small, slender leaves scattered along the stalk at the flowering period. Flowers in a lax panicle, nodding, blue. Blossoms in June. It grows from one to two feet high.

Its medicinal properties are cathartic and stimulant. One species of the *Campanula* (*C. trachelea*) has had considerable celebrity in the cure of inflammatory affections of the throat and mouth.

The different species of this family of plants are blossoming all through the delightful season of flowers, from May until September. The one just described blossoms in

"* * * * those merry hours
In early June, when earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout.

"When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell."

How beautiful is nature! How graceful and how charming are her ornaments! Both field and forest rejoice in their existence and gladden the heart of man. All around, the bursting flowers invite his attention by their pleasing tints and reviving fragrance, and direct him to the GREAT FIRST CAUSE of all things, as they "point through nature, up to nature's God."

I love to ramble in the woods and meadows, and converse with the sweet flowers. If I am cheerful, they are ever ready to smile with me; if I am sorrowful and afflicted, the dew-drop lends them the tear of sympathy. Let stern Adversity deprive me of wealth and worldly honor if he will; but yet I will find solace and repose among the hill-tops and along the pebbly stream, where the Creator's works attest his goodness.

"Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I'll share the calm the season brings."

Flowers are emblems of youth. They lead us to contemplate the morning and spring-time of life. Like them, youth grows up, beautiful, innocent and lovely; a thousand attractions attend him, and a thousand virtues develope themselves, which cause him to be admired and beloved. But as the northern blast and the chilling frost sometimes cut down the fairest flower of summer, or nip it in the bud, even before it has had time to display its splendor in the morning sun-beam; so the unrelenting hand of adversity, of disease and of death, withers and destroys the pride, and beauty, and glory of youth—the bud droops and decays, the flower fades and falls from its stem before half its charms are unfolded to the view. Beset with danger in many forms, his horizon often lowers, and obscurity renders his morning sad and dreary; or if the sun breaks through the cloud, and for a moment lights up a golden sky, and bright prospects shine upon his path, he is suddenly again wrapped in night, in solitude and gloom.

Campanula Rotundifolia

AN ADVENTURE OF GIBBON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ROBERT B. BAIRD.

It was in the year 1768. Voltaire was in the zenith of his triumphs. Long had kings caressed and flattered him, philosophers and infidels extolled him, simpletons adored and all the world admired him. He was weary of disputes and controversies with Desfontaines and his brother abbots, weary of the friendship and favors of Frederick the Great; the Marchioness of Chatelet had just died, and time appeared tedious to him. Three quarters of his life had already gone by; and the great author of the "*Age of Louis XIV.*," resolved that he too would govern and have a kingdom of his own; Ferney should be his capital.

We shall not attempt to describe the castle of Ferney, that Rome of philosophy, which is now so solitary. Many tourists tell of the silence of its gardens, of the dreariness of its halls, and why should we repeat things which are known to everybody; why relate the peculiar emotion one feels on entering this castle, reminding one of the magnificence which it formerly contained; or rather of its former consequence as the centre of that atheism and deism which have spread over all Europe. But it is not enough that kings and philosophers die; kingdoms and theories must also perish, that man may be taught that nothing is durable here below.

Shall we speak of the trees planted all over the garden by the hand that wrote *Merope?* For more than twenty years they shaded his head, and now bent down by age, they commemorate his glory. Of all the pomp and magnificence which they once witnessed, nothing remains save the simple and modest veneration of a few pilgrims, who, from time to time, visit the house of the celebrated philosopher and poet. . . . . But I am wandering from my subject, and giving way to the thoughts which occupied my mind on my first visit to Ferney. I intended simply to relate an anecdote which was told me by the *porter* of the castle, who has doubtless told it to many others, for this old man has remained faithful to his master's residence, and though near a hundred years old,* still shows to strangers Voltaire's hat, wig, cane, inkstand and seat, and the apartment which he once occupied. As to the wig, I know several young ladies who have a lock of it, so that the *real* one must have been used up long ago. But my readers will pardon my digression, and I return to my episode of 1768.

The castle of Ferney became, then, the true literary capital of Europe. Philosophy had already dethroned royalty; even kings paid homage to Voltaire, who received with pride the vassalage of princes and of crowned heads. The Duke of Choiseul, exiled by the influence of a favorite of Louis XV., held his court at Chanteloup, and many a man of worth voluntarily went into exile with him; but neither Chanteloup nor Versailles approached the celebrity of Ferney. To tell the truth, however, the attractions of the latter court were rather less noble than those of true royalty; and it must be owned that *Madame Denis* did the honors of the palace in a free, citizen-like manner; but it must not be forgotten that it was a philosophic court, and that title was sufficient to loosen the bonds of etiquette. Besides, the Prince, or if you choose, the Patriarch of Ferney was not often accessible, and many a noble visitor was compelled to return to his home, without even perceiving the shadow of the poet, who, it must be confessed, was not always very hospitable. He maintained especially a very rigorous severity towards the illustrious Gibbon, that third person of the triumvirate of English historians, whom posterity places on a footing with Hume and Robertson, who were contemporaneous with him. But we will turn back to the source of this antipathy of Voltaire to Gibbon, and say what was the origin of the quarrel between these two great men, which quarrel was for them an occasion of a combat full of wit and originality.

Of all those historians who flourished in England during the eighteenth century, Gibbon has acquired the name of being the most veracious and conscientious. His love for truth in history has become proverbial, and he went so far in his rigidity that he would have sooner abandoned twenty political projects, than alter-

* This venerable and garrulous old man died last year (1843).—*Note by the Trans.*

ed the slightest historical event. Hence, perhaps, that varnish of skepticism,* which appears in all the works of this great historian. But in our days, writers pity the weakness of Gibbon; and any conscientious author, who should desire to make truth the basis of his works, would be ridiculed by our modern historians. Voltaire, therefore, must have given rise to this new generation of misrepresenting authors, for certainly no one would presume to accuse him of having bound himself too closely to the chariot of Truth. Many of his enemies, indeed, have declared that it was he who first introduced among us the art of blending history with romance. In a word, the author of the "Siècle de Louis XIV.," had just added to the series of his historical works, a collection of adventures and battles of the great hero of Sweden, and had decorated his work with the pompous title of the "History of Charles XII." Gibbon was filled with indignation at this prostitution of the name of history, and was not slow in manifesting his anger at the indelicacy of Voltaire. An article of the greatest severity and violence appeared in London, and was soon known throughout all Europe. Voltaire, whose literary susceptibility was easily aroused, became exasperated at his libeller, and vowed him an eternal hatred. An occasion for punishing him at last presented itself, and Voltaire did not fail to seize it. It was in this wise.

Gibbon was travelling in Switzerland. He was just about to give the last touches to his history of the Helvetian Republics, and he had resolved to come to that country in order to collect the documents which were indispensable for that important work. Already several years had elapsed since the scandal occasioned by his pamphlet against Voltaire.

At this period, as we have said, the court of Ferney was in all its glory; and Gibbon did not wish to return to his country without having visited Voltaire; without having seen and spoken to the prince of French philosophy. With this object in view he took up his abode at Geneva, and wrote to Voltaire, asking permission to come to the castle. Voltaire was revengeful; he had not forgotten the writer who had abused him; consequently, an answer was sent to the latter, saying that he must abstain from visiting Ferney. Gibbon expected such a reply; but, like a true Englishman, he held on, and did not think himself conquered. A few weeks passed. A new request was sent to Ferney, and the same answer returned. But obstacles excite the courage of high-minded beings. Gibbon is determined to see Voltaire. But he must find a new method. The way of negotiation cannot be pursued, he must carry the place by storm or by cunning. He resolved upon the latter method, for the first among philosophers was not practicable.

Therefore, one sunny morning, Gibbon filled his pockets with guineas, took his travelling stick, and set out for Voltaire's dwelling. Ferney is but a few miles from Geneva. Gibbon was to arrive early at the gates of the castle. And now, while he is on the road, we will give you the portrait of the hero of our story.

Gibbon was of an ugliness difficult to describe; his enormous head, abundantly adorned with red hair—such as belongs to the most of Albion's children*—was sunk down between two shoulders, more worthy of belonging to some quadruped than to a member of the human race. His fallow eyes glistened, it is true, with an extraordinary lustre, by which great men are always known; but this brightness was greatly lessened by the inconceivable thickness of his eyebrows, which shaded the greater part of the upper portion of his face. Add to this a very round nose, with immense open nostrils; then a violet-colored mouth and a square chin; the whole covered with wrinkles, and encased in a horrible thick garland of red and yellow whiskers; and you will have, with great exactitude, the seducing portrait of our friend Gibbon. As to the fantastic hump, whose sinuous circumference occupied the place of three quarters of his spine, we will not say a word, nor of the strange inequality of his legs, which were miraculously placed almost in the middle of his clavicular bones.

Thus exquisitely shaped, Gibbon arrived at Ferney and rang the bell at the entrance of the park. The porter hastened to open, and was about to plunge the key into the lock, when, O, fatal moment for Gibbon! he was recognized. And sure enough, who could mistake him? The description of our unfortunate hero had been given to Voltaire, at the request of the latter, by the Republic of Geneva, and all the domestics of the castle knew it. So Gibbon could not preserve his *incognito*. He must think of retreating; but no, he is an Englishman, and

* We fear that a very different reason must be assigned for Mr. Gibbon's skepticism, than that which our amiable Frenchman surmises.—*Note by the Trans.*

* Red hair is much more characteristic of the Scandinavians than of the English—*Note by the Trans.*

will stand against the enemy. While the porter gives way to the cruel pleasure of repeating the orders of his master, and of examining the whimsical features of the stranger, the latter puts his hand in his pocket and makes his numerous guineas jingle; he takes them out, and displays them on his hand in the sun, and shows them to the astonished porter. This time adieu to Voltaire's orders; Gibbon will triumph. British gold has corrupted the porter's fidelity: the gates are mysteriously opened. Gibbon enters. . . . But his campaign does not end with the first victory; true, the first step is taken, perhaps the most difficult one; but the next required greater courage and more skill; will Gibbon be able to overcome the difficulties which attend it? The reader will judge from the sequel.

The porter, when he yielded to the generosity of our Englishman, had not assured him that he could have an interview with his master. He had only agreed to let him come within the gates of the park and enter his lodge. Gibbon was to find out the way to see M. de Voltaire. In vain he ransacks his brain; in vain he strikes his forehead; in vain he scratches his head; no idea comes to his mind. However, he must quit this critical position; but how shall he do so?

Tired of warring with his imagination, Gibbon at last begins again with the porter, and inquires into the details of Voltaire's private affairs, adding, that since he must renounce the pleasure of seeing the philosopher, he does not wish to leave Ferney without taking with him a few *souvenirs* of the great man who had refused so obstinately to see him. Porters are generally very talkative; the one of Ferney did not depart from the customs of his brethren. He is in his element. He relates in detail all that he knows of the habits of his master, and even all that he does not know; at what hour he goes to bed, at what hour he gets up, when he eats, when he drinks, when he salutes Madame Denis (his housekeeper), and when he kicks Laharpe. In a word, all the doings of Ferney come to the ears of Gibbon, whose face lightened up little by little; and when all was finished, a bright idea flashed across his mind. Of all the details furnished by the porter, Gibbon's memory only retained one circumstance, which can be translated by this psychological remark—All men of genius have their share of caprice, for which they often sacrifice their dearest interests. Voltaire had his; Gibbon was more decided than ever to see Voltaire.

This is the indiscretion which showed Gibbon the weak part of his enemy.

Voltaire owned a little English horse, of which he was very fond. He would permit no one but himself to feed him; it was he who daily filled the manger with the most tender hay; he who gave him to drink in a silver bucket which he had had made expressly for that object by one of the silversmiths of Ferney. If any unhappy mortal dared to touch even the end of this horse's mane, Monseigneur got into such a passion that Madame Denis felt the efects of it for a whole week after. But by what fine qualities had this little horse been able to attract the favor of his master! What a complete union of all perfections! How nobly he carried his pretty English head, and with what grace he shook his ears, projected his neck, and fixed his beautiful round eyes on the piece of sugar which M. de Voltaire held out to him in the palm of his hand! How smooth and shining was his light brown skin, and how long and black was his mane! What fine legs, what strength in his thighs, what suppleness in his chest! Any one besides Voltaire would have made an idol of him; and everybody admired the graceful manner in which he followed his master for nothing but a biscuit, with which he had been teased for a quarter of an hour. Therefore, no wonder that Voltaire almost worshipped this horse; and as the first law of love forbids sharing it with anybody else, he wished to be the only one loved by his horse; hence the order that no one should approach him. This command was wise, and Voltaire would have been happy if it had never been disobeyed. But, alas! he had not taken English gold into consideration. This time Gibbon will triumph.

A good reason was wanted to determine the already disobedient porter to transgress his master's laws a second time; great responsibility would fall upon his head; but British guineas answer to all the arguments of his conscience, and the treaty which is to deliver Voltaire's face to the inspection of Gibbon is about to be signed. For more gold, the porter will go and let loose the horse and will lead him to the great avenue of the park, leaving Gibbon to make as much of the disobedience as he can.

It was still early, as we have said, when the hero of our history arrived at Ferney, and the shutters of the castle were tightly shut; everything seemed to favor this hazardous enterprise; no inconsiderate witness was there to reveal Gibbon's conspiracy. When the bargain was

struck and the gold paid, Gibbon hastens to the park, and hides himself behind a large tree. The porter, on his part, goes straight to the stable, unties the colt, and runs off to his lodge. The fresh morning air, and his unexpected liberty, act simultaneously on the petulant organization of the animal. He springs into the garden, jumping about, frisking and skipping in the midst of the flowers, neighing, and throwing the sand and gravel about with his feet. But suddenly a window is opened with a crash, and Voltaire's face is seen, white and trembling with the greatest rage. . . . . Unfinished oaths and sentences are uttered; he curses his servants, sends them all to the evil one, and says he will drive them all away. At his voice the domestics of the castle run to him to see what is the matter, and wish to stop the horse; but Voltaire forbids their moving, and especially their touching him. He says he will himself come down and lead the animal to the stable, and endeavor to appease, by his paternal kindness, the impetuous disposition which cannot fail to become fatal to his young disciple. And saying this, he runs down the steps, and follows the colt, calling it by its name, and coaxes it to return to its stable. But during all this time, Gibbon, hidden behind his tree, was able to examine the features of the great writer whom he had so long desired to see. What was his astonishment when he saw the celebrated author of the "Henriade," the immortal writer of tragedies, the prince of philosophy and infidelity, fantastically accoutred in a long red morning gown, his head covered with a tremendous wig "*à la Louis XIV.*," surmounted with a ridiculous night-cap, which Madame Denis had taken care the day before to ornament with a large yellow ribbon. Great man! is it indeed you who are thus appearing, before the eyes of your antagonist, the celebrated Gibbon; before him, who, having ridiculed you as historian, will not fail to abuse you as philosopher! But it was not philosophy, history, Gibbon or scandal, that now occupied his mind! Voltaire was far from thinking of all these trifles; his horse had escaped; the morning dew would wet its tender hoofs, which might be broken against the stones. But, alas! Voltaire little thinks that while he is trying to prevent his horse from catching cold, his cunning will be found in fault. . . . He continues his race, and soon finds himself opposite to the tree, from behind which Gibbon has been examining all his proceedings. All at once the Englishman leaves the tree and walks with a firm step up to Voltaire, and with the phlegmatic *nonchalance* for which his countrymen are distinguished, announces his name, and declares that he will now return content to his country, since he has had the luck of seeing the great man.

Voltaire, stupified at the ugliness of our hero, and at the impudence of his proceeding, lost his wits, forgot his horse, and ran away as fast as he could towards the house, without even answering a word to the treacherous Gibbon. Several minutes elapsed: our Englishman, proud of his victory, has not yet left the park. Like a conqueror, he takes the liberty of surveying the field of battle which his enemy has just abandoned. However, he was thinking of returning to Geneva, when he was overtaken by a liveried servant, who bows to him, and begins by begging his pardon for the singularity of the message which he was about to deliver; but said his master commanded, he must obey.

Gibbon, curious to know the object of this errand, requests the domestic to explain it.

"My lord sends me to Mr. Gibbon," said he, "to demand twelve guineas for having seen the *beast*."

"Here, my friend," replied the Englishman, "here are twenty-four; and tell your master that I have paid in advance for seeing him again; I will here await your return."

The servant goes to deliver our hero's answer, and soon returns to Gibbon; but this time with a real invitation from Voltaire to spend the remainder of the day at Ferney, and to partake of the dinner of the château.

Gibbon congratulates himself on the happy effect of his wit, and promises himself much pleasure in the few hours that he is about to spend in the Voltairian court, with Voltaire himself. But, alas! the philosopher did not, indeed, take seriously the pleasantry of Gibbon, which he had provoked by one of those caprices which were so common to him; but as the conduct of the Englishman had offended him, he was not willing to allow a full victory to his antagonist. He did not show himself during any part of the day, and did not even come to dinner. Gibbon, however, consoled himself about that.

When the time for the dinner was come, he ate enough for four persons, drank in like proportion, and appeared very jovial towards all the courtiers; and when the meat was finished, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote the following impious lines, which he sent to his host: "M. de Voltaire is like the god of the Roman Catholics—he allows himself to be

eaten and drunk, but does not let himself be seen." He then took his travelling stick and returned to Geneva by the same conveyance which brought him to Ferney, and the same week he left Geneva for London. A few months afterwards he published his *History of the Helvetian Republic*, which sealed his literary renown.

The old porter did not say whether Voltaire found the last joke of Gibbon to his taste, but it must have befitted the then prevailing mode; for impious jests were more relished than any other kind at the time when this episode took place.

LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. A. D. EDDY, D. D.

JOSEPH, OR THE PROSPEROUS YOUNG MAN.

We have already alluded to the bright example of moral excellence given in the character of Joseph. With the general features of that character you are all familiar, and have no doubt listened to the recital of his wrongs with the liveliest emotions, and beheld with joy the redress of his injuries.

In this divinely drawn character, there are some features of commanding prominence. They are the essential elements of goodness, with which no one ever failed to prosper.

First. *The filial piety of Joseph.* I will not detain you with the sweet remembrances of his early filial devotion, which so drew forth and fashioned around him the strong and fatal partiality of a father, and which so distinguished him above his brethren, as to excite their envy and revenge. It would seem, that all this was not so much from the patriarch's weakness, as from the resistless powers and charms of the young man's excellence. An excellence, too, of which he himself seems to have been the unconscious possessor; while he ravished and stole away the almost entire heart of the venerated Jacob; himself the innocent and unsuspecting occasion of that envious, domestic sin, that opened an eventful crisis in the history of mankind.

I never think of Joseph, led away and cast into the pit; sold and carried into Egypt; and there, whether in the prison or the palace, writing up the riches of the harvests or riding in the chariots of Pharaoh, but his mind and his heart seem to be reverting to his home and resting upon his *father*. And the agony of his mind, in his darkest hours, seems not so much on account of his own condition, as from the care-worn, disappointed, deceived and wasting Jacob, his father. O, there is something in the name of father, that always attends the wanderings and seems to entwine itself around the heart of Joseph; and we never see the veil drawn and the burden lifted from his soul, till that memorable hour, in which the hoary Canaanite is bathing in tears the bosom of his long lost Joseph, borne in the arms of filial piety. And there is no picture so lovely drawn, as that in the palace of Pharaoh, "when Joseph, the prime minister of State, led the poor old shepherd to the king, and before all the lords of the Egyptian court, introduced the decrepit, and care-worn pilgrim, as *his father*. Who, after looking at this, will ever be ashamed of a father because he is poor? What a glory did that one act draw around the brow of Joseph? The lustre of the golden chain that hung from his neck was dim, compared to the brightness of this deed; and the chariot in which he rode in imperial pomp, raised him not half so high as the eminence he held, when he stood before the monarch of Egypt, the patriarch of Canaan leaning on his arm."*

My young friends, this is not fancy. It is not an idea robed to importance in the drapery of an ancient tale; it is living reality; it is Scripture verity. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Is not filial piety an element of moral excellence? Take it away from a young man's character, and everything of good you

* Rev. John Angel James.

leave, cannot redeem him: and though the grace of God may save him through repentance from hell, he is irrecoverably lost to a virtuous and lovely life.

There is something in the home relations between father and son, that tells the whole character. That son, who loves his seat at his father's side in the sanctuary of God; who loves to lean upon his father's arm; who loves, when he grows up, to write his name in his father's firm; who loves, when fatherless, to be the entire support of his father's *widow;* I say, *such* a son has abiding elements of excellence, and a shield. Heaven's unerring hand points him to honor and good in a thousand ways.

"No small measure of prosperity," says Dr. Dwight, "seems ordinarily interwoven with a course of filial piety. The comfort which it causes parents; the harmony which it produces in families; the peace which it yields to the conscience—to these, it adds the approbation of all; a lasting reputation."

Beyond this, it associates itself with temperance, moderation and sobriety, which give a solid foundation for health and long life. And these are not all its blessings. I do not say that miracles are wrought for its reward; neither will I say that purer gales breathe to preserve its health; nor that softer suns arise, or more timely rains descend to mature its harvest; nor that more propitious winds blow to waft its ships in safety. But I will say, that on the tide of providence, multiplied blessings are borne into its possession at seasons when they were unexpected, in ways unforeseen and by means unprovided, which are often of high importance, and which altogether constitute a rich proportion of prosperity, and which usually are not found by persons of contrary character. At the same time, those who act well as children, almost, of course, act well as men and women; and thus without design have taken the scion of happiness from the parent stock, and grafted it upon other stems which bear fruit abundant to themselves. Here

> "It revives and bears
> A train of blessings for their heirs."

I cannot forget the filial Joseph. He is most honorably and tenderly united to his family. Forgetful of the injuries of the past, mindful of the present and the future, he nourishes through all the famine his father, his brethren and all his father's household.

Behold him in the sick chamber of Israel, receiving on his sons the Patriarch's blessing—*he blessed them in that day and died.* And Joseph fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him. Faithful to his promise, and filial still, he entombed him in Canaan with his kindred, thrice honored by his ancestry, by Egypt and his own excellence.

SECOND. The next prominent feature of the character of Joseph was his *immaculate purity.*

There was a delicacy of feeling and association; a chasteness of conversation and intercourse; a purity of life here, which cannot but arrest and charm. There seems an ether pureness in his mind; a snow-white innocence and sparkling clearness in his imaginings; an infant's chastity and sweetness and ardor in his love; and we could almost know that Joseph might safely stand even at the lascivious bed of royalty.

The age is replete with demoralizing principles and a corrupting literature, which are fast vitiating and degrading the mind, and poisoning, as with the miasma of death, the popular feeling. And that young man, who, in admiration of Byron and Bulwer, follows in the stained track of their vulgar and vitiated minds, and revels in the luxurious lasciviousness of their grovelling and diseased imaginations, will inevitably imbibe the corruptions of their hearts, and like their most degraded and abandoned characters, faint reflections of their own dark and vitiated souls, become, abroad and at home, outcasts from virtue and every good, the betrayers of confidence, and the utter blast of every social joy. Such a young man has no heart for virtuous love, and can form no home, the hallowed seat of chaste and holy peace.

It is not inappropriate to my purpose, but directly applicable to the end I have in view, to say, that the chief source and security of earthly prosperity are found in the domestic relations; in the order, love, support, inviolate purity, dignity and elevation of the family circle.

Each young man has now his mother to honor, venerate and cherish; his sisters to protect, support and love; or he looks forward to the day when his own chaste home shall greet and charm him.

These duties and prospects are high stimulants to every young man of virtuous promise. Where these are wanting or disregarded, the strongest bonds of virtue are relaxed; the visions of future good are shaded, and promises of happier days are few indeed.

Without the domestic relations and virtues, there could not exist even the being of civil so-

ciety. And the question returns upon you, what can that young man do towards the securing and maintenance of these relations and virtues, whose associations, imaginings and habits are void of purity? Where in the chambers of his soul can you lodge a virtuous emotion? What element of his corrupted nature can give promise of good to himself or to others?

Such a man has destroyed his own power of confidence in others—of confidence, I say, in others. That leading element in the happiness of life is lost. Incapable of pure and virtuous associations, he looks for none in others. Knowing that he cannot be trusted, he has no confidence in any. From such a heart, suspicion, malice, revenge, with every malign emotion, soon spring forth to poison and destroy.

Not only so, but it is purity of mind and character that gives us our interest and pleasure at home, as we cherish confidence in the virtuous claims of that hallowed spot. In unstained purity ourselves, we feel at home, easy and natural there; conscious of our worth and claims to all the respect, confidence and love due to such sacred relationship.

There is no such self-support—no such sustaining, manly confidence—no such elevating aspirations—no such pledges of temporal prosperity and peace, and of future good, as are found in the pureness of a young man's mind, and in his virtuous life. The contrary is the cloud, the chill, the death. Few of this last character have even the impudence and hardihood to claim the stand that virtue might assume. And if they gain it for a moment, it is but to blight and wither fairest hopes and sweetest hearts, that have been thus feloniously allied to pollution and shame. And this shameless eminence so attained, is early wasted beneath polluted power, and the victim falls thrice disgraced; and would to God he fell alone, dishonored and destroyed.

There is not a doubt that the chief checks to laudable aspirations, and the chief causes of social and domestic ills, are found in the want of early virtue, in pure associations of the heart and life.

Look at Joseph; wherever he stood, he stood immaculately pure; in conscious innocence. To the father that bore him; to the prince that he served; to the prisoner with whom he slept in chains; to the court he adorned; to the wife of his bosom, and to the children that he loved and honored; to all alike, he could lay open a pure and stainless life—a character of snow-drift innocence. Had he lost his virtue in the princess' hall, he had never left his name illustrious in the book of God, nor found embalment in the admiration of mankind. With Absalom he might have been a rebel to his prince's throne, and a ravisher of his father's house.

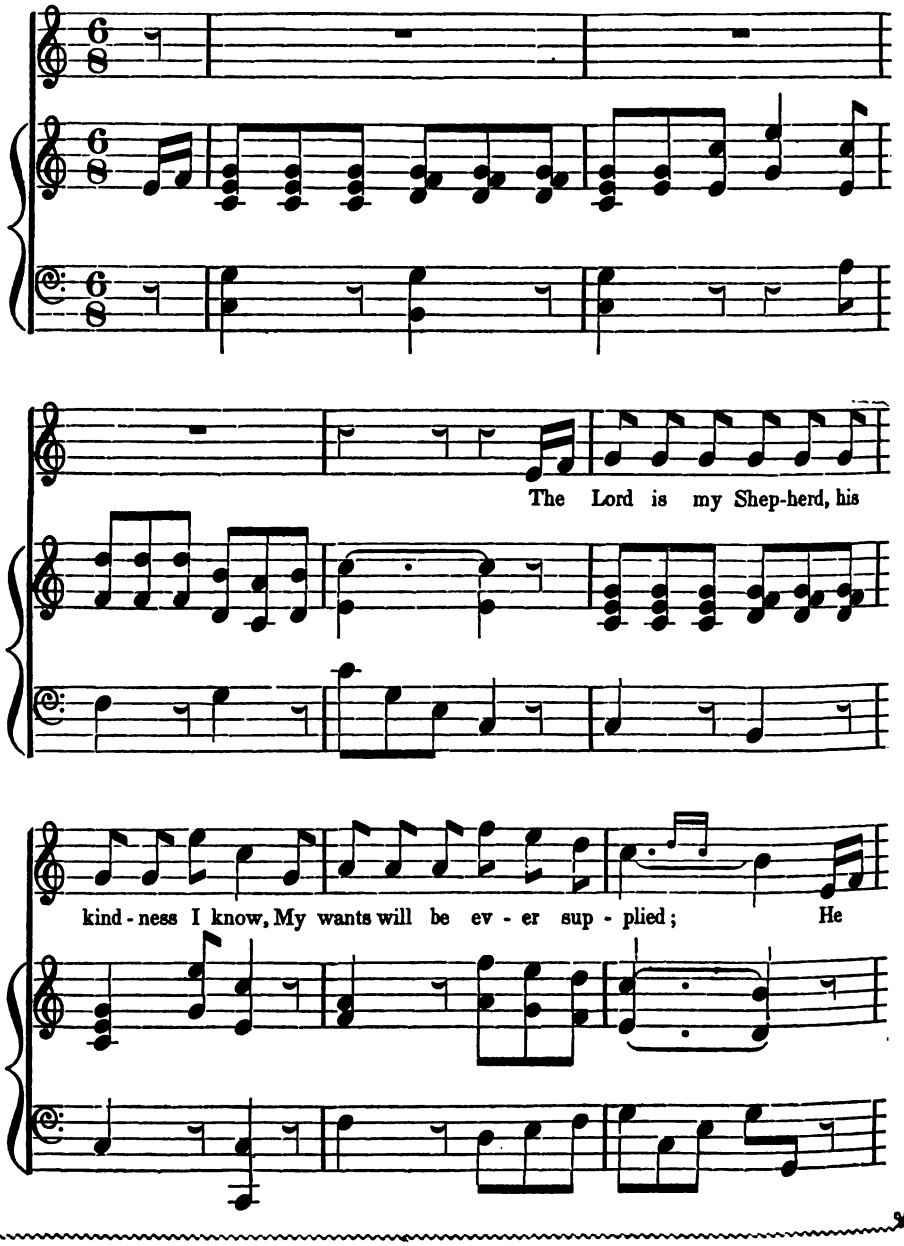
Nor less destructive is the sin of which I speak, of all the social virtues and securities. A low, grovelling and impure mind invades and eradicates all the moral and honest principles of our nature. It wholly dethrones every living virtue from the man. It is like the sin of witchcraft and idolatry of old. It admits of no redeeming qualities. Nothing of good will or can live with it. Least of all can faithfulness and honesty, those essential elements of usefulness and success in life. Any of those habits of mind and associations of life, which demand the secrecy of the heart and midnight darkness, can never admit virtuous associations, secure confidence or return fidelity. Unfaithfulness, secrecy, mean, dastardly retirement must govern and degrade. How can honesty, justice, openness and integrity be expected from such a man? He is utterly unfitted for all honorable trust in life, and he will sooner or later betray the very confidence that his deceit or his better days secured.

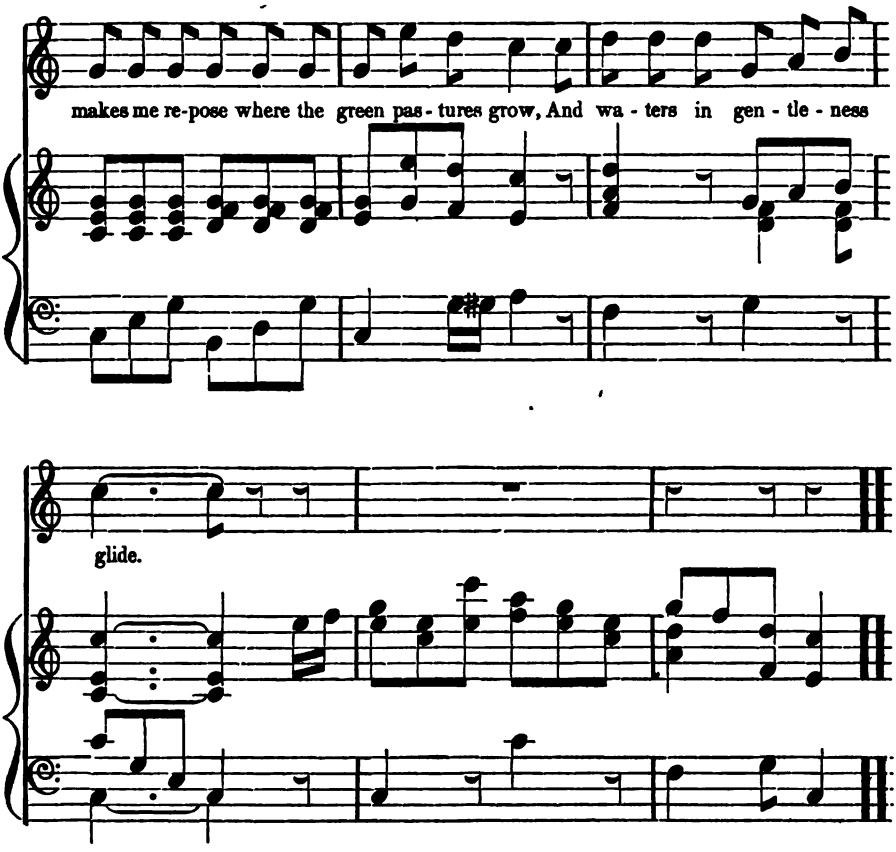
My young friends, I have lived longer in this world, and seen more of it than most of you. I have made it no small study of my life, to trace the results of moral causes which operate to aid or depress the aspirings of young men; to elevate, adorn and bless their advanced relations, or to disappoint and destroy the hopes and prospects of maturer years. And I unhesitatingly say, there is nothing that spreads so widely through business relations, commercial friends, incorporated trusts, and political and civil associations, distrust, suspicion, lax morals, reckless expenditures, astonishing defalcations and final ruin, as the demoralizing associations of which I speak.

This evil starts its way by paralyzing the best sensibilities of the heart, and poisoning the springs of all good. It holds on its course, feeding on the victims of innocence and virtue; and ends its blasting career only at the grave of all it could reach and kill, there to entomb itself in eternal infamy and death.

"MY SHEPHERD."

BY TH. HASTINGS.





2.

My wandering affections, so often astray,
His kindness and care will reclaim;
To wisdom and holiness point out the way,
To the praise of his glorious name.

3.

What though I walk through the dark valley of death,
No evil my spirit will fear;
My shepherd is with me, his arm is beneath,
His love and his comfort are near.

4

The hand of his bounty my table supplies,
My cup of enjoyment o'erflows;
He keeps me in safety when troubles arise.
Nor yields to th'assaults of my foes.

5.

His goodness and mercy around me have poured,
His love shall forever endure;
Forever I'll dwell in the house of the Lord,
Whose arm of salvation is sure.

H.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

THE USEFUL CHRISTIAN: A memoir of Thomas Cranfield, for about fifty years a devoted Sunday School Teacher. American S. S. Union.

An unvarnished biography of one, whose life was full of incident, as his spirit was of activity and his heart of benevolence. Thomas Cranfield began life a roving, wayward lad, and to escape the horrors of starvation, to which his violent temper and viciousness had nearly reduced him, joined a recruiting regiment in 1777, and was an active participator in the memorable siege of Gibraltar. Upon his release, he hastened back to London, and having under parental influence become a subject of the good grace of God, turned the current of his restless genius to the duties of a Sunday School teacher. For nearly half a century he pursued his labor of love among the poor and wretched in the purlieus of London, building up a school in every neglected corner within his reach, and visiting the hovels of the outcast and the destitute to supply them the means of subsistence, and carry them the message of life. With all this devotion to his Master's cause—and few have done more for it than he in a lifetime—he prosecuted his daily business with moderate success, and was content with the measure meted out to him by heaven, and it may well be said of him instrumentally, as it is said of the God-man immediately, "as poor, yet making many rich." A better Sunday School book has not appeared in many days.

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MY NATIVE VILLAGE, or the Recollections of twenty-five years. Am. S. S. Union.

A series of tales, illustrating the progress of the Temperance reformation, and the different aspect it has given to the domestic scenes of a country village. The tales are told in a simple and touching style, and teach the lesson, which cannot be too well conned by the young, that strong drink is a mocker, and changes the blessings of God into curses for His offspring.

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INCIDENTS OF SOCIAL LIFE AND THE EUROPEAN ALPS. Translated from the German of Heinrich D. Zschokke, by Louis Strack. D. Appleton & Co.

This volume introduces to us a writer, who has reached a no common celebrity among men of letters on the European continent. Oppressed by poverty and disappointment in the outset, and persecuted by the jealousy of an established Church in the midway of his course, striking out for himself a novel path in literature, and holding German rationalism in hearty contempt, he is essentially a self-made man. He early sought the retirement and freedom of the Swiss mountains, and has spent his days in the midst of the honest peasantry of the Alps. Having already passed the limit of three-score years and ten allotted to man, his task may be regarded as ended, and the reputation he enjoys may be held as the sober award of a posterior age. The selections from his works, which appear in the present volume, afford a fair specimen of Zschokke's genius. They are admirable as domestic portraits, and will be read with additional interest from the novelty of the manners which they describe.

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SERMONS BY HUGH BLAIR, D. D., F. R. S. To which is prefixed the Life and Character of the Author, by James Finlayson, D. D., complete in one volume. New York: John S. Taylor & Co. 1844.

It does not become us, in this place, to speak of the many virtues of such a mind as Dr. Blair. His name is too widely known, and too familiar with Americans from their school-days to call for a fresh introduction; and the reputation his sermons have long held for their exact method, their strength and depth of thought, and their easy, perspicuous style, renders any encomium of ours needless. The present volume contains all the sermons, ninety-one in number, which remain from the pen of the author. It is a handsome octavo of over six hundred pages, in a clear, fair type, and is offered at a price which will make it much sought after. As a family volume of sermons it has no superior.

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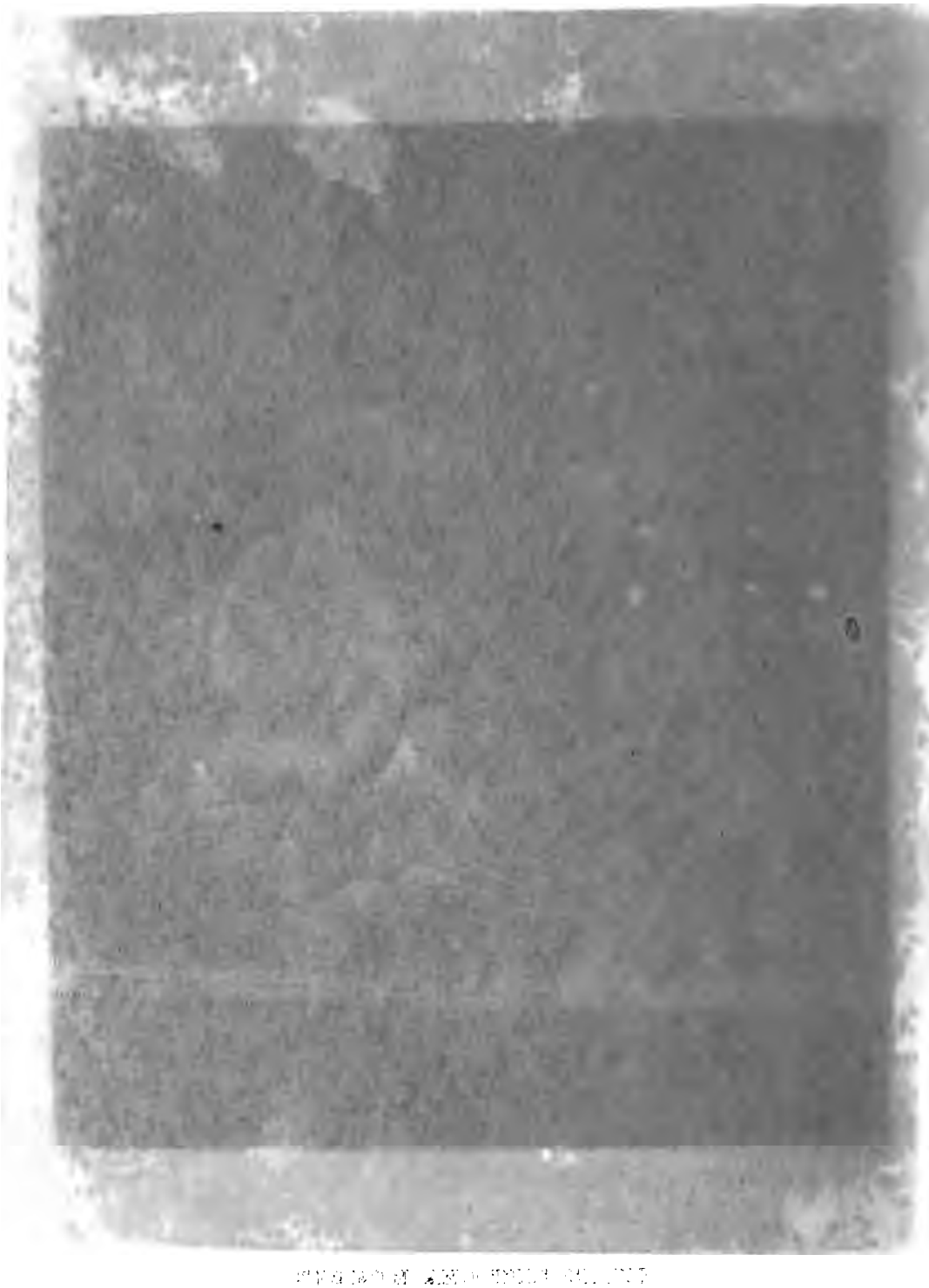
THE WORKS OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. Vol. II.—Mr. Dodd has just issued the second volume of his elegant edition of Mrs. Tonna's writings. In addition to the prose fictions heretofore published, he has incorporated several poems, which had not previously appeared in an American dress. Izram, a Mexican Tale, founded on events which transpired before the great struggle for freedom in South America, is a poem of no ordinary character: indeed there are passages in it, which any living poet might be proud to have written. The contents of the volume are IZRAM, HELEN FLEETWOOD, PASSING THOUGHTS, THE FLOWER GARDEN, POEMS ON THE PENINSULAR WAR, PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS IN HEAVENLY PLACES, and SECOND CAUSES. The typography of the work is worthy of all praise.

rest.

It is impossible to reach anything beyond mere conjecture as to the question who this Simeon was; some have imagined that he was

pensation differs from that of the present, inasmuch as the former existed in connection with a less extensive revelation than the latter; and it may reasonably be doubted whether even the



THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1844.

SIMEON.

BY REV. W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

(SEE PLATE.)

THERE is now and then a character introduced in Scripture, the description of which is alike brief and interesting; enough only is said to awaken a feeling of regret that we cannot contemplate the individual in all the features of his character and in the whole history of his life. We have a striking example of this in Simeon, a man whose history occupies but a few lines of the inspired record; and yet the little that is said of him is so intensely interesting, and appeals so strongly to the best sensibilities of the Christian, that one can scarcely repress an impatient desire to know something more of him than inspiration has been pleased to furnish. It becomes us, however, in all these cases, to keep down an overweening curiosity, and be satisfied to wait for an increase of our knowledge from the glorious revelations of heaven. One thing that endears to the Christian the prospect of Heaven is, that he may hope to meet there not only his own friends who have died in the faith of Jesus, but multitudes whom he has never even seen in the flesh, but whose example, as exhibited in their history, has awakened his veneration, quickened his diligence, and aided his preparation for his final rest.

It is impossible to reach anything beyond mere conjecture as to the question who this Simeon was; some have imagined that he was the President of the council and father of the celebrated Gamaliel; but this, besides being a mere gratuitous assumption, is rendered improbable by the fact that if it had been so, the evangelist could scarcely have failed to record so honorable a circumstance. We know that he was an inhabitant of Jerusalem; that he was a person of most exemplary piety; that he lived in devout expectation of the Messiah—the consolation of Israel; and that he was occasionally favored with extraordinary divine communications, one of which was that he should not die till he had actually beheld the promised Saviour.

True piety has substantially the same characteristics in all ages. The piety of the patriarchs and prophets and all the ancient saints was constituted of the same elements with that which glows in the bosoms of Christians at the present day. Moses, and David, and Simeon had the same faith and hope, the same humility, and love, and zeal, and sense of dependence on God, that were evinced by Paul and Stephen, by Brainard and Edwards, and that are still felt and manifested by every true disciple of Christ. And yet after all, the piety of the ancient dispensation differs from that of the present, inasmuch as the former existed in connection with a less extensive revelation than the latter; and it may reasonably be doubted whether even the

prophets themselves, who were the chosen organs of divine communication, and many of whose predictions are minutely descriptive both of the present and future glory of the church, had anything like the same amount of religious knowledge, that falls to the lot of the great mass of Christians at the present day. They, with prophetic vision, looked forward to a Saviour to come; and they recognized in their types and sacrifices the shadowing forth of his atonement; and they confided in its merits as the only ground of their hope of acceptance; but still they were by no means thoroughly instructed in respect to the whole Christian economy, and even the Saviour himself, notwithstanding the explicitness of his instructions, left some things to be more fully explained by his disciples. As knowledge lies essentially at the foundation of piety, we must suppose that as the knowledge of the ancient saints was less extensive than that of good men under the Christian dispensation, their piety had less expansion, and vigor, and symmetry, than Christianity is adapted to produce.

What reason have we for gratitude that our lot has been cast in this superior light—that we see the things which kings and prophets desired to see but were not permitted the privilege! Even the noblest spirits of the ancient dispensation, in the light of whose faith and piety we are accustomed to walk, saw only as in the twilight and mist, those objects which we contemplate in the brightness of noonday. But how does their example—especially, how does the example of Simeon, reprove us for the comparative indifference which we too often manifest toward our higher privileges! *He* was waiting in anxious expectation for the consolation of Israel. It was the burden of his thoughts, and wishes, and prayers, that he might be permitted to behold with his bodily eyes that Saviour, whom he had long been accustomed to contemplate with an eye of faith. But how small is the number even of the professors of Christianity, who, now that the Saviour has actually come, are habitually looking and longing for the tokens of his spiritual presence. We have the fullest assurance that our great High Priest, having accomplished the purposes of his advent to this earth, has passed into the heavens, and that he is ready to succor us when we are tempted; ready to help in every time of need; and yet how few of our thoughts and affections are directed towards him, how much are we inclined, even in our sorrow, to seek comfort from other sources, rather than to cast ourselves at once in the exercise of faith on the "consolation of Israel!"

It was under a supernatural impulse that Simeon was led to visit the temple, just at the moment when the parents of Jesus had brought their child thither in obedience to a requirement of the Jewish law. Whether he came with the actual expectation of meeting the infant Saviour, or whether he only obeyed a divine impulse guiding him to the temple without any knowledge of the scene that was to pass there, does not appear; but whichever may have been the case, he arrived there at the very time for seeing a well known prophecy accomplished and the strongest desire of his heart fulfilled. By the prophetic gift which had been imparted to him, he recognized the child Jesus as the consolation of Israel for which he had been waiting; and forthwith he clasped him in his arms, and in the spirit of sublime rapture, burst forth in a strain at once devotional and prophetic, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." As if he had said, I have been waiting for this manifestation of thy grace to the children of men; I have been long contemplating him as the great subject of prophecy from the beginning of the world, and have been personally favored with divine communications concerning his approaching advent; and now at length mine eyes behold him, mine arms embrace him; what can I ask more? The purpose for which I have desired to live is accomplished—now let me depart and mingle in the scenes that are beyond the veil—let me bid adieu to all that is earthly, and go and take possession of that inheritance which Jesus is here on the earth to purchase—let me ascend to his Father and my Father, to his God and my God, that as I have waited to welcome him on earth, I may also wait to welcome him in Heaven, when he shall return to take possession of his mediatorial kingdom!

"Mine eyes have seen thy salvation." It is the language not of faint, wavering hope, but of assured confidence, not unlike that of the apostle when he said, "I *know* in whom I have believed." And many a saint since the days of Simeon has been able to appropriate this language to himself. Yonder is a disciple who has grown old in the school of Christ; who has been taking lessons at the foot of the cross, perhaps for more than half a century. Once his faith was like a grain of mustard seed; he had only a trembling hope of an interest in the Saviour; as he compared his inward exercises with the scriptural standard of piety, he greatly

doubted whether the renewing influence of the spirit had ever been exerted upon his heart. But the graces of the Christian have gradually become developed in his character; his spiritual vision has become more distinct, his spiritual affections more lively; the things that are invisible and eternal have become more and more the all-engrossing objects of his pursuit, and the evidences of his discipleship have in the same proportion become bright and satisfactory. And now in the maturity of his religious character, in the confidence that has been inspired by many successful struggles with temptation and corruption in a review of the many expressions of his Saviour's love which have cheered him in his onward course, he exclaims without one anxious doubt or fear, "mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" "I have beheld Christ—the great deliverer from sin and death by an eye of faith—I have seen him in the glories of his person and in the riches of his grace—I have welcomed him as *my* Saviour by a compliance with the terms on which he offers himself to me—I have heard him whisper in my ear the assurance that my transgressions are forgiven through the efficacy of his blood, and that ere long he will take me up to dwell in his presence and to sit with him upon his throne. Sure I am that this is no dream of fancy—Simeon saw not Jesus with the eye of sense more clearly than I see him by an eye of faith. And why may I not say, as he did, let me depart in peace? Why should I wish to remain longer in this world of strife, and wo, and sin, when the great end of my life has been accomplished in my being brought into union with my Saviour? I would not indeed decline any service or any suffering which he may appoint to me on earth—I would be reconciled to his will, even though his will should be that I should be detained yet many years from the glories of his presence; but so far as my own personal comfort is concerned, I would say, let me depart—

"'Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.'"

Who needs be told that this language of Simeon has often been upon the lips of the dying saint, as he has been "lingering upon these mortal shores" in the full triumph of faith? Well do I remember a Christian—one of the most afflicted of all God's people—in whose heart the spirit of Simeon glowed, and on whose lips the substance of this very expression trembled, just as her spirit was taking its flight to its celestial home. Though years and years have passed away since I witnessed the scene, well do I remember the drunken husband and miserable children, and the many nameless circumstances of degradation around her death-bed; and equally well do I remember how she lifted her sightless eyeballs in gratitude to God that he had not left her to suffer alone—that the presence of her Redeemer dissipated the gloom of the dark valley, and that she had a delightful confidence of soon being admitted to one of the heavenly mansions. It was faith in Christ—it was her being able to say that she had seen God's salvation, that rendered her death bed a scene of so much triumph; and this is the secret of every triumphant Christian's dying scene. Wherever there is even composure in death, apart from a recognition of Christ as the conqueror of death, and the author of salvation, there is evidence of deep delusion—there is ground for nothing but dark and fearful forebodings.

But Simeon was by no means so engrossed in the contemplation of his own personal privileges and prospects, but that he dwelt with delight on the more general bearings and influences of the Saviour's advent; he contemplated him not only as the glory of his people Israel, but as a light to lighten the Gentiles. Even the apostles of our Lord, more than thirty years subsequent to this period, were yet so far under the dominion of Jewish prejudices, that they were dreaming of the exclusive claims of their own nation to the privileges of Messiah's kingdom; but here was Simeon, in the spirit of prophecy, taking into his view the glory which the gospel was destined to spread over the Gentiles as well as over the Jews. And what he saw would be, it is our privilege to know has actually taken place. To the Jews was the gospel first preached; the Saviour not only by his personal ministry, but by that of his apostles also, offered himself to them as the "consolation of Israel;" and though they rejected him with disdain, and have continued to reject him through every succeeding generation, yet they will ere long come bending to him in humble acknowledgment of the right and the glory of his reign. And what the Jews in their infatuation and obstinacy have refused, the Gentiles have already in great numbers accepted—this light which Simeon saw and rejoiced in at its earliest rising, has been gradually mounting towards mid-heaven; and now the influence of its quickening beams is felt in a greater or less degree among a large portion of the nations. We are witnesses of the truth and the power

and the glory of that salvation which brought such rapture to the old waiting saint; and we expect with the fullest confidence that its triumphs will multiply and extend, till there shall not be a spot where man dwells that is not blessed and gladdened by its influence.

When the parents of the holy child heard this wonderful testimony of Simeon concerning him, and especially when they compared it with the miraculous circumstances of his conception and birth, their astonishment was excited beyond measure; upon which the venerable saint, in the fervor of devotion, blessed them both, and made another and most affecting revelation to Mary in respect to the destiny of her child. "Behold," says he, "this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against;" thus clearly intimating that while he would be the instrument of salvation to many, he would become the occasion of a more aggravated condemnation to others who should reject his offered mercy; and that his appearance in the world would be such as if he were intended for a mark of contradiction and reproach.

Who does not know that this declaration concerning the infant Saviour has been most fearfully, most gloriously illustrated in the whole history of Christianity? What multitudes were there who rejected him while he was yet upon the earth; who, when his claims to the Messiahship were brought into the very light of noonday, still turned away from him as a wretched impostor! How the Jewish nation as a body refused to listen to his teachings, and poured contempt upon him as a malefactor, and finally, by their representatives, at least, imbrued their hands in his blood! And from that hour to this they have persevered in the most malignant hatred toward his character and his religion; and have uniformly evinced the same spirit which led their ancestors to cry out "away with him—crucify him." Nor is it by the Jews only that he has been rejected; but a large portion of the Gentiles also have followed in the footsteps of their unbelief, and have either openly refused to acknowledge the divinity of his gospel, or else they have held the truth in unrighteousness—their faith has been a mere prejudice of education, or a mere intellectual conviction, whose influence neither warms the heart nor controls the life. Look into any Christian community, even that which is most distinguished for the prevalence of true piety, and the great mass, though perhaps decent respecters of Christianity, give no evidence that they are living under its power—on the contrary, they put it beyond all reasonable doubt by their habitual inconsideration, if not their open immorality, that they are at heart enemies of the cross of Christ. Now all those to whom the gospel comes, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether avowed infidels or professed Christians, who are not savingly benefited by it, will find in it the elements of a more fearful ruin. It *must* be so on that great principle of retribution which controls the moral government of God—"Unto whomsoever much is given, of him will be much required." Jesus Christ has been revealed to them as a Saviour; the redemption which he has accomplished has been laid open to them, and the offers of eternal life have been urged upon their acceptance; but still they turn away from it all with indifference or contempt; the light shines around them, but they will not admit it into their hearts; provision has been made for their salvation which has filled heaven with astonishment and transport, and which will awaken heaven's sweetest, holiest hallelujahs for ever, and yet they practically regard the whole scheme as if it were nothing better than the dream of a maniac. If it be true that they are to fall at last into the hands of a just God, can it otherwise be than that they will meet with a fearful retribution from his hand?

But if this prophecy of Simeon contemplates the Saviour as set for "the fall of many in Israel," it regards him also as set "for the rising again of many" more; for while the former is only incidental to his mission, the latter is its legitimate and gracious end. It is true in a certain sense of every individual, that is the subject of this "rising again," that he had previously fallen—fallen from the dignity and purity of his original creation—fallen from the approbation and complacency of his Maker—fallen into the depths of moral pollution, and into a fearful exposure to the miseries of an endless death; and it is in virtue only of the gracious manifestation of the Son of God, that he ever rises from this ruin—that he becomes not only the subject of a free forgiveness, but also of that spiritual renovation in virtue of which he becomes clothed with the beauties of holiness, and fitted for a residence in heaven. What a rising again in consequence of the Saviour's mission has there been already in various parts of the world! At this moment there are multitudes in this land, and in other lands, whose bosoms are but just beginning to heave with the breath of spiritual life--whose tongues are only beginning to be unloosed to speak forth their Redeemer's praises

in every revival of pure religion, how many are there who are the subjects of this spiritual resurrection, and who ever afterwards evince its reality by setting their affections on the things that are above! And hereafter as Christianity is gradually to extend its dominion in preparation for the great millennial jubilee, and for the final consummation of all things, the ranks of the risen and the sanctified are destined greatly to increase, insomuch that the earth's population will become emphatically a Christian population, and the world will be so far redeemed from the curse, as to reflect in no small degree the purity and glory of the heavens.

When Simeon uttered this prophecy, no doubt the parents of Jesus felt their hearts burn within them, in consideration of what they could comprehend of its glorious import; but how much more intense would have been their rapture, if they could have understood it as we do now, in the light not only of subsequent revelations, but of the experience of ages! Could they have realized fully the mighty work which the infant in their arms had come to accomplish, could they have viewed him in all the glorious characters which he was destined to sustain as the world's prophet, and the world's Redeemer, and the world's judge; could they have felt that it was before *his* bar that they were themselves to stand another day and be judged for all the deeds done in the body—with what untold amazement and reverence would they have contemplated their offspring! Let us, who are permitted to know more of the Saviour than even his own parents knew, who, though we have not seen him with an eye of sense, can contemplate by faith the glory of his entire character, and the greatness of the work he came to accomplish—let *us* render to him a homage proportioned to the light in which we are permitted to view him. As it is our privilege not merely to behold him in the manger, but to trace him from the manger to the cross, and from the cross to the throne, and to mark all the various stages of his mediatorial work, and to contemplate, in its final consummation, the exaltation to immortal glory of a multitude that no man can number—what shall be the measure of our gratitude, our reverence, our devotion, to such a glorious benefactor?

Simeon predicted that Jesus would be the occasion of revealing the thoughts of many hearts; and this prediction was fulfilled not only in the treatment which he received while he was on earth, but in that which has been rendered to his gospel ever since he returned to Heaven. While he tabernacled among men he was an example of immaculate purity. His errand into the world was the most benevolent of all errands. He moved about continually on errands of mercy, and was never satisfied unless he was dispensing blessings to the wretched. At last he died for the salvation of the lost—died to exalt those to heaven, who deserved to suffer the miseries of the second death. Now, who does not see that the manner in which he was treated on earth, and in which his gospel has been treated ever since, furnishes a wonderful index to human character? The scribes, and pharisees, and chief priests reviled and maligned him, not because there was the semblance of moral obliquity in his conduct, but because his perfect innocence and purity was a constant reproof to them—because their diseased moral vision could not bear the bright light of his perfect example. The meek, the docile, the humble, cordially welcomed him; because their dispositions were in keeping with his requirements; or, rather, in the very act of receiving him, these graces were imparted to them and began to shine out in their character. And Christ is still, in this sense, a mighty revealer of the heart. Who that has been accustomed to listen to the faithful preaching of the gospel, has not illustrations enough of this remark treasured up in his own recollection—or may I not ask, who needs look for an illustration of it beyond his own experience? The same glorious truths—how differently they are received by different classes! Some rejoice in them, and some rail at them; some behold in them an unspeakable glory, while others misrepresent and pervert them by the most malignant cavils; some hang upon the lips of those who proclaim them, and others assail them with bitter contumely. And are not the thoughts of these hearts hereby revealed—revealed not merely to the individuals themselves, if they would notice what passes within, but even to those who only see what is external, and remember that the outward conduct is the only index that man has to the heart of his fellow man!

There is a single clause in connection with this prophecy, that possibly might have been designed immediately to prevent the waking up of a spirit of pride in the Saviour's honored mother, in consideration of the singularly exalted character of her charge; for notwithstanding all the adoration that has been rendered to Mary for so many ages, as if she were clothed with all the honors of divinity, she, like all other of the descendants of Adam, had inherited

a sinful nature, and was liable to the workings of indwelling sin; and it was possible that she might even glory in an improper manner over her mysterious and exalted son. And nothing could have been better fitted to counteract any such tendency, than the assurance from a prophetical authority, that "a sword should pass through her own soul also;" in other words, that while *he* should be "for a sign that should be spoken against," *she* should be in some way or other a sharer in his sufferings. How much she may have suffered in consequence of the treatment which he received in the course of his ministry, we know not; no doubt, however, as she marked the bitter hostility which he everywhere had to encounter, and saw him always walking in a thorny path, the mother's feelings were often quickened into deep sympathy and even anguish; but who can conceive of what she must have endured, while she stood a witness of the closing scene? Jesus was her own son just as truly as if he had not been in any peculiar sense the Son of God; every filial virtue had shone forth in him in absolute perfection, and as a man, as a son, he had loved his mother with most exemplary tenderness—how indescribable then must have been her emotions when she saw that upon which the sun in the heavens refused to look, and in consequence of which the earth went into a fearful convulsion! Did ever mother feel the sword passing through her own soul more deeply, more sharply, than the mother of Jesus when she witnessed his last agony, and received the last token of his filial love?

Some commentators have understood this expression as denoting that she was not merely to suffer *with* Christ by sympathy, but to suffer *for* him by martyrdom; and there are ancient authors who affirm that the prediction was fulfilled in this latter sense. But whether the expression is to be considered in one or the other, or both meanings, it obviously suggests the general reflection that in the midst of our greatest enjoyments, it becomes us to bear in mind that there are evil days yet to come; and that we should take heed that scenes of prosperity do not unfit us for scenes of sorrow. We should thankfully accept God's benefits whether temporal or spiritual, but we should endeavor to discipline ourselves to such a spirit of trust in his providence and promises, that when pregnant clouds lower, and dark days come, we may find ourselves still prepared to rejoice in the Lord, and stay ourselves upon our God.

It was a delightful meeting that Simeon had with the infant Saviour on earth; but far more delightful has been the meeting which he has had with the glorified Saviour in Heaven. Here he saw him brought a babe into an earthly temple; there he beholds him reigning in triumph on a throne of glory. Here he clasped him in his arms, and doubtless he smiled like any other infant; there he casts a crown at his feet, and Jesus smiles upon him; but it is the smile of an enthroned Saviour—that smile which constitutes in no small degree the joy of the ransomed. Here he foresaw that he was to live a life of suffering and die in circumstances of unparalleled ignominy; there he contemplates him as having passed beyond the reach of suffering, and as presiding in mediatorial majesty over the destinies of the universe. Happy saint, privileged to meet thy Redeemer and embrace him at his very entrance into this world, and privileged to maintain a blessed intercourse with him still, with multitudes who have passed beyond the vale! What Christian will not exclaim, "though I cannot like him embrace the holy infant, let me cling to the exalted Saviour continually with the arms of faith, and let me hereafter share in the glories of his immediate presence!"

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TENNYSON'S POEMS.

re in versifying times. The virtues of a medicine can be set forth, done to order rhyme that sounds right well, and reads poetry. We have seen the stock in trade country store-keeper, infinitely miscellaneous, advertised in verse that hobbled very little, that possessed two essential properties of a man, viz., a subject and an object; the subject being the goods, and the object to sell them. We have seen many a well bound book in which neither the one nor the other of these could be detected.

There is an upper class of versifiers who make it their business to deal only in intellectual, spiritual and even transcendental subjects; who with large imitative powers, an ear for harmony, and some skill in language, set to music the current doctrines, and fashionable feelings of the day, and not unfrequently their task is performed with such warmth and fervor, with such a glow of sensibility, that they and their friends are deceived into the belief that they are duly commissioned poets. On any clear, mild, moonshiny night, they are very numerous!

Let us not wholly despise this entire class of writers, for they too have their use; often putting an old but neglected truth in a novel and striking light, and serving the interests of truth as well as if they had first discovered it; as he who recovers the far-faded colors and lights and shades of some glorious old painting, serves the arts, though his genius could never have conceived the original. Let due honor be accorded him and the like of him. But that is not the honor of the master of the art he helps.

It is, we believe, about fifteen years since Mr. Tennyson first appeared as an author, he being then a member of college. We remember there was a decided disposition with some of the critics to treat him derisively as a candidate for poetical fame, and we still hear an occasional snarl, but meanwhile he has held on his way in the true spirit of a disciple of truth and nature, developing the riches of the mine within him, and revealing by signs and tokens which no art or labor can counterfeit, that "Nature made him a poet." He has faults, serious ones they were at first. His affectation seemed hardly pardonable in a man of genius. But still we see the warm-beating heart, and the deep, pensive meditations and communings of the poet's soul. We see in him powers adequate to far greater things than he has yet performed, and when we remember that he has yet, in the ordinary course of things, to see his best days, and his brightest, clearest vision, we look with elevated expectation to the future products of his gifted mind.

But we commenced this article with the slightest intention of perpetrating a criticism or discussion of the general merits of Tennyson's poetry. We wished our readers to share with us the pleasure we had experienced in several passages of his works, and which have haunted us with their strange sweetness, not only in the still night-hours, but when jostled on all sides in the crowded mart. So true, so melancholy, so life-like and holy, they stood within the door of our heart, and waved to all the world with a motion that seemed to mean

"Procul, O! procul este profani."

We do not know that we can turn to a more touching specimen of our author than the "May Queen," in three parts. In the first part is introduced a beautiful young maiden, just awaking to the consciousness of her charms and the power which beauty gives her. To-morrow is the opening of May, and she has been chosen as Queen of May, which to her young and bounding heart is an event quite equal in importance to any truly regal coronation.

"So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year, the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother I'm to be Queen of the May."

The second part of the poem is entitled "New-Year's Eve." This gay, bright young creature here is the victim of consumption, and upon the couch of suffering she awaits the noiseless footstep of death, and the termination of her little life with all its hopes and pleasures. Of religion and its joys she has as yet no experience, though she strives to cherish a spirit of resignation to her inevitable lot. The love of nature is strong in her, and she would love to live long enough to see the first spring-flower.

"There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again;
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high,
I long to see a flower so before the day I die."

She then endeavors to comfort her mother in anticipation of her departure, and gives her little directions about her burial, wishes her garden tools to be given to her sister Effie, whom she charges to train the rose-bush that she set about the parlor-window, and the box of mignonette. The third part, or conclusion, finds her still lingering while the full blown glories of spring are once more given to her languishing eye. She had desired to see the snow-drop, but here is the violet. Meanwhile the world within her has undergone even a greater change than the world without. She has seen the good clergyman and heard him preach words of peace; she has had a vision of the better land and of the light of God, and of the Saviour of sinners; and we have no longer a picture of forced resignation to a hard fate, but a waiting to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than to live. The sweet simplicity and touching pathos of the description our readers may judge for themselves:

"I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snow-drop came, and now the violet's here.

"O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice, to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

"It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still it can't be long, mother, before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, he preaches words of peace.

"He show'd me all the mercy, for he taught me all the sin.
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

"I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

"All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

"For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

"I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

"But you were sleeping; and I said, 'It's not for them: it's mine.'
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to heaven and die among the stars."

The following stanzas close the scene; and amid the glowing magnificence of external nature, the bright sun shining upon a hundred fields in which her young feet have often rambled, she still discerns, with undistracted faith, brighter fields above, that eclipse all that is bright and lovely here:

"O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

"O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

"For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

We remarked in a late article upon American poetry, the common and gratifying tendency of our sons of song, to base poetry upon truth, and to keep it in tune with nature. All that is of true and lasting worth in poetry lies in the soundness of its views of human life, and the condition of man in the world. To the poet who understands and feels this, nothing is commonplace, nothing trivial, and the most common incidents of daily life are invested with solemn interest. Look at the simple, common occurrence, of a young girl's early death, as narrated and appreciated by Tennyson. He takes us, not to a pinnacle of the temple whence to see all the kingdoms of the world, not to amaze us with some vision of darkness, some crushing conception of vastness, or of reckless, wrathful power, rioting amid measureless, hopeless desolation, that, like Byron, he might make our hair stand on end and freeze our blood, which seemed to be the only object of one school of poetry; but by the side of a fast-fading maiden, smitten in her spring-time, and about to say farewell for ever to all things beneath the sun, teaches our heart to mingle with our common, frail humanity, to weep with it, and love it, and cleave to it. There he teaches us to be gentle, compassionate and kind, and accustoms us to scenes through which we are all destined to pass in the pilgrimage of life.

A well printed American edition of the works of Tennyson, in two volumes, was issued from the Boston press in 1842.

MUSINGS ON THE FUTURE.

A VARIETY of forceful and emphatic circumstances unite at the present time in imparting interest and solemnity to the topic of this paper. It is employing a multitude of the most earnest and reflecting minds in every part of the world. The prospects of Christianity are contemplated, not by the amiable enthusiast, not by the lonely and rapt prophet alone, but by all classes of those thoughtful persons who, not absorbed and deafened by the ever gurgling present, turn their eyes, to the slow risingcurtain of futurity, and take earliest note of the tramp, and the shadows of coming events.

The originality and comprehensiveness of the Christian enterprise are strikingly obvious. Looking back to its commencement, we say its founders differed from all other men in the vastness of their aim, in the boldness of their plan, in the reach of their philanthropy. Most singular was it that a carpenter and some few fishermen should start from profoundest obscurity, and in the academy, the temple, and the grove, stand forth the authoritative propounders of a faith, radically new, and utterly subversive of all extant systems of philosophy and morals—a faith which mocked the reasoning of sage and sophist—which grasped with the power, but without the peril or the blindness of a Sampson, the pillars of existing institutions, hoary with age, sanctioned by the millions of the living, and hallowed by the myriad millions of the dead—a faith which at first seemed like a reed shaken by the ocean, but which was soon to become an ocean rocking the reed, and burying in its bosom, the wisdom, and learning, and systems of the past.

Not less singular was the bold comprehensiveness of the evangelic scheme. Others had legislated for a clan, a province, a kingdom; this gave law to the WORLD. Others had cautiously yielded puerile mysteries, and esoteric jargon, to the initiated few; this flung sunlight to the mass, to the ends of the earth, to Jew and Gentile, barbarian, Scythian, bond and free. Other systems, political and religious, had marked and checkered the earth with lines and

divisions, and arrayed its population in numberless antagonist squadrons to vex and devour each other; *this* proclaimed all men of one blood, with one common interest, and attracted them by blandest persuasives, to gather in loving unity at that most central and selected spot in the moral universe, the throne of "our Father in heaven."

Sad it is to think of the long delay of Christianity to complete the circuit of the globe. The causes of that delay, the obstructions to its march, we need not now stop to consider. At present, we remark with utmost confidence, that this devoutly wished for consummation may be regarded as neither improbable nor distant. A variety of circumstances betoken it. Events in the political and commercial world are tending to it. Faith and piety are waiting and working for it. The rapid and palpably apparent decay of the existing false religions of the world, are preparing the way for it. "There is not," suggests a popular author, "one healthy, prosperous religion among all the false systems of unchristian nations, with self-preserving, self-propagating power to be found. They are all in superannuation and wrinkles, in dotage and decay, and soon must fall into shapeless, unregretted ruins. Christianity, hale and strong, full of hope and love, full of impulsive power, is in the field, and Almighty God is with her. Her energies are not required for self-defence and protection, and she can expend them in philanthropic effort for the world's redemption."

Our mind has some time dwelt with interest upon this inquiry—What will be the effect of the universal prevalence of the Christian religion upon the *temporal* interests of mankind, upon the political and social condition of the human family? Thus far, history shows that wherever the faith of Christ has prevailed, it has exerted a prodigious power. We speak not now of its power to save the souls of those who embrace it, but exclusively of its action upon men, individual and social, in their present state of existence. We speak of its tried and ascertained influence, in civilizing and socializing man, in elevating and harmonizing society, in prolonging and gladdening life, in promoting literature, and science, and useful arts, in repressing the ravages of vice, and in reclaiming and cultivating the waste matter and mind of the world.

One effect of a universal Christianity would be a vast increase in the population of the globe. The arrest of vices which abridge life, the improvements in the arts which prolong it, the cessation of wars, following inevitably in the train of the gospel, will produce a vast and teeming population, hitherto unequalled in the history of the world. And while a universal Christianity even reduplicates the dwellers upon earth, she may afford them ample subsistence by quelling luxurious appetites, by instilling the precepts of frugality and industry, and by reclaiming the wastes, and wildernesses, and uncultivated gardens of the world. She may not, indeed, make Sahara yield wheat, or vines and olives; she may not crown Zembla with eternal verdure; she may not restore the hanging gardens of Babylon, or the commerce of Tyre, or the grandeur of Persepolis; but she may pour over the territory of Palestine, over the valley of the Nile, over the choked and voiceless realms of the ancient East, a people like those, who, on Plymouth rock, summoned the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose.

The Christian system is destined also, when supreme, to bless society by reclaiming from dormancy and perversion its wasted intellect. There is unroused intellect enough in this world, at any time, to ennoble it; there is perverted intellect more than enough to degrade and doom it. Christianity achieves wonders upon the mind, unequalled except by her wonders upon the heart. Over both, she stands with the grief of a Mary, and the benignant power of a Saviour at the tomb of Lazarus, and bids the hand and foot-bound dead come forth. The progress of Christianity, as noted in authentic records, has been equivalent to a series of intellectual as well as spiritual creations. In the islands of the sea, among the natives of our forests, and the benumbed tribes of the east, she has walked forth a quickener of the dead, performing a sublimest resurrection service over torpid and unconscious mind; and when her round of mercy is accomplished, and an awakened world shouts the consummation, this earth will present a galaxy of intellect, inferior in glory only to the intellect of heaven, resplendent not like the night heaven; with dumb and unshrinking orbs, but like the third heaven, with living and rejoicing spirits.

Such is the view of the future which even a sober and calculating philosophy is bound to take, and which the progress of time is daily changing from prediction to history. It was with this prospect before him that Cowper gave utterance to these glowing lines:

"O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who can see
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty. The reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd,
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring.
One song employs all nations and all cry
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!'
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
Till nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BY REV. RAY PALMER.

Music, as ordinarily performed, includes melody, rhythm and harmony. Any simple succession of pleasing sounds constitutes melody. Rhythm, is the adjustment of sounds to each other in a certain proportion, so as to produce variety of movement according to a definite law. A melody becomes rhythmical, when it takes time and accent. Harmony, is the concord of different sounds produced together. The air of a tune, in the common style of arrangement, is a rhythmical melody; of which the other parts, or the instrumenal accompaniment, make the harmony. The entire effect of music, then, in its ordinary forms, is the result of these several things combined. You listen to a common choral tune, as performed upon the organ with its appropriate accompaniments; it strikes you as one whole; and if you have paid no attention to the nature of musical arrangement and execution, or have not reflected particularly on the subject, it does not occur to you but that the pleasure you experience is as simple as when you listen to the singing of a robin. But in truth it is a very complex pleasure You have as its cause, first, pleasing sounds; secondly, variety in these sounds, a variety in accordance with a law which produces a regularly measured movement; and thirdly, the consonance of several series of sounds, all harmonizing with the leading melody and with each other. Or to state the whole more briefly, you have sound, measure and concord; variety conjoined with order, and diversity with sameness; all conspiring to the end of exciting pleasurably the sensibilities of the soul.

This analysis of the elements which are usually combined to produce musical effect, is complete in respect to pure music; *i. e.* music which aims to please the ear only, and not to convey ideas to the mind, or to awaken particular sentiments in the heart. But the greater part of the musical performances to which we are accustomed to listen, are designed not only to gratify the ear with melodious, rhythmical and harmonious sounds, but to excite the imagination and the fancy, and to inspire the soul with thoughts and feelings of some certain definite character. Music of this sort, adds two other means of effect to its own proper elements, viz., expression and language. The skilful composer so arranges the succession of sounds and the movement of his piece, as that it shall produce, when heard, distinct conceptions in the mind without the use of words; as, for example, in the Battle of Prague, is represented by mere sounds and movement, the marching of troops, the confusion of battle, the thunder of artillery, and the groans of the wounded and dying; or when words are used, the spirit of the music is made to correspond with their meaning and to heighten it. This is expression. In making use of language, music addresses the understanding and the heart directly; speaking out its meaning plainly, and leaving little comparatively for suggestion to supply. She borrows chiefly here from her sister Poetry, whose graces she blends sweetly with her own, while she also enhances their beauty and adds greatly to their effect. And thus the pleasure with which you listen to the performance of a

song or psalm, when its parts are all complete, is produced by the combined effect of melody, rhythm, harmony, expression and words.

The primary ground of the power of music to affect the soul, must doubtless be sought in the structure of our being. God has so constituted our physical organs and our spiritual sensibilities, as to render us, without our choice or effort, susceptible to the influence of music. Of this ultimate fact, any explanation is beyond our power. We cannot comprehend the nature of the connection between the outward impression of sound and the inward emotions thereby awakened; all we can say is, that our being is so adjusted to the laws of nature that the fact cannot be otherwise. Suppose an Æolian harp to be a conscious thing, and every vibration, as the wind breathed softly over it, to be a thrill of pleasure, and you have an appropriate emblem of your own spirit, as the tones of sweet music reach it through the ear. The production of enjoyment is immediate and direct, and the arrangement is an admirable proof of the divine Creator's goodness, opening to us, as it does, a source of rich and infinitely varied happiness.

But while the primary effect of music consists in direct action on sensibilities exquisitely susceptible to pleasurable excitement from such a cause, it owes no small part of its power to what may be called a secondary or indirect action. It excites the faculty of association, and thus calls up before the mind, with peculiar vividness, recollections of the past, conceptions of the absent, and imaginations of the future and the ideal. The power of music to produce enjoyment in this manner, is a matter of delightful consciousness with all persons of lively sensibility. It is in tracing the workings of this power, that we find the romance, or the poetry of music. There is propriety in saying that there is poetry in music; for sounds accomplish the same end as poetry, in transporting the spirit, as it were, without itself, filling it with images and visions, touching it with tender feeling, and inspiring it with desires for the pure, the beautiful and the true. And probably in many persons, this more remote pleasure, which is experienced as the soul revels and feasts itself amid the memories and the fancies which music has summoned up, is far greater than that primarily and immediately occasioned by the music itself.

We may refer for illustration to experience. There is some simple air which you used to hear in childhood. You sat, perhaps, at your mother's knee and heard her sing it. You were then as cheerful as the lark, full of bright dreams and childish hopes, and surrounded with all the sweets of home and of parental and fraternal love. Years have rolled by. Those parents are in heaven. The circle of loving hearts is broken up, and they who once composed it are scattered on the sea of life. You are pressed with the cares and duties of the present, and the past is almost to you as if it had never been. But now and then, by accident, you hear the familiar tones of that old melody. It may be but a few notes or a single strain you hear. It is enough. It transports you back in a single moment; the days of buried years return. Loved ones long scattered reassemble. The dead come back to life. You are greeted again by a mother's kindly smile, and again your heart leaps with the joyous impulses of childhood. Music, touching the chain of the soul's associations, has wrought all this with a power surpassing magic.

Again, you sit by your open window in the twilight of a summer's evening. Your heart is pensive, or it may be sad. Soothed into reflection by the influence of the tranquil home, you are thinking as the features of the landscape grow indistinct and fade away into the shade of night, how all that is bright and beautiful on earth must fade and disappear from mortal sight, as the day of life expires and the shadows of the tomb come on. But, hark! the soft sweet modulation of a distant flute, floating on the still air, comes stealing on your ear. It enters into your soul. It seems to you like the unearthly tone of an angel's harp, it is so pure and perfect, and it transfers your thoughts to heaven. From meditation on the perishable and transient charms of earth, you rise to wander amid the glories of that celestial state where life and beauty are alike bright and undecaying. You are filled with the absorbing vision of immortality, and of perfection of being and of bliss. You weep, perhaps, but yet are happy. The spirit of music hath breathed upon your soul.

This effect of music on the suggestive faculties of the mind, has often been noticed and described by poets. Take for example, the following passage from the opening of the Sixth Book of Cowper's Task.

"There is in souls, a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs of martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,

Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains,
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
The windings of my way through many years."

The following from a song of Moore is another fine example.

"When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes, we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept!

"Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

"Music! oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?"

The writings of Mrs. Hemans abound with allusions to that effect of music—whether it be the music of nature or of art—which it is our object to illustrate; and the whole conception in this specimen which we select, is highly beautiful. It represents a lady in sorrow and bereavement, sitting by the side of a stream and listening to the music of its sweetly murmuring water. None but a spirit exquisitely susceptible to the power of sound could have conceived it.

"Flow, Rio Verde—in melody flow;
Win her that weepeth to slumber from wo;
Bid thy waves music roll thro' her dreams;
Grief ever loveth the kind voice of streams;
Bear her lone spirit afar on the sound,
Back to her childhood, her life's fairy ground:
Pass like a whisper of love that is gone!
Flow, Rio Verde, softly flow on!
Dark glassy water, so crimsoned of yore,
Voices of sorrow are known to thy shore:
Thou shouldest have echoes for grief's deepest tone;
Flow, Rio Verde, softly flow on!

Such is the power of music on the nicely strung susceptibilities of the human soul. From its effect in the production of a pure and often exquisite enjoyment as it falls upon the ear and vibrates on the heart, it is capable of ministering directly and largely to the substantial happiness of those who feel its influence. From its effect on the associations—on the springs of thought, imagination and desire, it is not only capable of producing pleasure, but of exerting a most powerful influence on character. How greatly it may be made to contribute to the moulding of the habits, and the refining and ennobling of the taste and feelings of the soul, can only be fully understood by those who have witnessed the results of actual experiment. As it would be almost an impossibility that persons born and reared in the midst of nature's richest loveliness, and who had daily looked on sweet green fields, and luxuriant groves, on lakes in their placid stillness and beautiful reflections, and mountains with their waving pines and graceful sweeps, should not have their minds filled with images of beauty, and their tastes more than usually refined; so it is inconceivable that children should be accustomed from their earliest years to the purest and best influences of music, and not have more tender sensibilities, a quicker apprehension of the touching and the beautiful, and richer treasures of deep affection in the soul.

Especially does it appear that it must be so, when we take into view the fact that music so generally employs, when it speaks to us, the language of impassioned Poetry. The lay of the minstrel, which of itself is fitted to work like a potent spell upon the heart, when music breathes in and through it, becomes possessed of seven-fold power. Perhaps there is no way in which thought can be carried into the depths of the soul with such effect, as when at once armed with the graces and energy of poetry, and with the life, and warmth, and soul-bewitching influence of song. And music, in the shape of popular songs, ought certainly to be regarded as one of the most powerful agencies that can operate upon the youthful mind. Unfortunately, a large proportion of this class of musical production is decidedly corrupting and pernicious in its character. The words are full of insipid sentimentalism; and the power of music is thus made a means wherewith to vitiate the taste and pervert the heart. There is great need of caution in respect to this matter, on the part of parents. If you set a young lady of fifteen to prastise "If thou'lt be mine" or

"Love's young dream," for some hours daily, you cannot think it strange if she becomes *ethereal* very rapidly. She is taking a most effectual method to set the soul on the chase of weak and foolish fancies, and to destroy all healthful feeling. Happily, there has been recently furnished, in various forms, a good variety of the lighter kinds of music, in which both airs and words are excellent—fitted to exert the most salutary influence on the mind. Let music of this character be made familiar at our firesides; let the young sing and hear it from the cradle; let the mature listen to it to soothe the irritations of daily care, and to cheat weariness of its languor, and sorrow of its pang; and our homes will be more happy, and our hearts more warm and pure; our burdens will sit more lightly on us, and life pass more cloudlessly away; and we shall be more susceptible to those diviner influences which can fit us to join in the music of a brighter, holier world!

AUTUMN.

BY MISS MINERVA CATLIN.

The chill winds are out from their cold northern regions,
Their blasts on the midnight are hurrying by,
And veiled is the light of the night's starry legions,
Beneath the dark pinion that shadows the sky;
For forth on his wind-speeded car is he riding—
The storm-spirit wrapped in his mantle of clouds,
And far in her chambers the pale moon is hiding,
Behind the dim folds of his vapory shrouds.

The dark gloomy boughs of the tall forests bending
Their hoarse uttered music give forth to the gale,
Like far ocean music its faint numbers sending,
To swell the tone of earth's funereal wail;
The low leafy voices that gladdened the summer,
And lulled the young spirit with dreams of delight,
Are lost in the tread of the grey pilgrim comer,
Whose girdle's the rainbow, with garments of night.

The coronals all from the trees he is taking—
The green leaves are withering under his clasp,
The frail lingering blossoms the dells are forsaking,
And e'en the blue violet shrinks from his grasp;
All noteless and faded each flow'ret is lying,
Amid a pale chaplet of dead forest leaves,
Where sweet-voicéd zephyrs are mournfully sighing,
And Love for her nurslings so delicate grieves.

One thin frosty wreath on his forehead still lingers—
A pale withered thing from the shrine of decay.
While dipped in the fountain of Death, his cold fingers
Baptize the chill earth with its shivering spray;
And yet lonely Autumn, a heart-prompted greeting
I give to thy season of fading and gloom,
And see in the death of thy bright blossoms, meeting
Strange grandeur and beauty to lighten the tomb.

And though thy shrill voices are mournfully weeping,
  Above the wild wreck that thy frost-work hath made,
Though on thy cold storms in their fierceness are sweeping,
  To lay the last herbage in forest or glade,
The still whispered tone of Jehovah is stealing,
  Through Autumn's rude breath o'er the page of my soul,
Its lesson to leave and my life's volume sealing,
  For angels to open and blessed enrol.

So welcome thee, Autumn, sad season of wailing,
  Pour out the last tone of thy grief-freighted lay,
And in the dim woods, where thy garlands are paling,
  I'll list till its echo hath faded away;
And hoard in my spirit its low mournful sighing,
  That comes like the swell of Æolian strings,
Till the cold mists of Death on my vision are lying,
  And the soul for Eternity stretcheth its wings.

BIOGRAPHY.

Next to novel readers, come, we suspect, the readers of biography, if we speak of numbers or of the keenness of their appetites. The principle which determines most persons in the choice of books is a disposition to hear particulars rather than study generalities; to view man in the concrete, not in the abstract; to survey the surface rather than measure the depths of human nature. There is enough of the nature of small talk and gossip in every lively biography, to interest numerous persons who would yawn over anything else.

Let no one suppose we intend to disparage biography as a means of instruction and improvement. The experience of a multitude of the best informed and best improved minds would veto such a notion; and the Bible itself would determine against us, since the spirit of inspiration has largely employed biography as the medium of its lessons of eternal truth and wisdom; and in this way rendered both intelligible and interesting to vast multitudes of minds, truths that had else never passed into common circulation. A well chosen list of biographies should therefore enter into every Christian library, and form a part of the furniture of the parlor table.

But what we wish to observe is, that this class of books requires to be read with more discrimination than is apt to be exercised by many. Young Christians, especially, with ardent feelings and earnest longings after "the good, the beautiful and the true," yet with meagre knowledge of truth, often plunge themselves into darkness and doubt from which escape is not easy. It almost certainly happens that the young reader makes a standard of the hero of his book, and he struggles through the volume to find resemblances between his views, feelings, desires, aversions, and those of his hero. Sometimes the resemblance is seen or fancied, and then, although it may be a natural and not a distinguishing Christian trait in either, it is rejoiced in and thus becomes a means of self-deception. If, on the other hand, the resemblance be wanting, it occasions uneasiness, if not fatal despondency; and in either case it is mischievous. The Life of David Brainerd, excellent and valuable as it is to a discriminating mind, may be, and we have no doubt often has been, eminently injurious to persons not competent to distinguish the true from the false in religious experience. Many have read it and imagined that it was their duty to feel as sadly and to be in as deep and frequent glooms as Brainerd, and that they were no Christians if they did not doubt and almost despair as often and as painfully as he. They have consequently spent their lives in a manner not much more profitable or enviable than that of a papistical self flagellation, endeavoring to experience as much misery as was possible in this life. We have known cases that warrant language as strong as this.

Then again we have the life of Payson, of J. B. Taylor, and others, with their unearthly ecstacies when just on the threshold of heaven;

and here our young convert will endeavor to stretch himself to the full measure of his illustrious pattern, and to enjoy his overflowing bliss, as if glory came first and grace afterwards; as if a man just beginning to ascend the hill could see as far and realize the same exhilaration as the pilgrim standing upon its summit.

No individual should ever aim to be a facsimile or exact counterpart of any other individual. He should determine to do and to be the very best he can, in the circumstances in which he is, with the constitution and temperament of mind and body that belong to him; and doing thus, he will often find that he is not much like anybody, and yet that he is very far from being a nobody, for the spirit will bear witness with his spirit that he is a child of God. This feverish anxiety to be like somebody else (except Christ) leads to no good; and yet without care the reading of religious biography fosters this spirit. What we admire we naturally endeavor to imitate, without always considering whether it is practicable in our circumstances, or if practicable, whether its attainment will add to our spiritual riches. Let the reader borrow all the encouragement he can from the virtuous examples of the pious, and improve the warnings conveyed by their falls and wanderings from the Christian fold, but let him take his model and prototype of the Christian life from the precepts of the Bible and the faultless example of the great Redeemer.

It would add much to the utility of biographical reading, if while the book is in hand, the various incidents and general current of the memoir were made the subjects of discussion and comment in family conversation. Such conversation easily sustains itself in interest, and a judicious comment from the head of the family would be remembered, by the law of association, long after independent and abstract inculcations were forgotten. We might virtually enjoy at all times the presence of the excellent of the earth in our families—might recal the pious dead from the land of forgetfulness and silence to our firesides, and learn from their lips the lessons of experience and the consolations of virtuous endeavor. They being dead, yet speak wherever biography has embalmed them. And it is beautiful to think of, as we sit at home, that the choicest and best of our race have silently ranged themselves on our table and book shelves, and wait for us to open communication and communion with them. Patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, are our guests, not reposing before us in the cold marble of the statuary, or on the dead canvass of the painter, but in our own living tongue, in "words that breathe and thoughts that burn." We have but to open the records, and they speak to us. In this synod of the faithful and good, this assembly of the just made perfect, our heart receives an unction, our faith is strengthened, and we say, "Lord, it is good to be here; let us build tabernacles for thee and these."

There is encouragement, too, to the Christian, in the contemplation of the long and illustrious line of Christian heroes, from the worthies of the Bible to the Schwartzes, the Martyns, the Howards, the Oberlins, and Franckes, and Elliotts, and Brainerds, and multitudes more of modern fame, men whose purity of purpose, loftiness of aim and largeness of heart, will be had in everlasting remembrance.

There is something unspeakably elevating in the reflection, that with such as these it is our privilege, and as we hope our choice, to be associated, however humbly, in the labors and hopes of the gospel.

> "O when oft oppress'd and lonely,
> All our fears are laid aside,
> If we but remember, only
> Such as these have lived and died."

Religious biography has been becoming an increasingly interesting study since the spirit of the Reformation, breathing upon the mind of Christendom, recalled it from its puerile stupidities to a sense of its dignity and responsibility. As the fabled Minerva burst from the brain of Jupiter, armed and complete in the gifts of a goddess, so sprung from this new and wonderful epoch, a race of moral and intelligent Titans. It happened a few years ago, that our earth, jogging along in her old path, suddenly found herself in the midst of a rain of stars, whereat was immense wonderment. Something much like that happened at the Reformation, and it has been raining stars ever since, much to the annoyance of the Pope, and the illumination of the world. So may it continue, as it doubtless will till the work of Redemption on earth is completed.

LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. A. D. EDDY, D. D.

JOSEPH, OR THE PROSPEROUS YOUNG MAN.

You have already been invited to consider that model of excellence presented in the son of Jacob, the touching story of whose trials and successes you have often read. Drawn with such inimitable beauty in the Word of God, and so often rehearsed to you when in infancy, you are familiar with all its details.

We have spoken of the *filial piety* of Joseph already, and also of his *immaculate purity*, two of the most essential elements of excellence and promise in a young man's character, and which never stand alone. They always assure us of other endearing traits of moral worth, harmonious and auxiliary with these in the duties and relations of life, and which will sooner or later redeem our common humanity and secure it the favor of God. As without these there are remaining no redeeming excellences of character, so with these, hardly any other will ultimately be found wanting.

THIRD. Another element of excellence and security of success in the character of Joseph, was his faithful discharge of every immediate duty; his strict and prompt devotement to the present trust reposed in him.

If you look at him, at home with his father, or commissioned to his envious brothers in their pastoral occupation, there is a cheerful discharge of present duty, without the selfish, avaricious and proud calculations for future life. And in his artless simplicity, he rehearses his dreams, rather in obedience to a sense of immediate duty, than as understanding at all the revelations of the future. Into his own mind, these seem not to have entered, and he met them, not at all from calculations and plannings of his own, but from yielding to providences while industriously and faithfully discharging every duty that each existing providence or new relation demanded.

It was thus that he advanced, and rose step by step, till from an abused child in Canaan, he became the support, the hope and honor of his father's house; from a slave sold to barbarians, the prime minister of the richest and mightiest kingdom on the face of the globe.

We cannot trace all the steps of this remarkable advance and elevation. All I wish to show is, that in addition to his moral integrity, it was the uncommon devotion and faithfulness, with which he met every existing duty, that led to his subsequent success, and that, too, without any apparent calculation of his own.

It was the faithfulness, industry and spirit of Joseph in one station, that prepared him for another, and showed him worthy of a larger and a higher sphere.

And it was his experience and maturity, there acquired, and the confidence and respect there gained, which gave security and honor to every subsequent elevation.

A principle is here presented well worthy the consideration of every young man; and for want of due regard to which multitudes utterly fail of both honor and usefulness in life.

You cannot but be aware, my young friends, that in this age and country there is a restiveness and haste to reach, as by an early and solitary leap, the point, the proud elevation coveted by the youthful adventurer. There is nothing like the slow, calculating, progressive, compacted growth, which all the analogies of nature and rich experience of success in life alike commend and demand.

It is emphatically an age, that must not only begin where their fathers ended, but starting at their advancement and elevation, would claim more wisdom and experience, as from intuition, with more enlarged resources than a lifetime of study, industry and success have given to the aged and honorable.

The laborious, the intellectual, the professional, the mercantile, the political, all seem to have caught the same spirit, and impatient of slow, natural growth, and maturing results of industry and study, are rushing to the goal, as if there was but a solitary prize for countless competitors, and but a solitary day for the race to be run.

Hence, instead of the modest growth, the manly majesty, deep-rooted, towering strength of the brave oak of centuries, we find but the gourd of the impatient prophet growing and dying in a solitary night.

My young friends, if you wish success in

life, that success which shall lead to honorable and lasting happiness, to your moral integrity, you must add a modest, patient, laborious industry. Do not so much aspire to elevation, as seek to merit it by a faithful discharge of the duties in the station where you are. If I may so speak, you cannot control providence. You cannot obtain an unnatural and rapid growth with safety. The plants forced into maturity by the artificial warmth of a winter sun, are only for immediate use, and early decay or are cast aside for the richer and sweeter fruits of a natural growth. You cannot rise at once to any lofty height, but to meet a sudden and a fearful fall. But you may ascend to any elevation by gradual steps of legitimate advances, and stand at length on mountain loftiness, with the stability of mountain strength.

Begin modestly, advance cautiously, acquire slowly, be contented with simple advancement, and that chiefly upon your own resources. Aspire not to be at once what others are; nor covet to possess at once what your fathers have acquired; but take a life to gain their station and their wealth, and when gained, it is your own and not another's.

But you will say; this is spending all of life in learning how to live and in preparing for its honors and its ease; that it is leaving only life enough to die, just when we begin to live.

Here is your mistake; your greatest error; your fatal delusion. Life consists, both as to its virtues and rewards, in the ever active engagements of the world. True honor, wisdom, highest usefulness, happiness, yea, *holiness*, are found, not in acquired, abundant, exhaustless resources of whatever kind, but in that steady, persevering advancement in knowledge, wealth, usefulness, honor and religion, which the ever active nature of man demands, and his immortal growth allows. This is the law of nature, of providence, of undying thought and ever wakeful emotion.

"An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, is no longer blest."

I have no hesitation in saying, that I consider many of the ordinary rules of life, in many, if not most of its departments, to be radically wrong, and hence have originated the failures, almost universal, of this age and country. The only sure basis on which any young man can build, he must himself lay. The materials of which he constructs it, must be his own, and what he builds thereon, he must himself acquire. His character his industry, his economy, his experience, his faithfulness to his calling and to every trust, must be his capital, and his claim to confidence and success. Without this, give him the credit of the nation, and he is a bankrupt. With it (the world shall witness), he never fails. Extraordinaries excepted, the growth, success, permanent elevation and enviable honor of such a young man, are just as sure as the growth, stability and living strength of the forest oak.

I know, my young friends, that from your ardent aspirings, I may incur the charge of checking enterprise, and suppressing manly spirit, and rebuking laudable ambition. No—far from it; I am seeking to awaken that enterprise, that spirit, that ambition, which are consistent with your nature and relations, and which will secure that, which such multitudes have sought but never found, or secured but to lose in a moment.

Look around you, and through the land, and who are the men that have succeeded and now stand firm? They are the men who rested upon their own resources and have been the makers of their own fortunes.

Every distinction, every honor, all wealth is empty, vain and vanishing, that is not acquired by long, faithful, honest labor of our own. It is no less true, that before honor is humility, than that the diligent shall be made rich.

Be humble in your aspirings and claims, and you will ultimately be honored. Be diligent and faithful in your station and calling, and you will certainly succeed. Acquire strength by natural growth, and you will stand secure. But vain is the hope of honor and success from too much foreign aid, from changes, from adventitious securities. Rely upon yourselves—nourish the native elements of your own growth, and you will honorably succeed in every laudable pursuit.

Thus Joseph, faithful to his father, to his heathen masters, *to himself in the hour of peril*, to his king when in chains and in prison, to the state when in power—every day meeting its duties, in every station its claims, from a shepherd's boy, he rose and rode in purpled honor and in princely power. Not a star, more bright and beautiful in heaven, than his name, on earth, admired and loved of all mankind.

FOURTH. The remaining element of excellence and security of success in the character of Joseph, to which I shall allude, was his strict regard to religion and the orderings of a divine providence. He trusted implicitly in the one, and never neglected the duties of the other.

We have already seen his early filial piety, so marked, so sincere, that the traces of the divine spirit were most distinctly drawn, promising and unfolding a character of heavenly worth. Following his submissive steps, you can almost hear the breathings of his piety from the pit where he was cast. Sold and led away from Canaan, his confidence in God is never shaken. In Egypt, he is an Israelite indeed. Through all those trying and varied scenes, he keeps up the law, and alive the piety of the faithful, and becomes at last the morning star of the day of deliverance for the millions of Jacob, an illustrious type of the son of God.

While I cannot enlarge upon the piety of Joseph and his faith in God's providence, you cannot fail to see, that it was this that became his shield of protection and the secret of his great success. He loved virtue and trusted in God. The law of the one, controlled him—the grace of the other guarded and guided his way.

You cannot conceive it possible for Joseph to have gone through what he did; met, endured, overcome, and rose so unspotted and triumphant, but from an innate love of truth and virtue—implicit trust in God. But with this, there is nothing inconsistent nor strange. All is natural, and just what we should expect.

My young friends, the age and the country in which you live, have prospects, temptations, duties and claims, which no man can meet without sterling Christian virtue and trust in God. *Lead us not into temptation*, should be your motto and your daily prayer.

My limits will not allow me to dwell upon either these prospects, temptations, claims or duties. But you must meet them all; and it is the precept of the Bible, and the injunction of true wisdom and experience, that you meet them *prepared*, and not with inconsiderate rashness.

You are to guard the interests of the state and preserve the piety of the church. You are to check the pollution flowing through the channels of the one, and keep unhallowed fire from the altars of the other. The aspirings of vain ambition, and the wiles of faithless intrigue and arrogance, you must rebuke and repress. False ministrations and mysticisms of the truth you are to resist and reform.

Let the obtrusiveness of ignorance and the proud assumings of immorality and guilt to the honors of political trust, find no countenance and support in you. Let the egressions from the haunts of darkness and shame be remanded to their chambers of death, but never adorned by you with the honors of life. Let this be promptly done, lest you make the pathway of preferment, power and honor, to lie through the kennels of vice, and proffer the highest honor to the desperate gambler for the prize.

And as to religion, let me say, here is the only unfailing security for private worth and public peace To the precepts of a divine religion, to the spirit of a heavenly Christianity alone, must you resort. Amid the laxness of a false theology and the frenzy of misguided ignorance, and the baseless hopes of formalism, cling to a spiritual, vital, experimental piety. Stop not at outward frameworks—pass the gothic towers, venerated service, cathedral chants and solemn rites of the temple devotion and the inner courts, till you reach the holy of holies and find your hearts bathed in the spirit of heaven and resting in the bosom of God.

As you look at the wasted honors of young men—the thousand blighted hopes of family and friends—that desperate resort which has led so many to disgrace, the prison, the gallows or the grave; as you see how pollution has paved their way to ignominy, violence and death, you cannot fail to see the necessity for a rigid virtue at such a time as this. Men, the most responsible and the most respectable, whose integrity had long been tried and found good, now yield and fall, and the character of the nation has been sinking over the graves of its long trusted, but now delinquent and ruined men.

Whether the business habits of the world are wrong and must be changed, or whether greater strength of religious principle must be secured to carry them forward, I will not decide But I will say, that while these habits are *what* they are, nothing but Christian principles and trust in God will keep you safe.

My young friends, I am happy in addressing you to know, that I speak to those who recognize the Christian principle, as something more than ordinary virtue. You find in it, the deep experience of the heart—the vital energies of the Holy Ghost upon the soul—that which makes you Christians in the sense of heaven and in the hope of God.

I could not address you at all, but with the privilege and purpose of urging upon you the immediate attention to the concerns of the soul —amid this day of mercy, to escape the wrath to come. For this, and every future good, we pray you trust in God, and like the son of

Jacob find your success, your glory and your hope, confiding in Providence and in Christ Were I to open my whole heart and tell you all I know of happiness and hope, of success and triumph in life, I would, I must resolve it all into *trust in providence and faith in Christ.*

Watch the hand of God in all your ways. Listen to the monitions of his providence. Yield to the tender persuasions of his spirit. Remote from home, you may need a father's care. Perhaps from the skies, the anxious, sleepless eye of her that bore you looks down on every erring step, to weep, rebuke and recal from sin. Amid the busy throng, the rushing world of enterprise, the multitudes failing of success and falling to the ground, we beg you to be wise for yourselves, and be careful and tender of the ten thousand interests allied to your own. We assure you, from experience, brief and imperfect as it is, no early success, no honor, no wealth can save you, can bless you, till, by faith in Christ and trust in God, you can look up in confidence, responding to the heavenly claims and proffers, Abba, Father.

Amid the scenes now opening around you—the rich displays of the grace of God, in majesty divine, waking the dead and giving life and immortality, we pray you, look to the God of Joseph, to the Saviour of the world. Prepare for life, for death, for heaven.

"OUR FATHER."

It was the remark of a celebrated French lady, that if our Saviour had done nothing more than teach men to say "Our Father," in the true spirit of the precept, it would have been a deed worthy of his visit from the skies. How rich in necessarily implied truth is this simple expression of two words! For example, how the idle and high-sounding distinctions which human pride has established, sink into nothing! This precept gathers the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant, the trembling slave and his haughty oppressor, and bids them bow together on a common level, and to say "*Our* Father," and makes them feel that they have one Maker, one common Superior. It teaches them that the cry of the most abject is as availing as the plea of a king, and that the dependence of the man of untold wealth is as entire as that of the starving, pennyless mendicant. O what a lesson of humility would the spirit of this prayer diffuse through the human bosom, and what a happy brotherhood would it make of the now sundered, and selfish, and scattered sons of men!

Among the most melancholy effects of the reign of sin in this world, is man's estrangement from man. Once we were a family—sin entered, and we were scattered. Some toiled beneath tropical suns and acquired a dark complexion. Some framed new modes of speech; some new forms of government, and when, after a long time, we came to look upon each other's faces, and to hear each other's speech, we said we are not brethren. We felt as strangers, and strangeness grew into jealousy and hate. We covered the earth with lines of separation. Rivers, seas, valleys and mountains, were converted from their original purposes, into barriers to keep us apart, to be passed only for purposes of aggression and revenge. At length the Great Teacher appeared, and committed to a jarring world this simple lesson; "When ye pray, say Our Father." As fast as the gospel has spread, this divine sentence has gone on with it. Already jealousies are abating; natives from afar salute each other. And as the gospel spreads in the spirit as well as in the letter, as it deepens and covers the earth, its population of every clime, and kindred, and people, and tongue, will assemble and bow down and say Our Father, and then will be finally established peace on earth, good-will to men, and glory to God in the highest.

Richer still, in inspiring truth, in winning, melting associations, is the title of Father to the Deity to indicate his relation and disposition towards us. Father! To those who had never offended, this were an epithet full of endearing love and joy. But on the ear of him who in the far off country of his prodigality and wo, looked for no succor, dared hope for none, and only waited to die unpitied and unmourned, how like music from the serenest heaven, must that name fall, and what streams of holy light float through the prison house of his despair!

It has been the manner of some theological writers and teachers to chill us with the idea that God is a lonely, inaccessible mystery—a stern, lofty, passionless intellect—a mind without a heart—a ruler without sympathies—a father without affections—a remote splendor, absorbed in the contemplation of his own glories. Such are not the views of the Deity we have been accustomed to cherish. We have learned from the Bible, and we trust also from some inward experience, to regard him as a being analogous to man; who thinks and feels in some sort as man does, and is capable of friendship, communion and dear familiarity; who comes down to men and mingles with them in their business, their rational pleasures, and in all their most inward griefs and joys; and all the riches and boldness of eastern imagery are employed to impress this view of the divine character. Hence, as the eloquent Herder remarks, among the patriarch herdsmen, God was a herdsman, calling out the stars by name as sheep, and feeding them upon the azure fields of the sky. In the shepherd's tent, He was a shepherd—at the domestic festival, He was a guest—in the family circle, He was a father—to the pious, He was a friend, unbosoming even the secrets of his heart in the freeness of his intimacy. And this is the language of nature. All that is bland in the air, all that is fragrant in the odor and delicate in the tints of the flower; all that is beautiful and refreshing in nature, is but the manifested sympathy of God, the overflowings of a paternal heart infinitely generous and tender. This view of the divine character we ought to cultivate. If the God we conceive of be a cold, distant, unsympathizing being, such will be our character, for each man's heart is the counterpart of its God. But if we look with a devout and loving spirit on the kind, gentle and winning aspects of Providence, a kindred feeling will kindle in our breasts, gladdening our own souls, warming the circle around us, and augmenting all the gracious charities of life.

THE SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

PSALMS lxx: 5, 6.

Ye stars that look so sadly down
On nature and on me,
I love, when all around doth frown,
Your gentle light to see.
But not to me that bliss belongs,
As when beneath your rays,
I sang those oft-remembered songs,
The songs of other days.

When in my childish strain of bliss,
I cared not who should hear,
Nor if upon the listener's face,
The smile of scorn appear:
No vain desire within me sprang,
No foolish thirst for praise,
As in my cheerful youth I sang
Those songs of other days.

Why falls the silent tear-drop near
The written page of thought?
Away! it is the only tear,
Those childish lays have brought,
Then when the memory of wrongs
My care-worn soul doth raise,
I'll sing one of those simple songs,
Those songs of other days.

C. W. B.

scription is as follows.

"Calyx, five leaved; coral, five petalled, regular; nectariferous glands, five, adhering to

thirty grains, and of a saturated tincture, one or

* Eaton's Manual of Botany.

two fluid drachms. The extract of this root is a very powerful astringent, and may be substituted for kino and catechu."

Dr. Eberle, one of our most popular medical writers, says, "In the diseases of children where astringents are indicated, a decoction of it in milk, is a very convenient and efficacious remedy. In this form it has been a good deal used in cholera infantum, and I have myself repeatedly prescribed it in protracted cases with great benefit. He also states that in advanced stages of diarrhœa and dysentery he has found very beneficial results from its use. He mentions a chronic and very obstinate case of ulceration of the mouth, of which the patient was perfectly relieved by the use of gargles made from this root, after a great variety of other articles had been unsuccessfully tried by himself and others. He concludes his remarks by saying that "from considerable experience with this medicine, as well as from the testimony of many other physicians, I am entirely satisfied that it is one of the most useful vegetable astringents we possess." Dr. Mease recommends it as very efficacious in restraining internal hæmorrhage, and Dr. Thatcher says that he has known the infusion to restrain hæmorrhage from the lungs in a very prompt manner. It is also said to be used with great confidence by the western Indians.

EARLY MEMORIES.

The memories of early years—
How fondly do they cling
Around the heart and soothe its woes,
With their soft murmuring!
And yet there is a sadness breathed,
Amid their sweetest tones,
As when of her fond mate bereft,
Some loving turtle moans.

The memory of a mother's tears,
And oft repeated prayer—
A father's kind, but firm reproof—
A sister's gentle care—
A brother's warm protection shown—
A school-mate's ardent truth—
These cluster round the later dreams
We have of early youth.

But soon the vision flies, and leaves
A sicklier gloom behind:—
We see the woes of hopes betrayed—
The sorrows of the mind—
The anguish of the bursting heart—
And all the ills we learn:—
Ah! memory's refluent waves are dark—
Why should they e'er return?

Why should they e'er return? Because
We need this constant strife,
To mind us that perpetual bliss,
Is not the sum of life.
The Future we have power to fill,
With joys that ever last—
The Present we may mould at will,
But cannot change the Past!

JULIAN CRAMER.

New York, Nov., 1844.

THE ROSE-BUD ON THE STRAND.

BY MRS. A. F. PILLSBURY.

I stood upon the lovely shore
  Of a fair tranquil lake,
No wind swept o'er its liquid floor,
  Its dreamy rest to break.
Before me, on its smooth, white strand,
  A beauteous rose-bud lay,
Dropped previous from some tender hand,
  Or careless thrown away.

The tiny waves curled gently round,
  With tears for one so fair,
And sighed with pensive, murmuring sound,
  That it should wither there.
'Twas vain! for yielding no lament,
  All mutilated—torn—
'Twas dying in its banishment,
  A lone and exiled one.

A bonny boat was gliding o'er
  Those waters so serene,
And gaily glanced the splashing oar:
  Ah! 'twas a fairy scene.
But silently I turned away,
  And musing, stood apart;
That simple bud before me lay,
  Mute emblem of the heart.

It told of severed friendships here,
  On Time's bleak, dreary shore;
How the bright buds of Hope appear,
  Then fade to bloom no more.
And when I speak that word, *Farewell*,
  Or take the parting hand,
Sad Memory paints with magic spell,
  The rose-bud on the strand.

THE TRANSLATION OF ENOCH.

It was sunset in the Eastern land—the land where man first trod the earth—whose flowers angels' feet had pressed—whose trees had been swept by breezes that had toyed with the trees of Eden—the land where the patriarchs lived and are buried. It was sunset. Beneath an aged palm, from whose roots a spring pure as crystal burst, sat an old man. A last truant ray seemingly lingered to shed a glory upon his snowy locks, or to rest yet a moment longer upon the pure waters of the spring, while afar off, the flaming sword that guarded the tree of life, flashed in the waning light. There was that in the expression of his countenance, that marked him as a pilgrim of earth—as one who had known its joys and sorrows. Still there was an expression of youth mingled with the lines of age, which seemed to have been caught from a far off land—such as a breeze that had kissed the river of life, or bowed the branches of the tree of life might have brought, when it breathed upon his cheeks and swept his locks. There was a light in his eye as though he held commune with the spiritual world—a light that told of faith's high triumph. From the going down of the sun, came a golden cloud and stood over the palm tree. Soon it descended and mingled with the green branches of the palm—it descended to the ground and enshrouded the form of the old man, and then slowly began to rise, and the fluttering of wings was heard as if it had been sweet music—and voices in the air singing a hymn of immortality. Once the folds of the cloud rolled asunder, and the face of the old man beamed through —*but it was the face of an immortal.* "And he was not, for God took him."

C. A. D.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

It is a curious and instructive fact, that the Scriptures uniformly speak of religion as our life, as that without which we are dead, mere bloodless anatomies, incapable of enjoyment and accomplishing no valuable end in the economy of the Universe. And never, in the strong but discriminating language of the Bible, does a man truly and properly *live*, till he loves the God who made him and the Saviour who died for his redemption.

No such language is applied to the lower orders of creation. They *live* and enjoy life, notwithstanding the absence of religious principle and feeling. As they roam the field and crop its pasturage, or visit the brook and quench their thirst, or lie down in the shade to ruminate or rest, they find the full measure of enjoyment of which their nature is capable. Their desires are all gratified. They were hungry, and they fed; thirsty, and they drank; weary, and they repose in unfevered and unanxious sleep. Look over the wide prairie and forest where man has not yet lorded it, and behold the different tribes of animals retired to their rest, in the dusk of the evening. The fowl has perched himself by the side of his mate; the beast has lain down in his lair; the timid sort are snug in their covert, their old rent-free homestead where they were born and where they will die. How quiet is the scene! Among all those shaggy sleepers there are no heart-aches; no withered hopes; no mortified pride; no wearied eye watching for the morning; no vaulting ambition planning for future advancement; no guilt-stricken spirit starting in its dreams with shriek and chill. O ye people of the wood and the field, how ye get the very balm of slumber and the entire satisfying of your nature, whether roaming or at rest, while we, your lords, shift, and fret, and ache with emptiness! Turn from their forest home to the abodes of men, to the city and the crowded mart, and see our own sort and kin as they hurry to and fro, jostling and elbowing one another all the way; hoping, despairing, weeping, rejoicing, laughing, crying, blessing, cursing; see the innumerable cross currents and eddies, and gusts of pride, fear, envy, love, hatred, that warp and whirl these pent up people in all directions. See these same people when the midnight clock has struck. Some tossing on straw, others on down, others pacing the floor, scarcely one sleeping quietly, balmily. Awake or asleep all things are full of labor; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.

Or cast your thoughts towards the myriads of living things that inhabit the sea—leviathan playing therein; shoals of dolphins riding on the crests of the billows, gladder than schoolboys just let loose; and swarms of scaly fry skimming the flood or leaping into the air, or diving among the coral caves and treasure beds of the ocean, and then fix your eye on that ship, that floating citadel or palace of man's contrivance, as it looms up from the horizon and scuds on towards its haven, with its cargo of human ambition, pride, hope, selfishness. There may be more disquiet, more anxiety, more sorrow in that narrow cabin, than is felt among all the living millions of the deep. The millions of the sea, of the field and forest, LIVE. They are all answering the ends and living according to the laws of their being, and seeking satisfaction in objects suited to their natures.

Why is it otherwise with men? Doth God care for oxen and leave man to fret and fever himself with that which satisfieth not? No. The explanation is this. The animals around us seek their satisfaction in the things that were intended to satisfy them, and they are not disappointed. But we have a different and a higher nature, a nature which to be happy must be employed in other pursuits and satisfied with other enjoyments. We have wants which the brutes have not, and these are our deepest and most urgently earnest wants. They are the wants of our spiritual nature, and they can be gratified only by religion, pervading the inner sanctuary of the soul and becoming the shekinah of the heart. "The fear of the Lord is LIFE, and he that hath it SHALL ABIDE SATISFIED." Religion glowing in the soul, enlightening, purifying, expanding it, bearing it onward and upward for ever, is the true and only life of man, at once the light and aliment, the completion and joy of his spiritual and immortal nature. This great truth may be profitably pursued and illustrated by considering some of the obvious necessities of our nature, and the provision made by religion for their gratification. And here let each reader fall back upon his own consciousness, upon the felt restlessness and cravings of his own spirit.

1. WE NEED A GOD. We arrive at the conviction of this necessity not by labored argu-

ment and inference. We feel it, and skepticism has no power to allay or relieve that feeling. We were not made to be atheists. Our moral nature can never square itself to a godless creed. Why do men everywhere, in all ages, "feel after God if haply they may find him?" Why does "the heathen in his blindness, bow down to wood and stone?" "I believe," said an Alpine prince to a missionary, "I believe there is a God who made all things, who gives prosperity, sickness and death, but I do not know him, though I long to." This felt impression of the necessity and existence of a God does not depend upon any argument, or proofs from outward nature, or even upon revelation. The Bible, accordingly, never argues the divine existence. It takes it for granted. It views it as one of those great truths which every man intuitively perceives and feels, and which he would perceive and feel were the visible universe with its evidences shrivelled and swept away. Blot out all the records, extinguish all the lights exterior to myself, and there yet remains a record and a light within. Seal all the senses and shut out the universe, still the idea of a God is *shut in* with the soul and bound up with its own conscious existence. Now this thought troubles me. My conviction that there is a God is big even to fearfulness; it cleaves to me when I go out and when I come in; it is a part of me, living in my life so that I cannot tear it out nor hush it. It preys upon my soul, and yet vitalizes it. It at once consumes me, and nerves me with a new and mysterious strength. There is a strange unhappiness, a vague disturbance in my soul, and overborne, I exclaim in the spirit of the African prince, "I need a God—there is a God—but I do not know him!" O, reader, happy are you, if, when you have thus mused, religion came to illumine and redeem you, and leading you into the divine presence, and touching your lip with hallowed fire and your heart with filial love, taught you to say, "My Father, who art in heaven." The joy of the ancient philosopher upon discovering a principle in natural science, when he leaped from the bath, and ran in ecstacy through the streets, exclaiming, "I have found it, I have found it," was poor joy compared with his who has found God, and in God all those spiritual glories which satisfy and sanctify the immortal longings of the soul. He before felt that there was a God; becoming a Christian, he has found and appropriated this God, and he understands that to know this God is both life present and life eternal. It has been justly observed that we need for the heart a being worthy of its whole treasure of love, to whom we may consecrate our whole existence; in approaching whom we enter an atmosphere of purity and brightness; in sympathizing with whom we cherish only noble sentiments; in devoting ourselves to whom we espouse great and enduring interests; and by attachment to whom all our other attachments are hallowed, protected, and supplied with tender and sublime consolations under bereavement and blighted hope. Such a being is God. To such a being true religion introduces and assimilates us. And who shall adequately describe the happiness which results from the discovery and love of the Christian's God? There is one word often employed in the Bible to express it, perhaps the best our language affords, and yet a word whose full import is not readily comprehended. PEACE. There is, says one, a two-fold peace. The first is negative. It is relief from disquiet and corroding care. It is repose after conflict and storms. But there is another and a higher peace, to which this is but a prelude, a "peace of God which passeth all understanding," and expressively called "the kingdom of God within us." This state is anything but negative. It is the highest and most strenuous action of the soul, but an entirely harmonious action, in which all our powers and affections are blended in a beautiful proportion, and sustain and perfect one another. It is more than silence after storms. It is as the concord of all melodious sounds. Child of God, hast thou never known a season, when in the fullest flow of thought and feeling, in the universal action of the soul, an inward calm, profound as midnight silence, yet bright as the still summer noon, full of joy, but unbroken by one throb of tumultuous passion, has been breathed through thy spirit and over the face of nature, and given thee a glimpse and presage of the serenity of a better and happier world? That was peace, the peace of God. It was a conscious harmony with God, and through him with the creation; an alliance of love with all beings; a sympathy with all that is pure, and bright, and good; a concord and oneness with the spirit and purpose of thine own Infinite Original. And this is happiness—this is LIFE.

In the second place, Religion is Life, that is, it satisfies the felt necessities of our nature, in its assurances of immortality. I long for existence beyond the present. The beast of the field and the fowl of heaven know nothing of this feeling. To-morrow does not concern him.

"Pleas'd to the last he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood."

It is different with me. I cannot enjoy life to-day, unless assured I shall live hereafter. I cling to existence; I long inwardly for immortality. I can bear all other losses but the loss of being. At the word annihilation, my spirit recoils and shudders, and lifts her voice to God, saying, O, my Father, let me live! Wither, if it pleases thee, the green and sunlit fields of creation; take, if it seem good, this hearing, that now drinks in all music, all sweet sounds and voices of friend and lover; take back this gift of vision, and bid to me

"No more return,
Day or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark;"

Take all; and leave me poor for ever, but O, my Father, let me live—take what thou wilt away, but, O, leave me that immortality to which my nature clings. Hast not thou, thyself, taught nature to give all that she hath for her life?

Now this strong desire of immortality meets no sympathizing, satisfying response, except in religion. The gospel brings life and immortality to light. Other witnesses may suggest expectation and hope, but this brings assurance. Other teachers may bid me notice the reviving of nature in spring, or the butterfly bursting from its tomb into beautiful life, as emblems of hope and promise that this body shall one day rise from the grave. But the heart refuses to confide or rejoice till it hears the gospel saying, "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

To the irreligious man, indeed, the doctrine of the soul's immortality must be a perennial fountain of bitterness. Said the celebrated Col. Gardner, speaking of his feelings while he was yet an unconverted profligate, "I often wished I was a dog." There were moments in the midst of his revels, when he wished he could give up existence, and die and vanish from being like a brute. And yet had he been brought to the point, he would have drawn back. Like every other man, his love of existence was stronger than that temporary wish. Like any other sinner in his reflecting moments, he found himself between two fires—tired of living, yet afraid to die. Either prospect is dreadful. To think of death as an eternal sleep;

"To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot"

with the beast shocks you, your nature spurns it as a lie. To think of living on, a quick and vital thing for ever and ever, deathless amid the wreck of matter, unharmed amid the crush of worlds; to feel assured that amid the slow-moving cycles of eternity, your identical self must be somewhere, reaping the fruit of sin; that system after system may wheel away and still leave you reaping; that age after age and ten thousand ages may move wearily on, and still leave you reaping—this, too, is a fearful prospect. Annihilation is shocking. Immortality is shocking. The feeling appropriate to the condition might be expressed in the language of Milton's Satan:

"Me, miserable, which way shall I fly!
Which way I fly is hell—myself am hell."

Is there no relief then? Yes, here, and only here—in humble, heartfelt religion. Christ can throw the salt of grace into that fountain of immortal existence which is within thee, and then it shall flow forth clear as crystal unto everlasting life.

3. The religion of the gospel experienced in the heart, is emphatically our life, because it removes our burdens as sinners. It is not only true that all have sinned and fallen into a state of condemnation and corruption; but it is also true that all at some time, with more or less distinctness, perceive and feel it, sometimes most oppressively. This is the secret cause of no small share of that restlessness and corroding anxiety that is visible around us. Hence, too, the numberless devices to expiate their sins by penances, austerities, pilgrimages, and self-inflicted tortures, and thus quiet the tumult in their bosoms, preferring the utmost bodily suffering to the anguish of a wounded spirit. While a quiet satisfaction overspreads the face of nature, while guiltlessness and ease sit upon the expression of the dumb creature, man has a fire within, and carries a troubled conscience and a clouded brow. He feels like a condemned criminal, sunk in disgrace and loaded with chains. He is a miserable bankrupt under the law and government of God, overwhelmed with debt, and not a farthing to pay. Perhaps he has long tried to discharge the debt himself, by prayers and tears, by forms and ceremonies, by sacrifices and self-denial. Still it is unpaid—nay, the debt is becoming greater and greater.

The voice of the broken law waxes louder and louder, The soul that sinneth it shall die; Pay me that thou owest. The hand on the wall is writing, rapidly writing, Mene, mene, and conscience, the Daniel in his bosom, interprets, Thou art weighed and found wanting. O, sweet and life-giving at such a time, to such a man, is the evangelic message, that Jesus died to make atonement—to conceal that debt and wipe it out for ever. And the atonement that satisfies the claims of justice, will satisfy also the claims of conscience. The blood that expiated the guilt of sin, will allay the throbbings of a tortured mind. Come, then, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and he that paid the sinner's debt will give you rest. Your heart will then know a new and sweeter joy than earth ever gave. Its tempests will die away, and your soul shall be like the sleeping lake, not only tranquil itself, but reflecting the tranquillity of the skies. There may you look with pity upon the uneasy multitude as they inquire, "Who will show us any good," and communing with your own soul, and swelling with the joys of pardoned sin, you will exclaim, This is LIFE, and he that hath it shall abide satisfied.

4. And in the last place, religion opens to the social sympathies of our nature sources of boundless enjoyment. Man was created for social purposes and pleasures. By the constitution of his nature, he is a social being. The social affections, it has been justly observed, so quick to awake in the very moment almost of our waking being, are ever spreading in the progress of life, because there is no moment to the heart, in which the principle of social union is cold or powerless. The infant does not cling more closely to his nurse, than the boy hastens to meet his playmates, and man to communicate his thoughts to man. It we were to see the little crowd of the busy school-room rush out when the hour of play comes, and instead of mingling in some general pastime, betake themselves each to some solitary spot, till the return of the hour which forced them again together, we should regard it with as much wonder as if a sudden miracle had transformed their bodily features. Not less wonderful would it appear, if in the crowded city, or even in the scattered tents of savages, there were to be no communings of man with man, no voice or smile of greeting.

It is not good for man to be alone. A *solitary* immortality with all the stars for an inheritance, were charmless and blank vacancy. Such is the structure of our nature, that we must be in communion with others. We are insufficient for ourselves. Otherwise we had been a race of wild and savage beings, without a country, a home, a friend; without cities or temples, unlovely and unloving. The world had been a wide waste, a dreary wilderness, and men scattered over it like the lonely and unsupported pillars of Palmyra in the desert; with no sunshine of the soul, no gushing forth of the heart, except in solitary self-complacency; no stirring of the spirit with the love of country; no ties of neighborhood; no fireside joys; no domestic endearments. It is pleasant to dwell upon this feature of the human constitution, and to think, too, of the varied provision made for the expression of the social affections. The human face seems constructed on purpose to mirror the kindly and social sympathies of the heart, to vary and kindle with silent expressions of friendship and love, so that without the voice, we see in the eye, the lip, the sunny countenance, the assurance strong of a friend's esteem, a neighbor's confidence, a child's reverence, a wife's affection, a parent's love But besides these, there is the gift of speech, the human voice, with the sweet stops and tones of silver, its gentle, gracious, tender and pitying notes, expressing and invigorating those unbought charities of life, which find man everywhere, and bless him everywhere, in the community of mankind.

But with all this desire and all this provision for social enjoyment, who does not see that this life affords small scope, indeed almost no field for its gratification? Leaving out of view the contracting, dissocializing nature of sin and selfishness, how attenuated and brief, at best, are the social ties of this life! If we overlook the teachings of religion, their history is quickly told. Yesterday's surge threw us together on this isle in the universe—to-morrow's surge sweeps us off and washes out our very footprints. Who wept or laughed, who loved or hated, nothing remains to tell.

> "Like the dew on the mountain,
> Like the foam on the river,
> Like the bubble on the fountain,
> We are gone—and for ever."

This is not the view of things that satisfies our nature and its inward longings, when acquaintance and lover part and remove into darkness, and firesides are becoming desolate, and families and neighborhoods are melting away, and new and unknown faces are appearing in their stead. Sweet it is to turn away from the

inroads and changes of time, and reflect how the gospel provides for the social sympathies of our nature. Entering the heart of the disciple, it strengthens and hallows the social affections, and opens to him the communion of saints, and welcomes him to the fellowship and endearments of the household of faith. And thus the obscurest Christian is cheered in his struggle with sin and difficulty, by knowing that not only has he the favor of God on his side, but the affectionate sympathy of all the friends of God. And then beyond this world, what a scene opens upon the eye of faith! It was the hope of Cicero, a hope overhung with clouds, that he might be hereafter reunited to his old friends, when death should release him from this crowd and mass of corruption. And who of our readers has not experienced the same longing desire? Ye who have closed the eyes of those you loved, and surrendered to the grasp of the grave, those who by affection had become part of yourselves, the completion of your being, does your heart never ask to meet them again? Does it consent to part with them for ever? Nay, and more than this, he knows that he shall meet again all his best friends, all his spiritual kindred, and dwell with them in inimitably tender affection for ever. Scattered apart though they may have been in life, buried apart in death, the day will come when they shall burst from the thraldom of the grave, and sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, in the delights of unending friendship and love.

And now, beloved reader, we need not ask are you in pursuit of happiness? That we may safely take for granted. All seek it, but alas, the most seek it where it was never found, and never will be. Multitudes seek it in the same field with the beasts that perish, and too often in sensual gratifications which even pall the appetite of the brute. Bear with us, reader, in a few concluding observations. You have been created capable of the joys of religion and of communion with God. This distinguishes you from all other beings here. There is at least the appearance of reason, intellect, in some animals, but the moral sense and the capacity for religion are found only in man. The ox knows his owner, and the ass his master's crib; it is your privilege to know, and love, and enjoy the Father of your spirit. Such is your intellectual and moral constitution impressed upon you by the Creator, that you were not only intended for communion with God, but you can never be satisfied and happy without it. The lower creation, the brute, the fowl, the insect and finny tribes find their position here in the air, the floods, and the field. They were made for nothing higher. They have no impress of God's image, no longings after immortality, no pantings after God. There is no aching void in his absence; no sense of guilt and destitution because they are not sons and heirs of the Most High. They were not taught to look up to God, but to man as their master. It is otherwise with you. Yours is a nobler nature, with ampler hopes and higher cravings. You cannot herd with the brute. Your supplies are not found in his pasturage. You cannot lie down with him and die as he dies. Your soul will still live, and its necessities will cry out for ever. Possessed of such powers, and marked for such a destiny, are you sensible of your dignity in the scale of being, and are you in fellowship and communion with the God who made you, through the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost? Is God your chief good? Be reminded that God has made no other provision for your soul. As the great Creator, he stored the earth with every needed good for your bodies, and put all at your disposal, but he created no portion for your soul. He had made that so vast in its desires, so immortal in its existence, so lofty in its aspirations, that he could create nothing else vast enough or worthy to fill it; and he conferred himself with all his uncreated glories and riches. Vainly does your spirit seek repose and fulness in any other object. If the hand that made you should scoop the ocean's bed and lay all its hidden treasures at your feet; or beautify for you another Eden lovelier than Adam lost, and give you a diadem of stars, and the universe for a kingdom, yet withholding himself, you were a wretch undone; your heart would ache for ever, and burst out in an immortal groan.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

The Holidays are certainly coming. Our table is covered with beautiful books, many of them intended for gifts, tokens of affection; and what more suitable gift for one who has a virtuous and cultivated mind, than a handsome volume, breathing pure thoughts clothed in language elevated and refined? Many of the volumes now before us are in miniature, gems of books, that are as rich in their exterior, as they are attractive in their contents.

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"*The Family Circle*," is the gathering of many of the sweetest productions of our modern writers, whose pens have been dipped in the wells of domestic love. Among them we observe "*The Wife's Welcome*," from our Magazine, an article that certainly meets a response in many hearts, as it has been travelling the land over, and is now incorporated among the gems of Longfellow, Mrs. Hemans and Schiller.

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"*Songs for the Sabbath*," by various authors—a collection of poetry that will be loved by all the admirers of sacred verse. With the most of these songs we are all familiar, but good poetry improves in keeping; the oftener it is read, the more it is prized. Read this "Emblem of a Departing Saint."

"A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem methought of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies."

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Another miniature volume is called "*Scripture Marks of Salvation*," prepared as a help to Christians to know the true state of their souls. If the popularity of a book is a test of its value, this must be a good one, for it professes to be the third American, from the *sixty-second* Edinburgh edition. Fenelon's Pious Reflections for every day in the month, are added to the Marks, and are such thoughts as all who love truth in the quaint style of other days, will duly prize.

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"*Thoughts among Flowers*," is the title of a book that our young readers will admire. It will awaken and cherish in them a taste for one of the most innocent and pleasing pursuits of youth, the cultivation of flowers, emblems of purity and joy.

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In still another volume of the same style, we have short passages from a great variety of eminent evangelical writers, whose choice thoughts are here reset under the title of "*Religious Lacon*;" it is a good book for the pocket, a "vade mecum," such an one as we love to have at hand, that we may select a passage for meditation when walking, or on a journey. Here is a sentence more than a hundred years old, and as true now, and as seldom illustrated:

"It is a greater virtue to forgive one injury than to do many courtesies, because it is harder. Many a man will *do* for another that will not suffer for him."

And again: "Let us dare to be guilty of the great singularity of doing well, and of acting like men and Christians; and then, if we can have the liking and approbation of the world, well; if not, the comfort is we shall not much want it."

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"*The Old Sea Captain*," is the latest of Old Humphrey's productions, and one of his most entertaining. He is telling some boys all manner of stories about the sea, and with his stories he mingles shrewd and striking moral thoughts well calculated to make a deep impression on the youthful mind.

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"*The Rev. Dr. Sprague's Discourse*" before the literary societies of Middlebury College and Brown University, is an elegant and instructive performance, inculcating those sound, conservative principles, which are the only safeguard of the Church or the State, in these days of restlessness and love of change. It is written in that chaste and polished style which is so characteristic of the productions of one, whose writings are not less distinguished for the correctness of their sentiment, than the rhetorical finish with which they are given to the world.

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"*The Reformers before the Reformation*," is the name of a work of great interest just out, containing minute historical statements of the life and times of John Huss, bringing to view a period worthy of the careful investigation of the philosophic student. This volume is prepared by Emile De Bonnechose, Librarian to the king of France, and it is translated from the French by Campbell Mackenzie, of Trinity College, Dublin.

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Erratum. In the October number, from page 199 to 203, for the name "Moncy" read "Money."

Gardener.

position, even in early childhood, was serious. This pursuit seems to have interested him, for

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1845

FELIX NEFF, AND HIS LABORS.

BY R. BAIRD, D. D

(SEE PLATE.)

Few men of our time have obtained more celebrity as faithful and indefatigable servants of Jesus Christ, than Felix Neff. His career was short, but glorious. He scarcely attained the age of Henry Martyn or David Brainerd; he was cut off before he had reached thirty-one years. His "sun went down whilst it was yet day." But, as the departing rays of the great natural luminary often leave the western sky gloriously illumined long after the splendid orb from which they emanate has sunk below the horizon; so the piety, the zeal, the amazing labors of Neff amid the frightful valleys of the Alps, have not ceased to shed their heavenly influence upon the world to this day. Destitute of the early advantages and the science of Henry Martyn, he was the equal of that wonderful man in natural talent and zeal, and far excelled him in energy of character. On the other hand, possessing the devoted piety and consuming passion for the salvation of men and the glory of God, which characterized the life of David Brainerd, he resembled him both in the shortness and the sufferings of his missionary career.

Felix Neff was born in a village near Geneva, in Switzerland, in the year 1798, and was educated in the pure doctrines of the Gospel by his pious mother, who was a widow. His disposition, even in early childhood, was serious, so that he took more pleasure in contemplating the wonderful works of God which surrounded his native place, than in the boyish sports of his equals in age, or the vain amusements of the adjacent city. His delight, when disposed to seek relaxation from his studies, was to wander away to the Jura mountains on the one hand, or the Alps on the other, which elevate their lofty heads to the clouds on their respective sides of the magnificent valley through which flows the Rhone, expanding, in a part of its course, into the beautiful lake Leman.

Under the kind instruction of the pastor of his native village, Neff made considerable progress at an early age, in Latin, Botany, History and Geography. The intervals between severer studies, were occupied in reading Plutarch's Lives of Grecian and Roman Heroes, and other works of a historical nature. To these were added some of the more fascinating of the popular French works of that day. In this way, a love of military and scientific distinction was created in his bosom, which probably had a great influence in giving him that decision and energy which formed so remarkable an element in his character in after life.

But as it was necessary that he should pursue some business for a livelihood, he was placed in the service of a nursery-gardener. This pursuit seems to have interested him, for

at the early age of sixteen he published a *Treatise on Trees*, which was exceedingly creditable to his talents, and attracted no inconsiderable attention towards its youthful author.

But his active spirit growing weary of the confinement of the narrow limits of an orchard, he entered, when in his eighteenth year, the military service of Geneva, as a private soldier. Two years afterwards he was made a sergeant of artillery, because of his theoretical and practical knowledge of mathematics. Soon after, he became pious under the preaching of the late M. Gonthier, one of the ten or fifteen young men who became converted about the year 1816, during the visit of the late Robert Haldane, Esq., of Edinburgh. M. Gonthier, after he had finished his studies, was chosen one of the Pastors of the Church in the Bourg-du-Four, now the Church of the Pellisserie, in Geneva.

Not long after his conversion, Neff deemed it his duty, after consulting with his religious friends, and especially the pastors of the Church which he had joined, to prepare to preach the Gospel. Accordingly, in the year 1819, he began to conduct and exhort religious meetings, as a candidate or licentiate, assisting the ordained ministers in and about Geneva, who desired his aid. Soon afterwards he began to labor in the same capacity in the Cantons of Vaud, Neuchâtel and Berne.

Three years were thus spent by this eminent servant of Christ. It was of little consequence to him that the office which he held was an humble and laborious one. It was enough that it gave him abundant opportunities for making known the blessed Gospel to perishing souls. The Lord smiled upon his exertions. Many persons, there is reason to believe, received spiritual benefit from his exhortations. The Memoirs of his life and labors, written by the Rev. Mr. Gilly and the Rev. Mr. Bost, record some striking instances of the success of his labors, one of the most remarkable of which was the conversion of a poor soldier, once his companion in arms, who, whilst intoxicated, had committed murder. Neff heard of his case, and visited him whilst lying in prison under sentence of death, and preached to him a crucified and merciful Saviour. Nor did he labor in vain for this wretched murderer; he had the pleasure of seeing him accept salvation, and become a "new creature in Christ Jesus." The sentence of death was commuted into that of imprisonment for life; and this now Christian convict lived to adorn the blessed Gospel, and to labor to make others, his fellow convicts, acquainted with it.

In the year 1821, Neff, then in his twenty-fourth year, resolved to go into the south-eastern part of France, where there were but few Protestant pastors, and therefore greater need of an evangelist to visit the villages which were destitute of the regular ministrations of the Word. He was first invited to Grenoble, where he labored about six months in the capacity of assistant to a Protestant pastor.

From Grenoble he went to Mens, in the Department of Isère, to supply, as far as he could, the place of an absent pastor. Here he labored nearly two years, amid many difficulties, but with no unequivocal evidences of success. In M. Blanc, one of the pastors, he found a brother indeed, to whom he soon became strongly attached, and who still lives to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But the work which Neff had to do as an assistant was not well defined, and the most of the Protestants among whom he labored, were in a very cold state. His style of preaching, so fervid, so pungent, was unpalatable to them. Besides, his field was immense, for it embraced, in a sense, the whole Department of Isère, in which there were about 8,000 Protestants, scattered over a surface of nearly eighty miles square, with only three regular pastors to look after them, one of whom was now absent. To all the other difficulties which he had to encounter, was added that arising from the language spoken by the masses of the people. This language was a *patois*, or dialect, kindred to the Provençal, of which the French supplied but few terms.

But the perseverance of Neff triumphed over everything. He soon acquired a perfect knowledge of the dialect spoken by the people; his iron constitution enabled him to undergo fatigues which would soon have broken down an ordinary man. And such was the force of his eloquence, that it soon wore a way for him to the hearts of the villagers throughout the vast field of his labors. God smiled upon his exertions. He soon had the pleasure of seeing Christians stirred up to greater activity, souls dead in sins awakened to life, and the thoughts of many directed to the subject of religion. He availed himself of every opportunity of preaching the Gospel, both in the churches and in private houses. At funerals, and other extraordinary occasions, he failed not to call the attention of the people to their immortal interests. He collected the youth together and formed

classes of *Catechumens*, whom he instructed very much as Bible-classes are taught with us. Each scholar learned a few verses, and repeated them in turn. Afterwards a familiar exposition on the part of the minister followed. Portions of the catechism used in the French Protestant churches were also learned and recited.

Much of Neff's attention was turned to the task of teaching the villagers of his great parish, to sing psalms and other spiritual songs. Strange as it may seem to those who think the French a gay, laughing, singing, dancing race, Neff found that the lower classes in Mens and the surrounding villages, almost wholly, had not the least notion of music. He complains in one of his letters, that "they do not sing at all, neither well nor ill, no, not even songs." But he soon had the pleasure of seeing them not only begin to learn, but even to make great progress. And by means of religious songs and hymns, he caused divine truth to gain access to many minds into which it had not hitherto penetrated.

Neff's health was at this time excellent. It was well it was so, for otherwise he could not have undergone his wonderful labors. Read his own language: "With respect to my health, it is much stronger since I have been constantly in motion and making long excursions; although many of these are very fatiguing. For it often happens that I go several leagues,* and perform as many as four or five services in one day, especially on Sundays. I have not unfrequently been thus engaged, instructing or conversing, from five o'clock in the morning till eleven at night."

In the spring of 1823, Neff determined to seek a regular ordination as a minister of Jesus Christ. But where to obtain this, perplexed him not a little. As the clergy of the Established Church of Geneva, in which he had been brought up, and to which he was in heart, as well as by education, strongly attached, had almost all departed from the true faith, he could not bring his mind to seek it at their hand. He could not obtain it from the pastors of the Protestant Church in France, because he was a foreigner. He therefore went over to England, and was ordained in London, in the chapel of the Rev. John Clayton, by a council of Independent ministers. This occurred in the month of May. The confession which he made on that occasion, is a noble monument of the soundness and clearness of his religious knowledge.

But his stay in the English metropolis was not long. He could speak little or no English, and he met with few persons who could converse with him in French. Besides his heart was in the Alps, and he hastened back to enter upon his work. Great was the joy of the people. In some of the villages, the population came forth almost in a mass to bid him welcome; so great was the enthusiasm which this event inspired.

But he did not long stay in the Department of Isère after his ordination. The pastor whose place he had, in a sense, supplied, returned after a very protracted absence. He seemed to look upon Neff, if not as an intruder, yet as one who stood in the way of his successful reinstatement as a pastor. Neff, therefore, began to think more earnestly of laboring in the High Alps, a Department lying to the east of Isère, and extending up to the borders of Italy. To that elevated and forbidding region, he had long cast a wistful eye, as furnishing that missionary ground on which he longed to have an opportunity to labor. And soon were his wishes gratified. In the autumn of 1823, he received an invitation from the Protestant Churches in Val Queyras and Val Fressinière, to labor among them, and in the month of November he joyfully obeyed their summons.

But before we enter with him upon his new field, which was to prove his last, let us read the noble testimony which M. Blanc bore respecting him, contained in a letter dated December 1st, 1829, and consequently after the death of the devoted servant of Christ to whom it relates.

"About five months after the arrival of M. Neff at Mens, more than a hundred persons, principally heads of families, lamenting that he was not appointed to the station of assistant pastor, petitioned the Consistory to retain him under the designation of pastor-catechist, and offered to provide a salary for him, as long as they should have a farthing left. The Consistory nominated M. Neff pastor-catechist, on the 1st of June, 1822. Everywhere, in Mens and its environs, the name of our friend was never pronounced but with respect; and there were few who did not regard him as a saint almost exempt from sin. This was a subject of deep affliction to him, because he saw that they attached themselves too much to him personally, and too little to the Saviour, whose servant he was. He said to me one day with

* A league in France is nearly three English miles.

deep feeling, 'They love me too much; they receive me with too much pleasure; they eulogise me too much; indeed, they do not know me.' During the space of nearly two years, which he spent among us, he did a prodigious quantity of good. Zeal for Religion revived; a great number of persons began to think seriously of the condition of their souls. The Word of God was more sought after, and more carefully read; the catechumens were better instructed in their Christian duties, and gave proofs of it in their conduct; family worship was established in many houses; the love of luxury and personal vanity decreased; almsgiving was more generally practised, and the poor were not so numerous. Schools were opened in different places; and both in Mens and in our neighboring villages, everybody remarks a sensible improvement in the manners and industrious habits of the Protestants. In the short, but numberless labors of Neff, his indefatigable activity, and his instructions, will long be remembered at Mens, and his sojournment among us will be recorded as a signal blessing." *

But before we contemplate Neff as engaged in his labors among the High Alps, let us say a few words respecting that wonderful region.

The Department of the High Alps derives its name from the fact of its being within the region of that portion of the Alps which separates France from Italy. The two loftiest peaks, in this part of the mountain chain, are Mont Genevre in the north, and Mont Viso in the south. The latter is one of the most conspicuous mountains in Europe, and is seen from afar as one approaches it, whether from the valley of the Po, in Italy, or that of the Durance, in France. It is more than 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and far out-tops the surrounding ridges and peaks.

The city of Gap is the capital of the Department of the High Alps. And as one stands at that point and looks eastward, he will see Mont Viso rising up in the distance, on his right hand, and Mont Genevre on the left; whilst the region lying between him and those mountains, consists of nothing but successive ridges of peaks, covered in summer, with masses of brownish rocks, and in winter, with snow and ice. As thus seen, it seems to be wholly impassable to human footsteps, much less inhabitable by mankind. But in these mountain gorges, the necessities of men, and especially cruel persecutions, have compelled them to find habitations on such spots as could be made capable of furnishing even a scanty and miserable subsistence.

In these mountain retreats, many who were persecuted for the Truth's sake found an asylum in all time past from the days of Marcus Aurelius in the second century to those of Louis XIV., and Louis XV. It was in this region, and in other valleys in the eastern side of the Alps in Piedmont, that the Waldenses, for fifteen centuries and more, maintained the true Faith—that martyr-people, who, after having suffered three centuries of vexatious persecution, endured three more of wars, in which the Dukes of Savoy and the Kings of France, at the bidding of the Pope, endeavored to extirpate them.

The Department of the High Alps is eighty-four miles in length, and fifty-seven in breadth. Before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, the Protestants dispersed through this mountainous region, had many pastors and churches; but after that event, during the period of 101 years which elapsed before Louis XVI. granted his Edict of Toleration, in 1786, these people were like sheep without a shepherd. Occasionally, but at long intervals, they were visited by the pastors of the Vaudois, or Waldenses in Piedmont, who at the risk of severe penalties, crossed the *Col de la Croix*, as the barrier ridge which separates their country from the High Alps is called, and endeavored to provide for their spiritual wants.

It was not until 1805 that the Protestants of the High Alps were enabled to have a Consistory. This body embraced two sections, those of Orpierre and Arvieux. The section of Arvieux (so called because the presbytery or pastor's abode is in the commune* of Arvieux), is in the eastern part of the Department, and consequently nearest to Italy. It embraces the Arrondissements of Embrun and Briançon. This constituted the parish of Neff, and consisted of seventeen or eighteen villages, occupying an extent of sixty miles from east to west. But owing to the windings of the mountains, nearly eighty miles must be traversed, in order to pass from one extreme point to the other.

Up to the appointment of Neff, this parish had never enjoyed for any considerable period

* Gilly's Memoir of Neff, pp. 74, 75; American edition.

* A Commune, in France, corresponds nearly with our *town* or *township*; an Arrondissement, like our *county*, embraces several communes.

the labors of a regularly appointed and resident minister of the Gospel. Henry Oberlin, a son of the celebrated Pastor of the *Ban de la Roche*, had preached for a few months to these scattered sheep. But death soon cut short his valuable life. He fell a sacrifice to his exertions among the Protestants in the south of France. The account of his dying moments forms a most beautiful episode in the Memoirs of his father. He died the 16th of November, 1817.

Neff's vast parish consisted of two great divisions, the *Val Queyras*, which lies in the east, and communicates with the Protestant valleys of Piedmont, by the pass of the Col de la Croix, that extends along the whole length of the river Guil, which falls into the Durance, and the *Val Fressinière*, which lies on the west, along a small stream that also flows into the Durance, about half way between Briançon and Embrun. The former embraces the villages, or rather hamlets of Arvieux, La Chalp, Brunicbard, Sauberan, Pierre Grosse and Fousillarde, which stand on the banks of the Guil and its branches. The latter includes the hamlets of Chancelal, Palons, Violins, Minsas and Dormilleuse, which stand on the banks of the mountain torrent which pours its waters, as we have just said, into the Durance, together with the commune of Champsaur, separated from the Val Fressinière by a mountain and a glacier. In the Val Queyras, the Protestants have three places of worship—at Arvieux, San Veran and Fousillarde. Those of Arvieux and San Veran are twelve miles apart. In the Val Fressinière, there are two Protestant churches—at Violins and Dormilleuse; whilst in the adjoining commune of Champsaur, there is one church—at St. Laurent.

The abode of Neff was at first at La Chalp, a hamlet which stands a short distance east of Arvieux, in the Val Queyras. From that point, the field of his labors extended twenty miles south, and thirty-five miles north; whilst from east to west it stretched, including the necessary windings of the road among the mountains, nearly eighty miles! What a parish to superintend! And what ardor of zeal, as well as strength of physical constitution, were needed to carry a pastor through the toils necessary to the faithful oversight of the flock dispersed through such a frightful region!

We have been familiar with mountain scenes from our childhood. We have wandered, too, amid the Alps, both in Piedmont and in Savoy We have found among the lofty ranges, in many places, very sweet valleys, clothed with green meadows, and yellow fields of grain; whilst pleasant villages and hamlets marked them as isolated, but very agreeable abodes of men. Herds of cattle roaming in the rich pasturages, and innumerable flocks of sheep and goats browsing upon the mountain sides and skipping from rock to rock, give an animated picture of enjoyment.

But widely different is the scene in the High Alps, in Val Queyras and Val Fressinière. There, on the contrary, the valleys are, for the most part, dark and sterile. Alp rises above alp, and masses of rock, of appalling aspect, piled up, as it were, to the skies, block up many of the defiles and forbid further advance even to the boldest adventurer. "There," to borrow the language of Mr. Gilly, "the tottering cliffs, the sombre and frowning rocks—which, from their fatiguing continuity, look like a mournful veil, which is never to be raised—the tremendous abysses, and the comfortless cottages, and the ever present dangers from avalanches, and thick mists and clouds, proclaim that this is a land which man never would have chosen, even for his hiding-place, but from the direst necessity.

"Neff's Journal has noted the 16th of January, 1824, as the day on which he arrived at Arvieux, to take possession of the habitation provided for the pastor of the district. I have stated in more places than one, that a taste for magnificent scenery formed a strong feature in his character, and it never could have been more gratified than in his journey from Gap, through Guillestre to his new abode. The road from the latter is by the pass from the Guil; and in the whole range of Alpine scenery, rich as it is in the wonders of nature, there is nothing more terribly sublime than this mountain path. A traveller would be amply repaid in visiting this region for the sole purpose of exploring a defile, which in fact is one of the keys to France on the Italian frontier, and is therefore guarded at one end by the strong works of Mount Dauphin, and at the other by the fortress of Château Gueyras, whose guns sweep the entrance of the pass. For several miles the waters of the Guil occupy the whole breadth of the defile, which is more like a chasm, or a vast rent in the mountain, than a ravine; and the path, which in places will not admit more than two to walk side by side, is hewn out of the rocks. These rise to such a giddy height, that the soaring pinnacles, which crown them, look like the fine points of masonry-work on the summit of a cathedral—while the projecting masses that over-

hang the wayfaring man's head, are more stupendous and more menacing than the imagination can conceive. Many of these seem to be hanging by you know not what, and to be ready to fall at the least concussion.

'Quos super atra silex jamjam lapsura, cadentique
Imminet assimilis.'

"Perhaps they have been so suspended for centuries, and will so continue for centuries to come; but be that as it may, enormous fragments are frequently rolling down, and as the wind roars through the gloomy defile and threatens to sweep you into the torrent below, you wonder what power it is which holds together the terrifying suspensions, and prevents your being crushed by their fall. Much has been related of the peril of traversing a pass on the summit of a mountain, with precipices yawning beneath your feet; but in fact there is no danger equal to a journey through a defile like this, where you are at the bottom of the Alpine gulf, with hundreds of feet of crumbling rock above your head. But terribly magnificent as this pass is, and though it must at other times have made a powerful impression on Neff's mind, his Journal does not contain a word either of its grandeur or its terrors. He forced his way through it in the middle of January, when it is notoriously unsafe to attempt the passage. Several travellers lose their lives here almost every year; but our pastor's anxiety to be at his post of duty was the strongest feeling that moved him, and he thought of nothing but the field of usefulness which was now before him.

"On issuing out of the depths of the defile, the frowning battlements of Château Queyras, built on a lofty projecting cliff, on the edge of the torrent, and backed by the barrier wall of Alps, which at this season of the year towers like a bulwark of ice between the dominions of France and the king of Sardinia, present a picture of the most striking magnificence. Everything combines to give an interest to the scene. In the far distance are the snowy peaks of Mont Viso, of dazzling white, and, in the foreground, the rustic aqueducts, composed in the simplest manner of wooden troughs, supported on lofty scaffolding, and crossing and recrossing the narrow valley, which form a striking contrast between the durability of the works of God's hands—the everlasting mountains—and the perishable devices of men. About a mile and a half on the Guillestre side from Château Queyras, a rough path on the left conducts to Arnieux; and here a different prospect opens to view. The signs of cultivation and of man's presence increase; some pretty vales and snug-looking cottages please the eye; and in one spot a frail but picturesque foot-bridge of pines carelessly thrown across a chasm, invites the stranger to approach and inspect it. He is almost appalled to find himself on the brink of an abyss many fathoms deep, at the bottom of which a stream of water foams and chafes, which has forced for itself a passage through the living rock The narrowness and depth of this chasm, and the extraordinary manner in which it is concealed from observation till you are close to it, form one of the greatest natural curiosities in a province which abounds in objects of the same sort."*

These extracts from the work of one who has seen the scenes which he describes, will give us some idea of the eastern portion of Neff's parish—the Val Queyras. Into every village of this portion of his field of labor his burning zeal soon carried him, regardless of the terrors which beset his path and of the cold to be endured. He did not rest three days at La Chalp, which was to be the place of his abode for the first part of his residence in the High Alps, before setting off to visit the higher villages in the valley of Queyras—Grosse Pierre, Fousillarde, San Veran, etc., which stand near the highest line of vegetation, and just on the confines of the eternal snows which mantle the summit of Mont Viso. From one village to another the love of Christ and of souls carried him almost without cessation. It is incredible how many visits he made during the first winter to every village of this portion of his parish, notwithstanding the long distances which he had to traverse on foot, amid the deep snow, and along paths which lay on the verge of frightful precipices, and beneath threatening rocks. Wherever he went he instituted Classes of Catechumens, Schools for learning to read and for singing, besides preaching the word "in season, out of season." His house at La Chalp was not often occupied by him. He was a stranger to the sweet comforts of home. He had no wife to share his sorrows and his joys. His happiness was found in doing the will of Him, who had called him to preach the Gospel of His Son.

Nor were his labors, so abundant, so judiciously directed, in vain. New life was infused

*Gilly's Memoir of Felix Neff, pp. 113—116; American edition.

into the little scattered companies of Protestants, the fading remains of the Waldenses who once inhabited these valleys as well as those in Piedmont.

It is remarkable that Neff found the most piety lingering among the inhabitants of the highest villages, those which are situated up in the forbidding regions which border on the highest range of the Alps, and where winter reigns eight months in the year. Of San Veran, he states in his Journal: "It is the highest, and consequently* the most pious village in the valley of Queyras; in fact, it is said to be the most elevated in Europe, and it is a provincial saying, relating to the mountain of San Veran, 'La piu alta ou l'i mindgent pan,' that is, it is the highest spot where bread is eaten."

Everywhere, especially in the upper villages, he was received as an angel of mercy. He preached the Gospel daily; he visited from house to house, praying with the sick, discoursing with those who were well on religious topics, and instructing the young, for whom he had a particular affection and care. His talents for conversation were wonderful; and no man probably ever excelled him in the aptness and force of his illustrations.

But it is time that we say a word about the other portion of his vast parish—the Val Fressinière. He was not long in making a visit to this portion of his field. He soon found that it stood in peculiar need of his labors. The people were poorer and more ignorant than in Val Queyras. This was emphatically the case with the people of Dormilleuse, the highest village in the valley of Fressinière. It was situated high up the side of the mountain, and faced the south. The access was by one path, which was very steep, and over which, in one place, a cascade projected its waters, so that those who ascended and descended passed between the falling sheet of water and the mountain side. In the winter this cascade created a vast mass of ice, which greatly augmented the difficulty of the ascent. A deep valley, or ravine rather, lay in front of the village, and the dark sides of a mountain rose beyond it and apparently at but a short distance from Dormilleuse.

The houses of this miserable village, which ever afforded a secure asylum for the poor persecuted followers of Christ, whether escaped from France or Piedmont,† are wretched structures of stone and mud, from which fresh air, comfort and cleanliness seem to be utterly excluded. In comparison with this village and most others in the Val Fressinière, those in the Val Queyras are a garden. In San Veran and all the other villages of the latter, the houses are built of rough pine logs laid one above another (after the fashion of log-houses with us), and composed of several stories, which have a singularly picturesque aspect, and somewhat resemble the châlets in Switzerland, though much higher. On the ground-floor the family dwells, and oftentimes the horses, cows, etc., separated of course from the part occupied by human beings by partitions; hay and grain occupy the second story; whilst the third is given up to grain, to stores of bread-cakes and cheeses ranged on framework suspended from the roof. As it is the custom of the inhabitants of this country, as well as those in the valleys of Piedmont, to bake but once a year, they have need of considerable room for their loaves, or rather large cakes, of bread.

In his tour through Val Fressinière Neff preached in every village; and after having surveyed that portion of his field returned to Val Queyras. It took just twenty-one days for him to make the tour of his vast parish, and he must have had naturally a constitution of iron to do it within that period, at such an inclement season of the year. And yet this was the routine of his labor for several years.

It was not long before Neff found that his heart was leading him to make Dormilleuse his home instead of Arvieux, or rather La Chalp, a hamlet in its vicinity. Thither at length he removed. The view given in the frontispiece, will enable the reader to have some idea of his house at Dormilleuse. In that humble abode he not only resided when at home, but there also he collected every winter that he passed there, a class of young men whom he instructed in the branches necessary to qualify them to teach school and act as catechists. In this blessed employment he found great enjoyment, as well as in preaching the blessed Gospel. Nor did he confine his labors to his own parish, vast as it was; for he made a visit to the

* A similar testimony is borne by the Waldensian pastors in Piedmont, respecting the parishes in their country.

† "The Protestants of the Valleys of Piedmont and Dauphiny afforded each other mutual shelter," says Mr. Gilly, "when they were pursued by their enemies. Gilles relates an affecting incident of the refugees from Italy throwing themselves on the protection of their poor brethren of Fressinière in 1566, who most kindly received them, and shared their scanty pittance with them, fearless of the double peril of starvation and the vengeance of their common foe."

Vaudois or Waldenses in Piedmont, and caused the thunder of his eloquence to resound throughout their valleys. Nor have the effects of it ceased to be felt till this day. He was instrumental, under God's blessing, in commencing that resuscitation of true religion which has ever since been going forward among them.

But we must hasten to the close of the career of this wonderful man. He was not permitted to labor more than about three years and a half in the region of the High Alps, before his health gave way, and he was compelled to seek repose and restoration beneath the parental roof. Great was the distress of his poor dispersed flock at his parting from them. Nor is this to be wondered at. He had been a friend in the highest and best sense of the word to them. He had not only instructed them in the gospel, but in almost all the arts of civilized life, from the proper culture of their grounds, the planting of potatoes and some other vegetables of which they were almost wholly ignorant, to the proper irrigation of their meadows and fields. He had been everything to them. No man in the world, probably, could have had a greater influence over them. He had amazing powers of persuasion, and in some sense even of command. His early training had wonderfully fitted him for this. But his work was now done, and he returned to Geneva—to die!

After he reached that city, all that could be done by the ablest physicians was done, but in vain. He visited the baths of Plombières, where he received much kindness, as he did wherever he went. But all was in vain. He returned to his mother's house at Geneva, and left it no more. His sufferings were dreadful: owing probably to the use of coarse and unwholesome food during his residence in the High Alps, together with excessive preaching, often in confined and highly heated and crowded houses, and sometimes even in *stables*. His stomach had become so deranged that it would bear nothing without occasioning excruciating pain—so that he literally suffered greatly towards the last from hunger. Even a little whey, which was all that he could take in the shape of nourishment, gave him great pain. Madame Feller and other persons who were witnesses of his sufferings have told us that they never saw anything so distressing. And yet amid all, his mind was tranquil—yea, full of joy. His large black eyes, to the last, beamed with intense expression, and his lips, when they could give utterance to his feelings, poured forth the praises of his Redeemer.

We have never read anything more touching than the account which has been published of his last days. His dying chamber was never empty. Many people came to see him. He felt deeply for his poor aged and feeble mother, whom he was about to leave, but whom he strove to cheer by his sweet words of consolation. "He made," says the author of the *Notice sur Félix Neff*, published at Geneva in 1831, "many presents to his friends, and set apart some religious books for many persons to whom he still hoped to be useful. After having underlined several passages, he thus wrote the address: Felix Neff, dying, to ———.

"We have an indelible recollection of the last letter he ever wrote; it was a few days before his death. He was supported by two persons, and, hardly able to see, he traced at intervals, and in large and irregular characters which filled a page, the lines which follow, addressed to some of his beloved friends in the Alps. What must have been the feelings of those who received them, with the persuasion that he who had traced them was no more!

"'Adieu, dear friend, André Blanc, Antoine Blanc, all my friends the Pelissiers, whom I love tenderly; Francis Dumont and his wife; Isaac and his wife; beloved Deslois, Emilie Bonnet, etc., etc.; Alexandrine and her mother; all, all the brethren and sisters of Mens, adieu, adieu. I ascend to our Father in entire peace! Victory! victory! victory! through Jesus Christ! FELIX NEFF.'

He died on the 12th of April, 1829. At his grave, in accordance with his wish, his numerous friends who were assembled around it, sang the sweet hymn of M. Vinet, the concluding line of each stanza of which, is this:—

"Ils ne sont pas perdus, ils nous ont devancés."*

Such was the early end of this devoted, zealous, eloquent and successful minister of the Gospel. May God raise up many like him to labor in the great field of France, which is now "white unto the harvest!"

* They are not lost, they have gone before us.

MARY AT THE CROSS.

BY MISS MINERVA CATLIN.

Amid that gathering throng of vengeful men,
A pale-browed band of Jewish matrons stood
In all the anguish of impassioned grief;
Yet one amid that weeping train appeared,
Of noble mien—a being strangely bright
And fair, though girlhood's early grace had fled,
And the warm flush of maiden beauty gone;
Whose burning eye no cooling tear-drop dimmed,
For the hot fever-flame of speechless wo
Had scorched her soul and dried up every fount
Of healing wave.
No wail of agony
Her white lip moved, and yet the pallid cheek
And fervid glance betrayed th' unwonted weight
That pressed the life-blood from her bursting heart,
And sent it raging through her fevered brain.
Pale mother! on the cold and marble form
That writhed with more than mortal pangs she gazed,
Till the pure meekness of his holy look
Her unnerved spirit with sustaining strength
Girt up, and when the iciness of death
Was at his heart's life-stream—its cold spray drops
On his unsullied brow, one living spring
Of filial tenderness, unfrozen, gushed
And warmed the stagnant current of her veins;
For with a look of silent eloquence,
His pleading eye in sweet compassion turned
On one whose life's best heritage had been
The bleeding sorrows of his Lord to share,
And "Son, behold thy mother," fell like balm
Upon her withered heart; for felt she not
In the stern conflict of that fearful hour
How deep his love was rooted in her soul?
Oh! ye who lightly hold the nameless woes
That wring the breast which nursed your infancy,
Go witness how a God, though shrined in dust,
'Mid all the horrors of that torturing hour,
When grasping from Perdition's wave a world,
Could put the gall-cup from his lip to smile,
And bless the lowly form that bore for him
The well-spring of maternal love.
And thou,
Pale mourner, drooping o'er the cheerless wreck
Of thy heart's earthly idol, or who pour'st
Thy bitter tears o'er half imagined woes,
Perchance, go learn a lesson of meek trust
From that unshrinking mother at the cross;
Who through the fearful elemental strife,
When paled and quenched the sun went out in blood,

And more than midnight blackness wrapped the sky,—
When earth convulsive shook, and tombs released
Their cold stark forms to walk the reeling earth,
All fearless in her master's strength could stand,
And yield—a sacrificial offering—
Her first-born on the altar of the world.
So learn thy wayward heart to subjugate
And bow submissive to a Father's will,
Till purged from every stain of earthly dross
It shall be thine—life's ordeal passed, to wear
The victor-crown of Heaven.

VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Not many wise men, not many noble, not many mighty are called, said the great apostle, when commenting upon the worldly standing of the early converts to Christianity; and with few exceptions, it has been true in all ages and countries that distinguished moral excellence has been found, not among the worldly great and honored, but in the humblest walks of life. Not to the biographies of nobles and princes, of kings and queens, must we usually look for illustrations of that religion which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and whose chief ornament is a meek and humble spirit, but rather to the "cottage and the vale," to the ignoble and the unknown. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has ordained strength that he might still the enemy and the avenger; and he has hid these things from the wise and prudent and has revealed them unto babes, even because it seemed good in his sight.

In examining history for the lives and characters of the long line of English Monarchs, what do we behold? Among them all, with two or three exceptions, can we select one exemplary religious, one decidedly benevolent character even, whose yearning sympathies regardless of all difficulty, like Howard's, went forth under irrepressible impulses of compassion and love to relieve and bless afflicted humanity? Where for one thousand years is there a Howard among her kings, or an Elizabeth Fry among her queens? England for centuries has been producing multitudes of minds of the first order of human excellence, intellectual and moral, but it is striking to observe how uniformly these minds have been drawn from the lower and often lowest classes of society, from the bench of the shoemaker, the loom of the weaver, and other yet humbler occupations of life.

The young Queen now on the throne of England, must certainly be regarded as one of the very best specimens of royalty, if we can form any correct estimate of her character through the mass of adulation and incense offered her by the English press and people. Seldom has it fallen to the lot of sovereign, male or female, to be so universally and warmly beloved. The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George the Fourth, and heir presumptive to the British throne, was, a few years ago, the idol of the nation, the admiration and pride of high and low, rich and poor, and when Providence was pleased to remove her by an early death, there was scarcely a cottage in England that did not become a house of mourning.

Queen Victoria, who is a cousin of the Princess Charlotte, seems to have imbibed the spirit and disposition of that illustrious lady, as well as to have succeeded to her place in the affections of the nation. Both of them were born to the highest temporal heirship on earth, the sovereignty of the British Empire, stretching from sea to sea and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; both were trained amid all the luxury and pomp of a worldly court, and exposed to all the blinding and infatuating influences that can assail the heart, and yet both seem to have remembered that they were but part and parcel of humanity, and to have cultivated the kindly feelings towards their fellow beings without regard to rank in society.

It is difficult to determine how far religious principle may have sway over the conduct of

persons so differently educated from ourselves as the Royal Family of England. The standard of piety constantly exhibited there is so low, so much an affair of forms and outward observance, and of mere abstinence from heinous sin; and natural amiableness and kindness is so rarely distinguished from that love and its manifestations which are the fruit of the Spirit, that it is not easy to say whether religion has found a lodgment in the palace and the heart. In estimating the character of Victoria it would be difficult to find such evidence of evangelical piety, as would be regarded satisfactory in the case of any female in common life in this country. Indeed it is quite possible that the necessity of a change of heart to her personally is a truth that has never been deemed fitting for the royal ear by her spiritual advisers. Royal families have always been the worst instructed families, and we should not be surprised if the English Queen had been taught many other truths much more distinctly and thoroughly than the doctrine of human depravity, entire and universal, the doctrine of regeneration by the Spirit, and of salvation by grace alone.

And yet we discern occasional glimpses of a thoughtfulness, a sincerity, an earnestness in the path of duty, which speak loudly in her favor. The desire to be and to do right, as she understands it, manifests itself often as it would not in a mere worldling. She appears unwilling to shun her responsibilities as a woman, a wife, a mother or a sovereign. If report speaks truly, her late visit to Scotland disclosed many beautiful traits of character. Excellent common sense, a kind and amiable interest in others, a forgetfulness of self, are particularly manifest. She is evidently a reflecting woman, and for one of her years the faculties of her mind seem remarkably well balanced. It is surprising that in a country where the press is free even to licentiousness, and ever ready to catch up everything like scandal, we never hear of the queen saying or doing a foolish thing. This indicates a very exemplary circumspection of manners. Her character, as it strikes us, may be summed up in few words. She is a woman of good sense, of good native principle, and of benevolent disposition. We would hope also that she is not an entire stranger to religious impressions and inclinations. She is by no means a brilliant woman; she has none of the masculine genius of queen Elizabeth, and it is probably for the interests of her kingdom that she has not. If she has little of the genius, she possesses also but little of the miserable vanity of Elizabeth, and is every way a far more interesting character.

It is chiefly as an example of domestic virtue in the most elevated earthly circumstances, that Victoria becomes an object of interest. Such examples have been "few and far between," a fact to be sure not to be wondered at when we consider that royal marriages have usually been based, not upon mutual affection, but upon "reasons of state." Victoria and Prince Albert married because they loved each other, and they are happy in each other and in the offspring with which Providence has blessed them, and in which they find their principal enjoyment.

The example of the Queen is a beautiful and forcible recommendation of the superior character of domestic enjoyment to any other of a temporal nature. With the whole range of worldly pleasure before her, she enters the little circle of home, and finds her happiness there. Her children and her husband are worth more to her than crown and kingdom and regal pomp.

Let the young wives and mothers in humble life consider this, and remember that all the trappings of royalty and all the wealth of a kingdom are shallow sources of joy compared with a virtuous and loving home, however homely and humble: and that this resource is theirs if they choose to improve it.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY CONGREGATION.

Driven about for many and weary years on the world's wide sea, I have at last made harbor here in this goodly city of Gotham, better known as New York. But my heart turns often and fondly to that spot away up in the country, where my boyhood and youth were passed, where those dear to me are buried, where I first learned to read and to pray, where I thought to live and to die. It was in the old town of L——n, in the county of W——n, in the State of M——, and those who know not the geography of that part of the world, must be told that the town is a wide fertile plain, some ten or twelve miles across, circled with hills, watered by lovely and gentle streams, and peopled by a set of independent farmers, who are well to do for this world, and the most of them have been wise enough to make provision for the world to come.

It was in this town that I had my "bringing up," such as it was; this was the scene of a thousand youthful adventures in school-boy days, and of a thousand incidents of social and domestic life, that now come back to the call of memory, like the spirits of those we have loved, pleasant to meet again, but mournful as the truth comes with them that they are gone to return no more.

But there is little that is *mournful* to the reader in these sketches. He shall find nothing but pleasure in the reminiscences, and as I tell him of the "Old White Meeting House," and the "Minister and his family," and the "Elders and Deacons," and "a few of the neighbors," and then go abroad in the congregation and speak of the habits of the people, their business and amusements, and enter into their church matters, and mention the quarrel they had about the old minister, how they all loved him till one of them took offence at the truth and stirred up strife and drove him away, how they quarrelled about a new minister, *what* kind of a one they finally got, and how they have never been prospered since—as I go over all these and fifty other things, which these will suggest as we go along, the reader will not be tempted to the melancholy mood. We will keep clear of that, though we speak of serious things in a serious way.

I could spend some time in describing "our house," and the things in and around it, and it might not be out of the way to do so, as the natural course to matters of more public interest. There was a stream close by the door that was my resort in the trout season, and there was a grove of pines but a short distance off, into which I often in childhood wandered alone, and long before I ever heard of Coleridge, or his Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni where he says,

> "Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds,"

I had loved to sit down on the moss, and listen to the spirit-melody of the still air among the tree tops: sighing to my soul and saddening, I could not tell why, my young heart. There I used to think of communing with God and the spirits of the good in heaven, and in the solemn twilight of those deep shades, I had thoughts of loving and serving God which are now working themselves out in life's struggles, and will never be fully answered, till he who called me *then*, shall call me to himself. Then there was the old school house, and a hard set of boys, and I might spend an hour or a week in making chronicles of the first dozen of them that now leap up before the mind's eye, like young tigers, begging me to draw their portraits, and send them down the stream of time with these rough sketches. But the boys must wait. We have no room for them. Some of them will come in by the way, and we shall here and there set up a stone to the memory of some poor fellow, at whose fate we drop a passing tear. It is the religious life of the people that I want to bring out for the entertainment and instruction of those who may read, and unless I greatly mistake, the history will not be without its uses, although I feel full well that it will suffer much from the insufficiency of him who has ventured to be the historian.

The Old White Meeting House.

So it was called, and by this name it was known all over the county. Not but that there were other white meeting houses in that region, but this was by way of eminence *the* White Meeting House, as the largest, and oldest, and most respectable, and when a political meeting, or general training, or a show, was to be held at the tavern opposite, the notice was

given that the gathering was to be at the White Meeting House corners, and everybody for a dozen miles around, knew at once where it was to be.

It was a large square building, with a steeple whose lofty spire gave me my first and strongest impressions of "amazing height;" and now as I look at "Trinity" here in Broadway, and the men dwindled into dwarfs on its all but "cloud-capt towers," it does not look half as tall as that steeple, with a *fish* for a *weather-cock*, wheeling in the breeze. How often have I lain on "the green" in front of that church, and wondered how in the world they ever got that fish away up there; or who hitched the lightning rod to that spire, and how any one ever dared to shingle the roof of that awful steeple almost to the very summit. And sometimes in the night when I had "bad dreams," I fancied that I was clasping that steeple in my little arms, and sliding slowly down, the steeple widening, and my hold relaxing, till at length down I came, down, down, and just as I was to strike the ground, I would wake in terror, and be afraid to go to sleep again, lest I should repeat that terrible slide.

The church had square pews, with high partitions and sash-work between, which were great inlets of amusement to the children who would be always thrusting their arms through, and sometimes their heads, in the midst of sermon, but more particularly in prayer-time, for then they were more likely to escape observation. These *square pews* the minister always was free to say he regarded as an invention of the devil, and there was some reason to believe that the devil had the right to a patent. As half of the congregation must sit with their backs to the preacher, it was customary for the parents to place the children in this position, and it is easy to see that thus situated, it would be next to impossible to secure their attention to the services of the sanctuary. Of course the devil would be pleased with an arrangement which so effectually prevents the young from becoming interested in divine truth, and I do not therefore wonder at the good minister's notice of the origin of the plan.

The pulpit was like unto an immense barrel supported on a single post. Its interior was gained by a lofty flight of steps, and the preacher once in possession, had certainly a most commanding position. I can recollect often thinking how easy it would be with a saw to cut away the pillar on which this old pulpit tottered, and then what a tremendous crash it would make, coming down with the minister in it. And this reminds me of one of the minister's boys, an arch rogue, about five years old, who was so much in the habit of misbehaving in meeting, that he had to be punished often and soundly but with no sanative consequences. His father threatened frequently to take him into the pulpit with him if he did not behave better, but the youngster never believed that he was serious in the threat, or if he was, Dick had a very natural idea that there was as much chance for fun in the pulpit behind his father's back, as there was in the pew before him. At length the pastor was as good as his word, and one Sunday morning, to the surprise of the people, he led his roguish boy up into the pulpit, and proceeded with the service. Richard began to be uneasy, but remained comfortably quiet until the long prayer began; then he fidgeted up on the seat, and peaked over upon the congregation below; and, finally as a sudden thought struck him, he threw one leg over the pulpit, and there sat astride of the sacred desk, drumming with his little heels upon the boards. The good pastor was at prayer, and could not turn aside to dismount his hopeful boy, but between his fears that the child should fall, and the indications of mirth among the young folks in the church, the minister had more than he could do to keep his thoughts on the service, and he therefore speedily brought his petitions to a close, and seized the youthful Richard in the midst of his ride. We never saw Dick in the pulpit again, and a marked improvement in his manners gave us reason to believe that certain domestic appliances were resorted to, which have the recommendation of the wisest of men, as useful in cases of this desperate nature.

The old church was the haunt of swallows that built their nests under its eaves; and it was no unusual thing for one of those swift-winged birds to dart into the open window on a summer Sabbath, and by some strange perversity, to persist in flying everywhere but out of the window again, till wearied with flying to and fro it would light on the sounding-board over the minister's head. These gyrations were quite an amusement to the children, and I remember that on one of these occasions, the same young Richard, who has already been introduced, thought he had hit upon something smart when he turned up the 84th Psalm in Watts:

> "And wandering swallows long
> To find their wonted rest."

But that pulpit or that house was no place for mirth. Never in all the wanderings of after life, in splendid temples, where the wealth of princes has been lavished, to make honorable the house of God, where the stained windows shed dim religious light over the solemn courts, and the great organ poured its deep thunders on the ear, never there, or elsewhere, have I seen or heard so much of God as in that old white meeting-house. It was a *plain* house, it is true. Except the pulpit and the front of the gallery, the whole interior was innocent of paint, and the bare floor rung under the heavy tread of the substantial farmers as they came up the narrow aisles, with their horse-whips in their hands: and they were a plain people in that church; some of them in hot weather sat with their coats off, and some stood up in sermon-time when they became drowsy by sitting; it was all the plainness of a country congregation in a country meeting-house; but *God was there.* I have heard Him in his preached word, when the strong truths of the gospel were poured with energy from that sacred desk, not in enticing words of man's wisdom, but with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. I have felt Him when the Holy Ghost has come down on the congregation as on the day of Pentecost, and strong men have bowed themselves under the mighty influence of subduing grace.

But all these I shall have occasion to speak of hereafter, when the minister and his preaching and its fruits come up in review.

The Old Grave-yard.

In the rear of the meeting-house was the grave-yard, and all my early recollections of death and the grave, are associated with that quiet and solemn spot. It was a large enclosure which had never been laid off in "lots to suit purchasers," but a decent interval was left between families, and all came there on common ground. A few pines of a large growth were scattered in it, and with the exception of here and there a rose bush, the place was unadorned. But it had attractions. For every Sabbath day, during the interval of divine worship, the people from a distance, who remained at church, "bringing their dinner" with them, were in the habit of walking among the tombs, meditating upon themes suggested by the inscriptions they read upon the headstones, and speaking to one another of the virtues of those whom when living they had known and loved. And often of a summer Sabbath evening, the young people would stroll into the yard, the gate of which was always left open on the Sabbath, and at such time there was never heard the slightest indication of levity or irreverence for the holy day.

But observance of the Sabbath was a strongly marked feature of that place and people. A simple fact will show the state of public opinion on this subject. On one occasion, several young men, chiefly from some mechanical establishments lately set up in the neighborhood, not having the fear of God or the laws of man before their eyes, made up a party and went off to the mountains to pick whortle berries. The minister and a few of the good men held a consultation, and it was determined to put the statute of the State into execution and make an example of them, to prevent the pernicious influences which might result to the whole community, if such a flagrant breach of morals were suffered to go unpunished. Accordingly the whole party were arrested, brought before 'Squire Jones, and fined one dollar each. There was no help for them, and they paid the fine; but they watched the opportunity for revenge. And it soon came in a small way, for on the next Sabbath afternoon they saw the 'Squire's daughter, a fine girl of seventeen, in the garden picking a few currants, and they complained of her to her own father, had her arrested, and the fact being too clearly established by proof to admit of any evasion, the 'Squire was compelled to impose the fine and pay it himself! This was quite a triumph for these low fellows, who, however, were very careful not to go after whortle berries on the Sabbath again. But this is wandering out of the old grave yard.

There was a simple beauty and solemnity in those country funerals that I have not observed for years. A death in the country is a widely different event in its relations and effects, from one in the city. The other day I observed an unusual gathering at the house of my next door neighbor, a man whom I had never known even by sight. Presently a hearse stood in front of the house, and I soon learned that it had come to take away the body of my neighbor to his burial. It was sad to think of, that I could have been living with only a thin wall between me and a brother-man, who had been for weeks struggling with disease, and who had finally sunk in the arms of death, while I had never even *felt* the tenderness of sympathy with him or his, in the days and nights of suffering and sorrow which they had known. Yet

so it is in this city. Your nearest neighbors are utter strangers, and may sicken and die and be buried, and you will know nothing of it, unless you happen to be at home when the hearse comes or goes. It is not so in the country There in L——, when one was sick all the neighbors knew it and felt it; kindness, like balm, fell on the heart of the sufferer from every family near, and when death came, solemnity was on every heart. All the country-side, from far and near, without being *invited*, came to the funeral, and filled the house and the door-yard, and when the services were concluded, the coffin was brought out in front of the house, and the multitude were permitted to take a farewell look of the departed. Then the remains were borne away to the grave, followed by a long train, not of hired carriages, but of plain wagons filled with sympathizing friends, and the procession moved on slowly and silently, often many miles, to the place of burial. As it reached the yard, those who lived near, would drop in and join the crowd that was now gathering at the open grave, and the children of the neighborhood, especially, were sure to be present at such times. Frequently have I been deeply moved by the scenes around those graves—for there in the country, nature revealed itself in its simple power—and the deep but half-stifled groan that has come to my soul when the first clods fell on the coffin, was as if they fell on the warm breast of a sleeping friend. We see no such funerals here in this great city—itself a mighty charnel house. We take our dead to the narrow cemetery, and for thirty pieces of silver purchase the privilege of putting the precious dust into a great cellar. Some time ago, a friend of mine wanted to remove the ashes of his wife from one of these receptacles, and he applied to the keeper for that purpose; the man objected on account of the time that would be consumed in the undertaking; my friend offered to defray all the expenses, and reward him liberally besides, but it was of no avail; and he was finally told that it would be impossible ever to find or recover the remains. These are city burials. Rural Cemeteries are now becoming more *fashionable*(!) in the neighborhood of cities. Let them be encouraged. Dust we are, and when we die let us go back to our mother's bosom and rest there till mortal puts on immortality.

This last thought reminds me of the great excitement which once pervaded the community when it was reported that a grave had been violated in that peaceful yard, and the lifeless tenant carried off by the doctors. The appearance of the grave led to suspicion that there had been foul play; it was examined, and the suspicions were found to be too true. The body of a girl some fourteen years of age, of respectable family, had been stolen from the sepulchre to be cut up and made into a "nat'omy," as the people expressed it. The whole town was aghast. Such an outrage had never been heard of in that part of the world, and the good people could scarcely believe that such monsters lived, as men who dig up corpses to hack them in pieces. They met in righteous indignation, and appointed a committee of investigation, who never gave sleep to their eyes or slumber to their eyelids till they got upon the trail of the hyenas. They never rested till the perpetrator of the deed was in prison, and the instigator—Dr. ——, who escaped by some flaw in the indictment—was compelled to remove from the town.

These events naturally led to great apprehensions respecting other graves, and many were searched by anxious friends, who now watched the tombs with more vigilance than did the guards set over the holy sepulchre. The impression became very strong that a certain grave had been robbed. It was the grave of a lovely woman, the wife of a drunkard, and the fact that he was dead to all feeling, and consequently would not be likely to care what became of the body of his wife, seemed to confirm the grounds of suspicion, and finally it was determined to make the examination. It was the afternoon of a warm day in the midst of summer when I, a mere child then, was attracted into the yard by seeing a number of men around a grave. I soon learned what was going on, and creeping between the feet of those who were standing nearest, I was soon immediately over the head of the grave which they had now opened down to the coffin. Having cleared off the earth and started the fastenings of the lid, which were all found secure, they raised it, and the full light of the sun flowed upon the most horrid spectacle which my eyes before or since have seen.

"Corruption, earth and worms" were there.

I waited not for a second look, but ran from the spot in awful terror, and have, from that time, had an image of "death's doings" which I never could have obtained but for the loathsome revelations of that grave-yard scene.

These are not the things that I intended to record of that hallowed spot. Yet they are,

perhaps, among the most vivid impressions that I retain of it; unless it be my fears to pass it alone after dark! And I should as soon have thought of setting fire to the church, as of *playing* within the enclosure. I looked upon it with reverential awe as "God's acre;" and I wish with all my heart that that feeling of regard for sacred places, and times, and things which we felt in our childhood, might return. It had its faults and its weaknesses, but *they* were better than the care-for-nothing, dare-devil spirit of the rising generation now-a-days. But I shall have more to say of this hereafter.

SIGH NOT FOR THE OLDEN TIME.

BY T. B. READ.

Go, sigh not for the youthful world,
  Its days in bye-gone time;
But proudly think the heart should be
  The manlier in its prime.

The hills, the vales, the streams and skies
  Are lovely now as then;
And God's own image still is stamped
  Upon the sons of men.

The olden time, the olden time,
  A theme for idle hours,
A dusky sea but dim descried
  From Fancy's lofty towers

Oh, sigh not for the dark'ning past,
  A tide betinged with blood,
But earnestly look up toward
  The future stainless flood.

The past too darkly chronicles
  The sway of sword and fire;
Where hot religious zeal, too oft
  Hath lit the martyr's pyre.

Behold where grey old Cranmer fell.
  By traitors base consumed;
And weep o'er Anne Boleyn's fate,
  The beautiful, but doomed.

Yes, see where tyrants' treacheries
  The bloody annals swell;
Nor turn, 'till on the guillotine
  Thine eyes have feasted well.

The days of old, the days of old,
  Oh, sigh not to recall,
Nor dream of retrogression, while
  The Lord is God of all.

Or if thou fain wouldst turn and sigh
  Still for the olden time,
Oh, pray that we may never know,
  Such days of blood and crime.

The past, a shadow lost in shade,
  No cheering hope affords—
The living present is our own,
  To-morrow is the Lord's.

Then pray that when to-morrow's sun,
  Its banner hath unfurled,
Thy heart may beat more righteously
  And in a better world.

DEATH OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER AT CAIRO.

It was midnight when he died. Day after day, week after week, we had watched him with the sad fear that he was fading away. Daily his cheek had grown paler, his eye brighter, and yet the spirit which was consuming its frail prison-house, was unchanged save to grow stronger when the flush of fever was on his brow. His had been a strange life, and his death was like unto it. He came among us unknown, except as the famed traveller who was to make known the secret things of the upper Nile. His body was weak but his heart was strong, and he was looking forward to researches in that unknown country with all the enthusiasm his spirit was capable of. A few days, and we began to discover the treasures of that soul, rich in the stores of a hundred lessons in the school of life. He told of adventures in every clime, from sunny Greece to the islands of the Pacific. He had struggled long and surmounted many obstacles, fought many hard fights with poverty and scorn; and all for Fame. It was his dream when a school-boy, and it clung to him in life. It was not wealth, it was not pleasure, that had wooed him to our land rich in the lore of ages.

Had he sought antiquity? It was before him. Temples whose ruins had grown old, long before the Parthenon had whitened the Acropolis—Pyramids that were "baptized to immortality in the deluge"—Obelisks that had pointed their taper fingers upward to the God of Egypt when the Pharaohs shrank from his withering curse. Halls that in their labyrinthine wanderings so awed the sage Herodotus that he went to the grave bowed down with the weight of their awful mysteries.

But the young American looked not long on these. Awhile he paused on Elephantina; and awhile sat silent and thoughtful in Apollinopolis. He held communion with the gathered ages, beholding their record on the pillars of Thebes and Carnac. But he turned from them; and lying beside the Nile, his heart went forth upon its waters. "The Pyramids are time-worn and hoary," said he, "but the Nile rolled here long before the shadows of the royal tombs lay on its waters. Kings have lived and died, and the heedless river rushed on. I have sought knowledge in the past, even where my faint call for light was lost in the roar of the deluge, and imagination itself, like the dove from the ark, has found no resting-place save it be a writhed and broken limb that has floated down, the only earthly record of the years before—but I found it not there more than my fellow man had already. I sought it in myself, but was lost in the dark tide of passions in my own soul. I sought it in books—but I must know something new. I must add to the sum of human wisdom. Before me rolls the father of rivers, whose waves have been waked with the war-cry of the Shepherd Kings. I will know whence he comes, and over what sands he has passed in his wanderings. And when, ages hence, men stand beside the river of Egypt, they shall speak of me." His ear caught the roar of the cataracts, and he was in haste to be gone.

It was then, in the spring of his hopes, that strength suddenly forsook his limbs, and the pilgrim lay down to rest. It is hard to die in youth. Hope has a fair face, and life's lessons come not yet harshly. Memory has become the sepulchre of few dead affections, and the living are very strong. The thoughts go not wearisomely through the mind; and the smile of joy has not yet withered. Yet, sustained by a high faith, and trusting in Him who died for him, the young American murmured not; but yielding the hopes of his warm heart, lay down in a convent, once the palace of a noble, and there his pilgrimage ended.

How had that heart been bound by the spell of Fame? The island-home of his mother had been almost forgotten. Her voice sounded faintly in the ear of her wayward boy. The world had been his mother; and a bitter nursing was his. He had stood in palaces often since he left his mother's cottage. Often had his voice held princes in listening pleasure. But a few days before the sudden attack which brought him to his grave he had written a letter to his noble patrons expressive of the highest hopes and most daring ambition. Now came back to him dreams of his childhood, a thousand happy thoughts of innocent days on the banks of the Connecticut, or the shore of Nassau, mingled sadly with the crushed hopes of a high heart. His last sickness was brief, although he had long been feeble. A few days, and his time was spent. He would lie for hours in the intervals of his pain, his quick gaze wandering restlessly from pillar to pillar, tracing out the

hieroglyphics on their carved shafts until his brain was maddened and he would break out eloquently, but wildly, in passionate exclamations. Sometimes a fitful frown appeared on his usually calm face, and he muttered something of harshness—and again among words of unknown import in strange tongues, that he used often when sleeping, a smile would steal over his face and the American dreamed of his own bright home.

It came at last. The hour of rest was drawing nigh to the weary spirit. It was ready.—The sun went down gilding the top of Cheops, then fading for ever from the eye of the departing. A few, a very few gathered around to cheer him in his last convulsive struggle with the phantom that had wiled him, that soul-winning Ambition. The monks would have prayed beside him, but he trusted not in their faith; and looked calmly upward, knowing that he was going home. Awhile his mind wandered, and it was evidently revelling in other lands and brighter scenes. Then again a gloom settled on his face, and he spoke sternly, but inaudibly. The faint gush of the river along its banks roused him, and his spirit struggled bitterly within him. "It has come! The hour I have so dreaded, yet so longed for. I must die, but that were nothing. I must be forgotten! I could have died calmly a month hence had I but time to leave my name beside that spring I have fancied in the desert, that unknown source of the Nile. But it cannot be. I have grasped at a Phantom—I have pursued it, and it was always near me. Now hope is crushed—and I am nameless. It were mine to-morrow—but to-morrow is not mine. This is death. I shall never see you again, my mother. Never again feel your hand on my forehead, or hear your blessing on the wayward one. Never again hear the surf-roar of Long Island. But the soul may mount to its God as well in Egypt as in America; and I shall sleep quietly enough beside the Nile. Now, dream of my vain spirit—now, chain that has so long bound me, I am free! Friends! Thanks for your love, and farewell. Mother! was that your voice? I heard a church-bell then! It calls me to the house of God." His eye closed, and silence was on the eloquent lip for ever. W. C. P.

A WISH.

BY ADELIA MORTON.

I do not seek a glittering gem,
  Or jewels with their sparkling rays,
Nor do I wish the diadem,
  Which in the hall of grandeur lays;
Oh, not for me is all the pride
  That ever filled a regal hall,
Where pomp and pageantry abide,
  And joy sends forth his welcome call.

I do not seek a world-renown,
  As wide as tongue can sound my name,
Or all the honors that can crown,
  The child of genius or of fame;
I do not live in golden dreams,
  Of boundless wealth or earthly bliss,
Nor doth my fancy bathe in streams,
  That spring from fountains such as this.

I know of naught this world can give,
  With all its frail alluring toys,
For which my spirit seeks to live,
  In hopes to share its richest joys;
But I would seek beneath the Cross,
  To gain from Heaven a brighter part,
And casting off Time's worthless dross,
  Obey the word—BE PURE IN HEART.

NYMPHÆA ODORATA.

BY [illegible] WHEELER [illegible] D.

([illegible] ING.)

[illegible]

[illegible] the White Water Lily, or Pond Lily. The *generic* name, *Nymphæa*, [illegible]

The celebrated Hooker, one of the most emi-

[illegible]

A WISH.

[illegible]

NYMPHÆA ODORATA.

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

CLASS, Polyandria—order, Monogynia. Natural order of Linnæus, Succulentæ; of Jussieu, Nymphæaceæ.

Generic Character. Calyx, from four to seven-leaved; corol monopetalous, equalling the length of the calyx, petals attached to the germ below the stamens; stigma, broad, disk-like, marked with radiated lines; pericarp, berry-like, many-celled, many-seeded.

Specific Character. Leaves, round, heart-form, sub-emerginate; lobes, widely spread, acuminate, obtuse. There is a variety, *rosea*, which has its petioles, peduncles and leaves, of a purplish color on the under side; leaves with divaricate and acute lobes.

The *Nymphæa minor* has its leaves cordate and entire, with prominent veins and nerves beneath; peduncles and petioles rather hairy; stigma from sixteen to twenty rayed. Flowers smaller than the preceding species—perhaps a variety of it.

The *Nymphæa lutea*, or, according to Prof. Eaton, the *Nuphar advena*, the yellow water lily, is only a little inferior to the white species in point of elegance, but its flower is smaller and inodorous. Lindestolpe informs us that, in some parts of Sweden, the roots were used as food in times of scarcity, and proved both wholesome and nutritious.

Some exotic lilies bear a striking resemblance to our water lilies in their general appearance, properties and some of their habits. The *Nymphæa lotus*, Egyptian lotus, is an aquatic plant, and a native of both the Indies. The root is conical, firm, about as large as a middling sized pear, and set round with fibres. It is sweet to the taste, and when roasted or boiled, the inside becomes yellow like the yolk of an egg. It grows in abundance on the banks of the Nile, where the poorer classes gather it for food, and they collect enough in a short time to supply their families for several days. The *Nymphæa nelumbo*, Pontic, or Egyptian bean, grows on marshy grounds in Egypt and some of the neighboring countries. Its fruit is eaten by the inhabitants, and is a tonic and astringent.

Our plate represents the White Water Lily, or Pond Lily. The *generic* name, *Nymphæa*, is derived from νυμφαῖος, pertaining to nymphs, who were supposed to inhabit pure, transparent water. The plant is so called because it really exists where those ideal beings were supposed to; or, perhaps, from the circumstance of its rising above the surface of the water in the day-time, and sinking beneath it again at night. This fact certainly renders the water-lily a curiosity. It grows in fresh water of considerable depth, generally a pond or lake; the roots are very firmly fixed at the bottom; the leaf and flower-stems mount upward to the surface, where the broad, green leaves continually float. Early in the month of July the blossoms appear. In the morning, the flower-bud rises upon the water—truly nymph-like—and gradually opening its calyx and unfolding its petals, is fully expanded at mid-day—but almost as soon as the sun begins to decline, the flower also begins to close; and when the shadows of evening steal over the lake, the blossom becomes a bud again, and the coiling stem draws it under water. This operation is performed for several successive days, till the stamens and pistil have had time to fulfil the task assigned them—that of perfecting the seed. What adds greatly to the interest of these fairy-like flowers is that their fragrance is aromatic and exquisitely agreeable; hence the specific name *odorata*, from *odoratus*, sweet-smelling or perfumed. The leaves of this *species* are of a rich, deep green color, and are larger than those of any other American plant.

This plant is pretty common in ponds, and lakes, and marshy pools in the United States, and also throughout Great Britain and some other parts of Europe.

Let the lovers of Nature, who in mid-summer visit Saratoga Springs in search of health and recreation, also visit the beautiful Saratoga Lake, whose broad patches of water, a quarter of a mile or more in extent, are covered with these lovely water-nymphs, with here and there smaller portions of the gay and smiling yellow-lily tastefully interspersed, and they will almost believe the view to be one of enchantment.

The celebrated Hooker, one of the most emi-

upon a bed, that brought no sleep to his eyelids, and sit down and rise up again and again from his untouched food, the stubborn man would not confess, that the arrow of the Almighty it was, that was drinking up his spirit. Yet the grace of a Saviour was mightier than he. The quick eye of his daughter was upon him; her tears and prayers followed him. God gave to her pleading voice a power to open the long-pent heart. It was poured out in broken confessions of guilt and misery. And then with what sweet persuasions she drew him to the house of her pastor! "It is my father," said the affectionate girl, as she entered my study that evening; "he's come to ask you if he can find a Saviour. Speak, father, do, and tell him all about it." "O, sir," exclaimed the sobbing old man, "I am the most miserable sinner—I am just ready to perish—I would give all the world for a Saviour—but I don't deserve one." "He is nigh," I replied, "unto all them that call upon Him, He will hear their cry." "But I don't know how to go to Him." "Go tell Him just what you have told me. That you are a most miserable sinner, just ready to perish and that you deserve to perish. Tell Him, that His atoning blood is all your hope and all your trust. Acknowledge that if ever you are saved, the glory of your salvation must all be His; but if you perish, the blame will be all your own." "But will He save me after I have lived so long in sin against Him, and when I have nothing to give Him but powers and faculties worn out in the service of the world?" "Hear Him saying, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out. Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find.' O, go to Him. Cast yourself upon the love, that brought Him down to die for you, and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." "Do, do, dear father," interrupted the daughter, grasping his hand, and turning to him an eye floating in tenderness. The old man was overcome; his head sank upon his daughter's bosom, his grey hairs were on her cheek; he wept aloud—we all wept. "Sir," he cried, "will you pray for me?" "Yes, but it is *you*, who are to repent; it is *you*, who are to cast yourself upon sovereign mercy for help." It was there, yonder, we knelt side by side, while I commended the trembling sinner to the mercy of Him, "who forgiveth sins only." At my request he followed me in prayer. He was bowed to the very floor in the earnestness and lowliness of his plea, while his daughter bent over him, her hands folded and her fast trickling tears falling on him. For nearly ten minutes he pleaded for mercy with an agony of supplication that I never heard surpassed; then, as in despair of all further effort, exclaimed, "there, I can do no more—if Jesus will save me, I will praise Him for it for ever; if he will not, I'll never blame him. He must do as He pleases." After a moment's pause, he added—"He *may* do as He pleases." The struggle was over, the storm of feeling was hushed, and when the old man arose and took his seat again, the serenity of heaven was spreading itself over his countenance. "I do not know what it means," said he, "my anxiety is gone, and I feel so peaceful." The daughter looked up inquiringly, caught the smile of her father's face, and the next moment was in his bosom, sobbing as if her heart would break in the excess of her joy. Wonderfully did her sobs and broken thanks chime in with the angels' song of gladness over the sinner that repenteth. The birth-place of that soul will never be forgotten.

Nor will *she* forget it, who from amid the triumphs of her dying hour, and when her eye was filling with visions of eternal bliss, turned back to speak of the time, when she knelt down weeping there and arose singing. "Twas there I found the hope in Christ, that is my anchor now. Tell my dear pastor, that when I was dying I thanked him for leading me to the Saviour, and will thank him again when I meet him in glory. Bid him be faithful, and there will be many more to welcome him there when his work is done." She smiled farewell, stepped into the cold river, and was soon lost to sight among the glories which "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

But we have lingered in that room too long. I turn from it, devoutly grateful to Him, who had permitted me there to witness scenes, that have gladdened the Redeemer's heart and made the angels sing.

And here is another chamber that we may not pass. Enter it softly. It is the chamber of death, and yet of life. The angels of God have been here, and from this chamber of death they took away my boy to heaven. He was dear to us, and dearer for the evidence he gave to the watchful eye of his parents, that, young as he was, he had become, before his last sickness, a Christian. Many will remember his soft dark eye, bright with thought and feeling; the sweet expression of his lovely countenance and the gentle, affectionate manners, that won a way to every heart. His parents will not forget it

A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

It is good, it does us good, to retrace our steps and send the memory back along the path of the past, here and there to raise the grateful Ebenezer, and from the retrospect of kindness, unwearied to gather fresh confidence in our heavenly guide and entrust ourselves to Him for all the future. In the life of every one there are scenes, some of joy and some of sorrow, to recall which, is to make us, for the time at least, wiser and better. My own history, as I look back upon a few brief years, saddens, yet refreshes my spirit. It may be, the patient reader will glean from its incidents somewhat of interest and profit too. It was but last week, that I returned to the little village, where for a while the great Master had given me work to do as His Ambassador. I asked for the key of the still untenanted parsonage, that I might shut myself in to commune with the shadowy past. I entered it alone —and yet not so—for memory brought to my side, and hung upon my arm the wife of my youth ; and there were my two boys, bounding from room to room and making the house ring with their boyish glee, just as when six years ago we crossed its threshold, and for the first time called it home. But as I passed through its silent halls I felt myself again alone. Each foot-fall struck sadly on the heart, tender remembrances crowded fast and thick upon me, and through the mist of my tears I gazed on each familiar spot. That snug little room was my "study." Step in, dear reader. That window looks out upon the busy street and beyond to where the sun goes down in its glory; and that other window, how I have loved there to watch that same sun flushing the eastern heavens with the beauty of its first beaming! There, against that wall rose, shelf above shelf, my unpretending library. Edwards, and Dwight, and Jeremy Taylor, and Leighton, and Robert Hall, and Foster, and kindred worthies side by side, in just the nearness of companionship with which faith beholds them now ranging the fields of heaven. Baxter and Bunyan lifting their unassuming heads, like sweet violets, amid the more gorgeous beauties of Chalmers and Melville. And there were Brainerd and Martyn, and other just such spirits breathing the perfume of a precious piety. Close by it stood my well-used desk, the anvil of many a sermon. And above, from out its gilded frame, looked down upon me the tender eye of the beoved pastor of my boyhood, the devoted Payson, with the same anxious brow and earnest expression with which I have often seen him looking from his sacred elevation upon his gathered people. Many a time, as I have gazed upon that sad, still face, his very lips seemed moving, and my soul was hushed as if listening again to his parting charge, when I bade him farewell but a few weeks before his Master called him home. "My young brother, you have chosen a blessed service. Had you ten thousand lives to spend, Jesus would be worthy of them all. Be faithful to the end." Such was my "study," a dear and hallowed room. There my tears have fallen, my prayers gone up; and there, the God that heareth prayer, has come down. Thither, in seasons of the gracious outpouring of His Spirit, old and young, the grey-haired sire, the strong man in his prime, the mother with her ever-burdened heart, and the child of unfurrowed brow and curling locks, have come to hear words whereby they might be saved. And there we have wept, and knelt side by side, and prayed, and listened breathlessly to hear the still, small voice, that whispered—"thy sins are forgiven." What a scene for the angels to look upon, has that room presented! Immortal beings grouped together to do the one great business transcending far in its solemn import every other. Some with their heads bowed like a bulrush, cowering in dread of the storm of Divine wrath; some pouring a burdened heart out in tears and sobs; some silent and dark with the gloom of a despair, that could not weep; and some with a countenance as serene as the loveliest sky, when the storm is passed, and there is not a cloud over all the sunny blue. Souls, that there were born to God, will ye not remember, yes—and sing over that room from thrones in glory? I doubt it not.

I am thinking now of that gentle tap from a timid hand. It was just at this hushed twilight hour. And as I opened the door there stood a daughter, a dear young disciple of Jesus, holding her grey-haired father by the hand. Poor old man! for more than sixty years he had grievously sinned against his Maker and feared no coming judgment. Scarcely once in all that time, had his shadow darkened the house of God. But in his old age sovereign grace had found him out. An arrow from the quiver of God had pierced his heart. For weeks he hid the wound from his praying wife and children, and although he would toss night after night

crossed the threshold of eternity. He passed away at the usual hour of our gathering for the afternoon services of the Church. The bell, that summoned my people to prayer and praise on earth, summoned his young spirit to the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. His life was short, but *happy:* for he loved everybody and everybody loved him.

It is hard even now, to think, that the dear boy, who used to keep dancing all day long, like a butterfly among the flowers, should go down into the grave so early, with his sweet face and rosy smiles and all the gentle affections that made him dear to a parent's heart. But when I remember who "gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom," I rejoice that I am the father of an angel in heaven, and I had rather lay my other two down by his side to sleep, than have him back to sin and sorrow here again. I love to take my chair and sit in the very spot where he died, that I may look up along the path of light by which he entered into his rest. I never get so near to heaven, I never see so much of its beauty and breathe so much of its pure air and feel its spirit, as when I am in that room.

I may be a wanderer over the face of the earth, my lot may be cast, my grave dug, far away from the scene of these hallowed associations, but to my latest hour, memory, I doubt not, will linger around that deserted parsonage, nor forget it, when I greet the stars of my rejoicing and fold my boy to my heart again in heaven.

WONDERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

We have sometimes felt annoyed with what seemed to us a boastful clamor about the progress beyond all past precedent of the 19th century, about its prodigious strides in knowledge of all sorts, and of conquests over all kinds and degrees of power, save that of Omnipotence itself, and have been ready to accuse ourselves and our small but noisy contemporaries of a disposition to enter with an inconvenient extensiveness into the bragging spirit. It seemed as if we said, "Doubtless wisdom is ours, and was born and will die with us;" as if we regarded all past generations as never having got beyond mature boobyhood, despite their attempts to be and to know something, and notwithstanding all that has been said and sung in praise of "old experience." And yet prone as we are to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think, and to deem the movements of our own times of absorbing importance, it must be granted that thus far the nineteenth century exceeds in historic interest that of any equal portion of time in the annals of the human race. To this conclusion we think almost any mind would be drawn, that should in deliberate detail recal the events of the last forty or fifty years. The mind of the civilized world, though for a great part of the time apparently in a state of unwonted repose, has in truth been fervidly active, and intensely drawn, and external things only seemed to revolve simply because of the rapidity of the mind's own movement, as the rapidly drawn traveller sees shores and fields in motion, and himself seems at rest unmindful of the optical illusion. If the length of a life, as the poet teaches, is to be reckoned not by the number of its years, but by the measure of its activity, the man of fifty in the nineteenth century may be older than the antediluvian of nine hundred.

We would ask the intelligent reader of fifty years of age to compare in detail, the world as it is in 1845, with the world as it was when he commenced his being, and to mark all the intermediate changes which society has undergone, and, especially, to note the number, magnitude, and rapidity of those changes as compared with those of any other division of history. Where are the sovereigns and cabinets of fifty years ago? All vanished, and not one who was then a monarch, is now more than a handful of dust. The political divisions of Europe have been changed so often, and so materially, that our maps have required entire revision every few years. Within the period in question, is comprehended the career of that great master-spirit of mischief, Napoleon Bonaparte, and the grandest game of war and desolation ever played, is begun, carried on and completed, and the adroit and grim figures that sat at the chess-board of nations in the desperate contest, have nearly all sunk into the long, dull sleep of death. The bronze Cor-

sican, the man of Destiny himself is no more. On the lonely rock of Helena, amid the far off waste of waters, the mighty wizard paid his last tribute to death and nature, while trooping tempests and wrathful storms, and the thundering ocean attended the scene, and the imaginary tread of armies and the fierce battle-shock were the last sounds that fell upon the dull ear of the dying chief.*

Within about twenty of the years we are considering, it has been estimated that two hundred general battles were fought, involving a loss of six or seven millions of human lives at least, besides all the untold and incalculable miseries inseparable from desolating war, and which are indeed the chief miseries inflicted by this gigantic curse. Not they who lie down upon their gory bed on the battle field, but the widows and orphans, the bereaved parents and the ten thousand broken and bleeding circles of affection that survive, are the principal sufferers. The pangs of the dying soldier are soon over, but those of the widow and the childless continue through life.

But the history of the last fifty years is not wholly calamitous and sickening. Even out of the fierce alembic of war, a controlling and benignant Providence has brought a refined social good, and a compensating thoughtful repose, that has afforded scope for the culture of the peaceful arts, and given impulse and guidance to all the interests of civilisation. It is astonishing, the progress of things in all directions. The discoveries of science, almost innumerable, have been immediately wrought into practice and made to minister to our commonest wants. Chemistry goes into the kitchen and makes matches for the maid, and yeast powders for her cakes. It goes into the workshop and assists the artisan in his labors, and renders the most toilsome and tedious of his processes light and pleasant. Steam, which for thousands of years enjoyed no better character than that of a vagrant and valueless exhalation, that obeyed no law and rendered no service, has been found to be one of the most useful, obedient and powerful of agents, and willing to work at anything. It will drive a ship across the ocean, draw thousands of tons of merchandize, or cook your potatoes, and in any labor, however grand or menial, will prove itself far more manageable than blood and sinews. The changes wrought by the introduction of steam as a mechanical agent are almost incredible, and certainly if any man at the beginning of this century had ventured to predict them, he would have been deemed a lunatic for his pains. Still more extravagant would he have been thought, if he had ventured to prophesy that in 1844 intelligence would be conveyed from Baltimore to Washington, and an answer returned in three minutes. And yet our readers know that this has been repeatedly accomplished by means of the electro-magnetic telegraph of Professor Morse, and in a few years no doubt a similar communication will be established between all our principal commercial cities, and messages will pass from Boston to New Orleans in a few seconds.

The growth and prosperity of this country has been great and rapid without a parallel in the history of the world. Within a single lifetime within the memory of multitudes yet living, it has risen in population, wealth and enterprise, to an extent never realized by any nation in ancient or modern times. And it has risen not by wars of conquest and crime, not by the invasion of defenceless territories, not by treading upon the necks of subdued tribes of men, but by the peaceful arts, by homely and toilsome industry, by daring and large-minded enterprise, by honorable competition in every market of the world, by generous institutions wisely administered and cheerfully obeyed; by liberal advances to men of all climes, and by the benignity of God's providence shining upon her, has her mighty growth been nurtured into almost exclusive greatness.

The cities upon the sea-board have led the way and largely shared in the prosperity of the nation: and none in a more remarkable degree than the city of New York. The rapidity with which it has reached its present size, wealth and splendor, wears more the air of romance than of sober history. One hundred and fifty years ago, the whole amount of property in the now chartered limits of the city was assessed at the value of 99,000 pounds, and was owned by 300 persons, and the whole amount of tax levied was 450 dollars. In the same year, the authorities of the city offered rewards for the destruction of wolves, by which the place was then infested. The whole number of vessels belonging to the port was three barks, three brigantines, twenty-six sloops, and forty-six open boats, and the whole number of cartmen employed was twenty. About the same time, sixteen acres of land, in what is now called the

* Napoleon, it will be remembered, died in the midst of a terrible tempest, and his last words were *tête d'armée*, uttered under the delirious impression that he was engaged in a battle.

Bowery, were sold for one fat capon a year during the life-time of the seller. In 1730, the entire population was 8,638. In 1744, the whole number of houses was 1141, of which 129 only were between Broadway and the North River. Compare the present city with the New York of fifty or a hundred years ago, and the change seems almost miraculous.

In medical and surgical science, the last fifty years have witnessed decided improvement. The discovery of vaccination, by which the loathsome horrors of the small-pox were arrested, of itself constituted an epoch in history. As a result, partly of improved medical treatment, and partly of other causes, the average length of human life, at least in large cities, is almost doubled within 150 years, as we learn from the bills of mortality. And it would afford scope for curious reflection to inquire into the combined operation upon population of improved medical treatment, the increased comforts of living, the long cessation of war, the growth of temperance and cleanliness, and the prevalence of the domestic virtues. These and other causes are in operation now as they never were before, and those philosophers who have been wont to be alarmed lest the world should be overstocked with population, have increasing reason to tremble. We, however, are quite willing and desirous that the experiment shall be made to the fullest extent, and have no apprehension about the result.

The general diffusion of intelligence is one of the great achievements of the last fifty years. Many now living, well remember that in childhood there were no books prepared with reference to their improvement. Ridiculous stories about ghosts and goblins with eyes as big as saucers, the tragic history of Cock Robin, the House that Jack Built, Mother Goose, and the like, were the nursery classics of those days. What a glorious change has followed! Scarcely a family now exists into which useful information in some form has not found its way. The extreme cheapness of useful books, and the care taken to simplify abstruse subjects, so that children can comprehend them, are worthy of notice and admiration.

But the grand glory of the last half century has been the improvement of the world's moral condition, and the commencement of the missionary spirit, or rather the re-awakening of that spirit in the church of Christ. Fifty years ago and Egyptian darkness rested on all the heathen nations, and spread over all the islands of the sea. Now hundreds of school-houses, and churches, and missionary stations, throw the light of life upon millions of minds, and the largest church at present in the world is found on what was then heathen ground. And while the original diffusive spirit of Christianity has been revived, we believe civilized and Christian nations have been growing better. We do not believe with some that the world is growing worse. We see other signs multiplying around us We cannot prolong this article by specifying the grounds of our belief, but they are such as animate our hopes and strengthen our faith in the glorious promises of the Word of God, and prompt us to give thanks and look forward in full expectation that the kingdoms of this world will soon become the kingdoms of the Lord.

ISABEL MONCRIEF,

OR, A THUNDER-STORM DELIVERANCE.

"Fly, Richard, fly for my sake, if not your own; God will be my Shepherd and the lamb will be safe in his keeping," said Isabel; though until that morning she had never confessed, even to her own heart, that she loved.

"But how can I fly and leave thee here? What shall I gain but life, by flight, and what will life be worth without thee, Isabel? No, let me tarry here and run the risk of discovery. God is *our* Shepherd, and I will trust him for us both."

It was in the summer of 1685, in the midst of the fiercest struggles of the Scotch Covenanters that the scene of this tale of romantic interest is laid. Two hundred years have elapsed since it was deemed the duty of the ruling Church, to chase the psalmsinging Covenanters into the dens of the earth; where, far from the habitations of men, but hard by the throne of grace, they sang and prayed, and were happy too.

In these quiet times of all but millenial peace, we find it hard to believe that so lately in our

father-land the fires of persecution lighted the hills and valleys, and the blood of men and maidens flowed like water, as the bayonets or bludgeons of hired ruffians were used to enforce submission. The story of John Brown of Priest Hill is even now regarded rather as a fiction than a stern reality, the like of which so seldom stains the annals of the world, not to say the church, that we love to doubt it, rather than to feel that the monsters whom it immortalizes were our fellow men.

The year after the murder of this pastor before the eyes of his wife, whom Claverhouse asked, as she held her dead husband's head in her lap, "*And what think ye of him now?*" to which savage taunt she answered with heroism worthy of undying record—"*I aye thought much of him, and now more than ever;*" the year after this, a party of young men, in the valley of Douglas Water, were marched as victims of the persecuting power, and having vainly endeavored to find a resting-place in the neighborhood of their friends, they sought shelter in the Highlands of Nithsdale. Among the majestic hills of old Scotia there is scarcely to be found scenery more bold and more interesting, from its associations with bloody scenes that transpired in that region during the time that tried the souls of the Covenanters, in the days of their exile from the courts of the Lord. "On the south, the range of the Galloway hills rises to the view; on the west the dreary solitudes of Kyle; on the east the heathy mountains of Crawford-Moor; and on the north, the majestic Tinto, waving afar his misty mantle, and revealing through the opening of its folds, the ruddy scars which the angry buffeting of the storms has made on his shaggy and time-worn sides. The whole of this wide district was traversed in its breadth and length for many a tedious year, by the holy men who jeoparded their lives on the high places of the field, in support of that cause in which they had honestly embarked; and many a tale, if hills and glens could speak, might perchance be told of those devoted men, which the report of former days has failed to echo to our times." So writes the historian to whose labors we are indebted for much of the little which has been put on record of those perilous and memorable times.

Another historian, writing of those same wonderful men, says "they were hunted like beasts of prey from moss to mountain, from cliff to cavern. In vain did they make their beds in the dark heaths beneath the canopy of heaven, or the natural caves in the rocky glens, or in artificial lurking-places among the shaggy thickets." "The people were hunted from their homes and shot to death in the fields without mercy; their houses were pillaged and then reduced to ashes, the women and children being abused, and then left to houseless misery and starvation."

The valley of Douglas-Water was invaded by a gang of dragoons, and the six young men of whom we have spoken, were compelled to seek safety by flying to the southward among the Nithsdale mountains. Here they found a peaceful retreat in a secluded place then known as now by the name of Glenshilloch, not far from Cogshead, a farm-house delightfully planted in a sweet valley, an asylum which seemed too pure for the footstep of a bloody invader. In a thicket they lay concealed, and might have been happy had it not been that they were afraid to venture out for food. This was brought to them from the farm-house. Isabel, the farmer's daughter, a fine girl of eighteen, with a spirit as high and daring as the hills in which she had been cradled, was as resolute a friend of the Covenant as any of those whose names were subscribed to the deed at Grayfriars church in Edinburgh, where sixty thousand Scotchmen were gathered. She thought she loved all who loved the church, and she did not know, until the morning our story opens, that she loved one more than another of the covenanting people of God. But Isabel had not ministered to these exiled youth without awakening in them the tenderest feelings towards herself; and while all looked on her as an angel of mercy hovering near to supply their wants, and cheer them in their mountain-hiding place, one of them had learned that she was *not* an angel of the spirit race, but a being around whom the feelings of his heart clung, and for whom he would willingly die, and with whom it would be sweet to live. Richard had watched her with a beating heart as each morning she had passed near their covert, and deposited within their reach a supply of food for the day; and love had not been dull in finding ways and means to inform the devoted Isabel that he felt something more than gratitude for his preserver.

Under the cover of night he had ventured to the farm-house and there had told the tale of his sufferings for conscience sake, of the mother and sisters whom he had been forced to leave, of his wanderings among the hills, and his final refuge in the thicket which he must have deserted ere this had not she whom he now addressed, ministered daily to his, and his

companions' wants, and brought them food in the desert.

Those were hard times for lovers. It was no strange thing in those days for a cave to be the only spot for a bridal, and while some stood without to watch for the approach of the persecutor, within, the good pastor joined the hands of a youthful pair whose hearts had long been one. Often while these scenes were in progress has the shrill whistle been the signal of the enemy's coming, and a short prayer and a hasty kiss, but sweet, being over, the men rushed down upon the invader, and blood and death mingled with the trembling joys of a marriage hour.

Such scenes were common in the days of which we are writing, and when Richard went on to speak of his love for the noble-hearted Isabel, and finally, after having spent a few short evenings in her company, when he came to ask her to be his bride; it would have been no strange thing if she had shrunk from the perils to which she might yet be exposed as the wife of one whose blood was scented by the hounds of persecution among the hills of his native land. But she loved him the more that he was thus singled out by the enemy. There were many of the youth of her own neighborhood who had sought her hand in vain, for she had no heart for the man who had not the heart of a Covenanter. She gloried in the spirit of the times in which she lived, and spurned the offers of those who tamely bowed to the terms of the oppressor. And never, till she met these young exiles, willing to suffer for the great truth their fathers had vowed to maintain in life and in death, had she felt the strong tide of a woman's love swelling in her full soul. She loved Richard, but she dreamed not that he was dearer to her than her own life, till the morning that she stole out to the hiding-place and bore to him the message that the troopers of Drumlanrig, under the lead of that savage Chief, were in search of the refugees, having heard that they were secreted in that vicinity.

This was the moment, and these the trying circumstances under which the heroic Isabel, now the plighted one of Richard, sought him, and prayed him as he loved her, to fly and seek his safety in some more sequestered spot.

Richard refused. Why should he leave her, and where could he be safe if not near her who had watched him like a guardian angel? He went back and counselled with his companions. Three of them determined to fly without a moment's delay; and the other three, including Richard, resolved to stay where they were and trust to their seclusion. Isabel returned by the narrow and dangerous path which she had learned well by daily travel, and in sadness prayed that he whom she loved might escape the pursuer.

The troopers in three divisions were scouring the country, and having heard that Richard and his friends had been seen in that region, felt sure of their prey. The band, headed by Drumlanrig himself, fell in with a boy who knew their hiding-place. Drumlanrig drew his sword, and threatened to run the little fellow through unless he revealed the secret, but the brave boy refused at the very point of death, and his life would have been taken on the spot had not the monster hoped by persuasion and gentleness to obtain from him what he could not extort by force. But as they were coming down the north side of the mountain they stumbled upon the spot where Richard and his three friends were hid; and the three that had not made their escape were seized in an instant, bound and dragged in triumph over the hill.

A miserable imprisonment and death were before them, but with spirits unconquered, calmly trusting to Him whom they served and would worship in their own way, they submitted to their inevitable fate. But the hour of man's extremity is God's opportunity. There He loves to make bare his almighty arm, and by a sudden revelation of his power, display his ability to help his people when every earthly helper fails. In mountainous regions, and especially in those mountains of Scotland, a sudden thunder-storm is nothing unusual. The rapidity with which the clouds gather, and the grandeur with which they rise, and swell, and burst, while yet the high sun touches their edges with golden hues, and cheats the unsuspecting traveller into the feeling of security, are often the subject of Fine Art with those who are familiar with the region.

"So terrific sometimes," says Simpson, "is the explosion from the clouds, and the gush of waters from the teeming firmament, as to quell the stoutest heart. In those cases the fiery bolts, falling incessantly on the hills, tear up the surface for a great space around. And the tumultuous descent of the waters, covering the green sides of the hills with a white foam, gathers into a torrent which carries moss and soil and rocks promiscuously to the vale beneath, and forms all at once a trench adown the steep declivity, which afterwards becomes the channel of a mountain rivulet. It was with one of

these storms that Drumlanrig and his party were visited, and which had been gathering over them unperceived. When the dragoons who led the three prisoners were within a short distance of "the martyr's knowe," a romantic elevation at the lower end of a deep ravine, the first burst of thunder rattled its startling peal over their heads. The horses snorted, and the sheep on the neighboring heath crowded together as if for mutual protection. The rapid descent of the hail, the loud roaring of the thunder, like the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannon from the battlements of the hills, and the flashing of the sheeted lightning in the faces of the horses, rendered them unmanageable, and they fled in every direction like the fragments of an army that had been signally routed on the battle-field. In the confusion, Drumlanrig himself, panic-struck, as when Heaven bears testimony by terrible things in righteousness against the ungodly when caught in their deeds of wickedness, fled from the face of the tempest, reckless both of his men and of his prisoners, provided he could obtain a place of shelter.

When the soldiers saw their master retreating with such precipitancy from the warring of the elements, they followed his example and let go the captives. The three worthy men stood undaunted in the storm, because *they* knew that the God who guided its fury was He in whose cause they were suffering; and though it was regarded with consternation by their enemies, it was hailed as a friendly deliverer by them who were incessantly exposed to the ravages of a wrathful persecution, compared with which the fierce raging of the elements was mildness itself.

Richard and his friends, now set at liberty by the immediate interposition of Almighty power, lost no time in making good their escape. As they fled, they found the boy whom Drumlanrig had threatened to kill, and by him Richard was able to send word to Isabel of his wonderful deliverance by the awful storm. All these events had transpired within a mile of her father's house; she had seen the gathering of the clouds, and had heard the roaring of the thunder among the hills, and her heart had been going out in prayer continually that God would save her own Richard from the rage of his bloodthirsty foes.

She was at prayer when the tidings of the capture and the escape were brought to her, and that night there was joy unspeakable over the wonderful mercy of a covenant-keeping God.

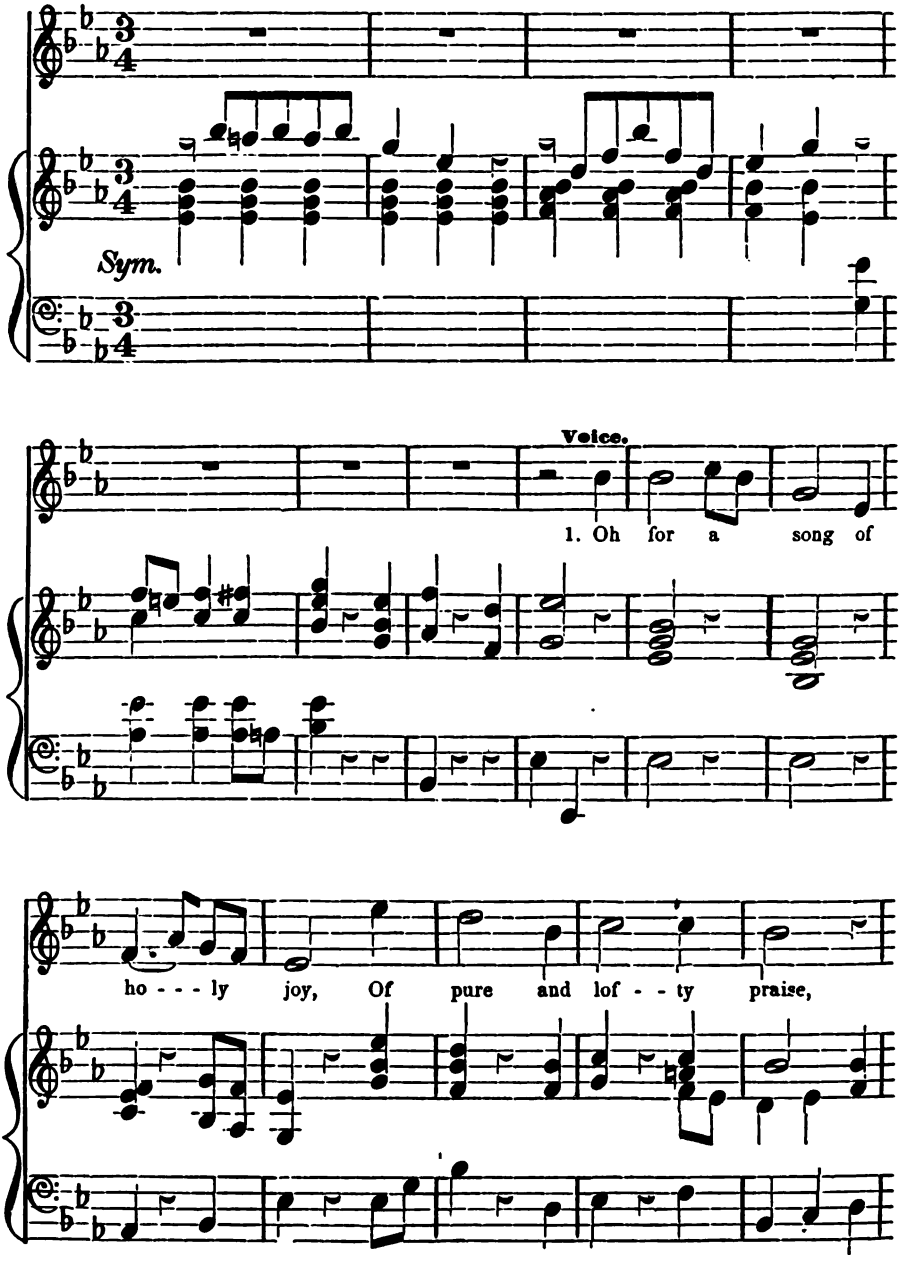
A short time afterwards Richard found his way to Glenshilloch, and Isabel, in the quiet confidence of her true heart, was waiting to receive him. As soon as the troubles of the times were in a measure over, she became his bride; and the memory of the story we have told has been handed down from their children to the present day among the Traditions of the Covenanters. All but the "love story" has its proper place in the history of those days of fear.

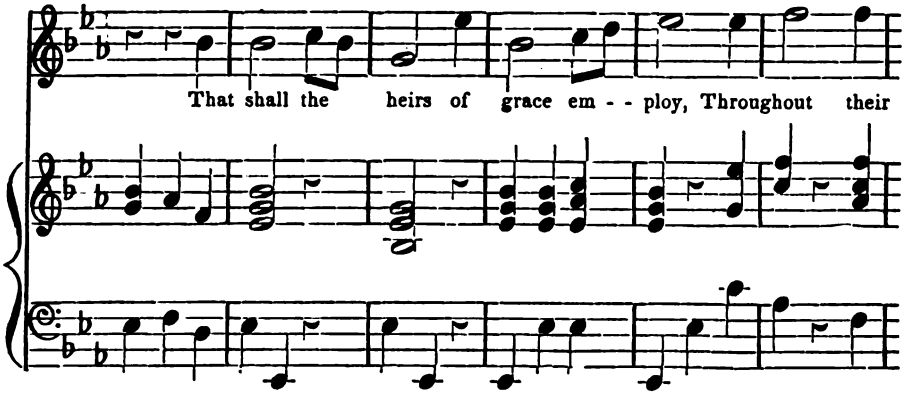
THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

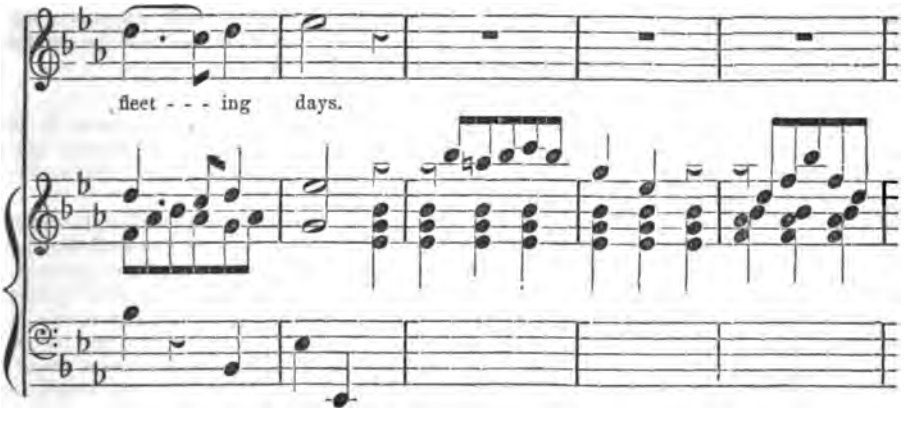
When darkness and gloom the wide heavens enshroud,
I hail it with rapture, that bow in the cloud,
  And it raises my spirit above;
For there in those beauteous hues I see
A message an angel has written for me—
  "The God of all glory is Love."

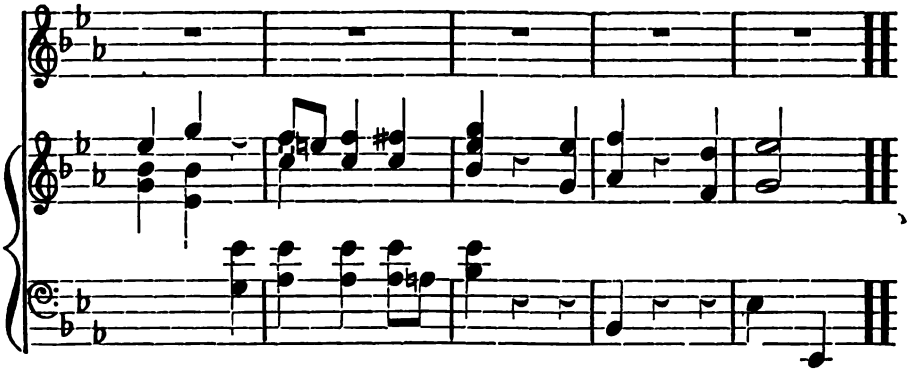
'Tis thus, when the storms of affliction impend,
A bow in the cloud seems to smile as a friend,
  Dispelling the sorrow of gloom.
Bright emblem of mercy undying and free,
Beam on, and in life's latest eve may I see
  Thy form in the cloud o'er the tomb.

O FOR A SONG.









2. A song that when my race is o'er,
And I am in the tomb,
Shall echo still from shore to shore,
For ages yet to come.

3. That song Redeeming Love should tell,
That trod the op'ning grave,
That triumph'd over death and hell,
A dving world to save.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

Annuals for 1845, do not seem to be as numerous nor so attractive as they have been in years past; and, in fact, they have degenerated so rapidly and far, that we wonder not that the taste of our educated people demands something more worthy of enlightened minds. As exhibitions of the state of the arts, so far as paper, printing, engraving, &c., are concerned, some of our annuals have been eminently worthy of encouragement, but their literature has wanted that elegance and strength which should be their chief attraction. In the place of the annuals, we commend to our friends who seek in the walks of letters for holiday gifts, the works of *Charlotte Elizabeth*, the Memoirs of *Mary Lundie Duncan*, and other volumes which will be ornamental and instructive, and never, like an old almanac or annual, out of date.

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The Drama of Exile, and other Poems, by ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

A handsome edition of these poems has recently been published by the Langleys, and we are thereby enabled to enjoy by the seeing of the eye, what we have long known by the hearing of the ear. Though the works of this rare poetess have long been the property of the public, it is but a short period since they received the countersign of criticism, and began to reap that celebrity they so richly merit. They have met the rude gaze of that evil eye which confines its observation to dress and manner, and have been dismissed with the customary half-smiling, half-sneering approval, to the common-sense judgment of the sovereign people; and this sovereignty is likely to make up its verdict not upon poetical mannerism, but poetical essence—not upon the how, but the what. True poetry, like true religion, is adapted to every class of mind, for the region of its presence and power is deep within the soul, and its magic sceptre commands obedience in every heart alike, though unequally. A poet himself sings,

"As when in the north the storm-wind roars,
Man knows not whence the deluge it pours—
As the springs of the bottomless ocean—
E'en thus doth the song from the inner tides roll
And pile up on high the waves of the soul
That sleep in their lullaby motion."

And like unto this is the poetry of Miss Barrett, the creation of a fancy, which hovers around the realities of life, and looks in with sympathy upon every circle of sorrow or rejoicing, always with charity, and always with hope: and its presence lights up the sadness or gently tempers the rejoicing with so happy success, that we feel it is neither misanthropic nor feverish, but the words of truth and soberness. With all this admirable fitness to waken the responsive chord in every breast, she has received from God the precious gifts of the fine frenzy which gazes with a kindred enthusiasm upon the good and fair about and above it, and listens with awe to the sweet voices, that are ascending and descending, while the world sleeps the sleep of sin. But we are wandering too far from our present design, which was to recommend the present volume as a substitute for any Annual we have yet seen, as a gift for the holidays; for we thus judge, that wherever it shall be found on the parlor table, there the body is in that family esteemed of more value than raiment, and the food of the soul than the lust of the eye.

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History of the Reformation in Germany, by Leopold Ranke. Translated from the German by SARAH AUSTIN. Lea & Blanchard. Part 1. Price 25 cents.

The tide of cheap publications promises among its numerous evils to bring also some blessings, among which latter class may be reckoned such works as those of Ranke. Beyond all question, this is the fullest and most judicious compilation of historical materials, relating to that high and broad stand-point of social and moral progress, the Reformation in Germany. The author's deductions and theory may not always coincide with our own, but he never obscures facts nor obliterates truths with special pleading. The work is full of interest for our times, and teaches many a lesson we would do well to hold fast in our memory. It will be completed in about four parts.

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The Holy Catholic Church. By Bishop McILVAINE.

We are not trenching upon contested territory, in giving a passing commendation of the Catholic and fervent spirit of this volume. The position of the author is, of course, a controversial one, and upon this point we need express no opinion; but the gentleness, united with the earnestness of the author's manner, furnishes examples, which all Christians would honor their Master in copying, and which would contribute essentially to rendering the church of the Lord Jesus both holy and catholic.

cient city which are remarkable. One is the Frenchman by descent, who lives at Munich.

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1845.

THE VALHALLA.

BY R. BAIRD, D. D.

(SEE PLATE.)

One of the routes from Nuremburg to Augsburg lies through the city of Ratisbon, which is sixty-five English miles distant from the former, and eighty from the latter.

Ratisbon was a military post of the Romans, and called by them *Castra Regina*. It stands on the right or southern bank of the Danube. Its name in German is Regensburg. A stone bridge of 1092 feet in length connects the city with the suburb of Stadt-am-Hof, which lies on the left bank of the Danube. This village was almost totally destroyed by the French in the storming of Ratisbon in the year 1809. In that desperate action Napoleon was wounded in the foot. The entrance of the small river Regen into the Danube, from the north, gives rise to the name of Regensburg.

The population of Ratisbon scarcely exceeds 20,000 souls. Its streets are mostly narrow, the houses are high, and many of them have a very antique aspect. Some of those which were once occupied by the nobles in the middle ages have tall battlemented towers, and loop-holes in the walls, for they were the habitations of petty tyrants. The ancient rampart is now levelled down, and the moat filled up, and thus a very pleasant boulevard around the city, lined with trees, has been formed.

There are several buildings in this little ancient city which are remarkable. One is the Cathedral, which is one of the finest Gothic churches in all Germany. It was begun in 1263, and finished in 1488. The interior has a gloomy appearance, occasioned by the imperfect transmission of the light through its many painted glass windows, some of which are ancient, and some modern; the latter were presented by the present king of Bavaria.* From the top of this cathedral there is an admirable view of the surrounding country, and of the banks of the Danube, far above and below the city. The Valhalla, as seen from this point, rises beautifully on the lofty bank of the river, at the distance of six miles to the east.

But the most interesting building in Ratisbon is the *Rathhaus*, or City Hall, in the Kohlenmarkt. It is a gloomy and irregular pile, and interesting because of its historical associations. It was in this building that the Diets of the German Empire were held for nearly a century and a half—from 1663 to 1806. Beneath this edifice are subterranean cells and dungeons, of a most frightful and disgusting appearance, in which prisoners of state were formerly confined. And a large room, immediately under the story in which the Diets met, was the *Chamber of*

* It is a remarkable fact that the re-discovery of the mode of coloring or staining glass has been made in Bavaria, by a Mr. Bouverie, a Frenchman by descent, who lives at Munich.

Torture, where are shown, to this day, the instruments by which men were once made most miserably to suffer in order to extort from them the desired confessions. One of these is a platform, on which the accused lay on his back, his feet fastened by chains to the plank on which he was placed, whilst his hands were firmly bound with ropes that were attached to a windlass. By the revolutions of this windlass every limb of the body could soon be dislocated. Another is an upright frame, to which a pulley was attached on high. Through this pulley a rope passed, one end of which was fastened to the wrists of the wretched victim, and the other passed round a windlass. By this instrument the victim was drawn up to the ceiling nearly, and then suddenly let fall, dragged down by heavy stones tied to his feet. A third instrument of torture consisted of a high armed chair, the bottom of which was filled with spikes, on which the accused was compelled to sit, with heavy weights in his lap, and others attached to his legs. These infernal things still remain in that room, in a good state of preservation, though now, happily for the honor of humanity, they are no longer used. The screen, too, which secreted the judges and clerks, so that they were present without being seen, and could take down the confessions of the criminals, still remains.

Before quitting Ratisbon, we may remark that few places in Germany have experienced more of the evils of war. Its annals record no less than seventeen sieges, since the 10th century. Some of these were accompanied with fearful bombardments, and heavy exactions. The last, that of 1809, was, it is supposed, the worst of all.

Six miles below Ratisbon is the little town of Donaustrauf, on the left bank of the Danube. Above it stand the ruins of an old Castle, which was blown up by the Protestants in the Thirty Years' War, because it belonged to the bishops of Regensburg.

About one-fourth of a mile below Donaustrauf stands the VALHALLA, on an eminence which rises more than three hundred feet above the river. The back part of the summit of this hill is covered with a dark wood, that forms a fine background in the beautiful picture which the scene presents.

The Valhalla is a Grecian Temple of the Doric order of architecture, and of the size of the Parthenon at Athens. It was built by the present King of Bavaria, within whose dominions it stands. This edifice is designed to be a vast TEMPLE OF FAME, for German worthies—heroes, statesmen, sages, poets, artists, musicians, etc.—from the times of Arminius who so bravely resisted the Romans, and often defeated their armies, down to Blücher and Schwartzenberg; from their earliest wandering minstrels and ballad-singers, to Göthe, Schiller, Körner, and the other poets of the present era. It is intended to place here the statues and busts of all Germans who have shed an imperishable lustre upon their Father-land. The idea is a beautiful one; though it must be confessed that the object is difficult to accomplish.

Something of the same sort, though on a far inferior scale, was attempted by a Danish prince in the last century. In a beautiful grove adjoining a royal palace at Jaegersprüs, in the central part of the Island of Zealand, he caused monuments to be erected to distinguished Danes, Norwegians and Holsteiners (for the Norwegians were at that day subject to the rule of Denmark), with appropriate inscriptions. And not only did natives of that kingdom find a place in this sacred grove, but also a few foreigners who had directly or indirectly been great benefactors to that kingdom. Such, for instance, was Martin Luther. These monuments were executed according to the designs of the great Danish sculptor of the last century, Wiederwelt. But as these monuments were not made of very enduring materials, and are exposed to the severe weather of a northern climate, they have become already exceedingly dilapidated. Among the worthies, however, which one sees honored at this day at Jaegersprüs, are Tycho Brahé, Magnus Heinesen, Griffenfeld, Tordenskiold, Ranzau, Holberg, Suhm, Evald, the Bertholius, Olaus Roemer, etc.

The name, Valhalla, we may remark, is derived from the Scandinavian mythology. Odin and his priests taught the inhabitants of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and the other portions of the north of Europe whithersoever their influence extended, that the "brave," after death, spend an eternity of bliss. And that, in the 540 halls in the palace of Valhalla they will revel for ever, and drink mead, proffered to them by the Valkyries, or beautiful nymphs of Paradise, out of the skulls of vanquished enemies.

The exterior of the Valhalla is built of blocks of fine white limestone, which approaches nearly to marble. Many of these are very large. Some of those which constitute the pediment, and reach from the top of one column to another, are fifteen feet long, and required more than twenty oxen to drag them up the hill.

They were brought from Eichstadt. The interior is of reddish stone, brought from the neighborhood of Salzburg, in the Tyrol mountains.

This beautiful building was commenced in the year 1830. We believe that it is now entirely completed. For years some of the best sculptors in Germany have been employed on the interior decorations. The architect was Von Klenze. The construction must be admitted to be elegant and even magnificent.

There is a road leading directly from Munich to the Valhalla. It winds up from the bridge of Donaustrauf to the back of the Temple. The view from the front, and especially from the top of this Temple, is striking and enchanting. It extends towards the south, over the plains of Bavaria, to the hoary sides of the Tyrol mountains; whilst on the west and on the east, it takes in a vast sweep. Ratisbon appears finely in the distance, with its noble bridge, spanning the Danube, which begins to wear the appearance of a majestic river.

A flight of stone-steps is to be made—if indeed the work be not already accomplished—from the river's edge up to the Valhalla. And mid-way there is to be a sort of ante-chamber, called the *Hall of Expectation*, where the portraits and busts of distinguished men may be placed during their life-time, for probation. In fact this hall will be, as some one has not inaptly remarked, a sort of *Purgatory of Fame!* The conception is worthy of King Louis of Bavaria, one of the most eccentric of all reigning monarchs, and yet one of the greatest patrons of the fine arts.

Such is the Valhalla, of which the reader will find a beautiful engraving in this number of the Christian Parlor Magazine.

The design is eminently national and patriotic. And we may remark, in bringing this notice to a close, that there is a deep and hallowed attachment among the Germans, to their own, their beloved Fatherland. There is also among them an increasing conviction of the necessity of union and consolidation, and a growing desire for its consummation. Germany consists of no less than 34 States (including the Germanic part of the Austrian Empire which embraces about ten millions of people who are of German origin) and four Free cities, all in a certain sense independent of each other; for the Diet is little more than a central police station, and does scarcely anything else than look after the press, and settle little disputes which may arise among the various principalities which are represented in it. It is time that all Germany was united under one wise and equal government. It will require time, under the best political institutions, to bring about that complete fusion of interests and feelings which is necessary to national strength, harmony and happiness. Many intelligent Germans are looking forward with earnest desire to the day when perhaps another grand revolution in Europe may give an opportunity to their countrymen to emancipate themselves from the many bonds in which they are at present held, and organize a great consolidated Empire, which would embrace some forty millions speaking the same language, and which is so much needed as a barrier against France on the one hand, and Russia on the other. And some of them think that the Zollverein or Customs' Union, about which we hear so much at present, and which was set on foot by Prussia, is only the precursor of a great political union. We think that this is very probable. Nor can we doubt that such establishments as the Valhalla are eminently fitted to keep alive and augment that national spirit which will be so much demanded in effecting that great revolution which is so much desired by some minds, and which is so obviously necessary to make the Germans what they ought to be,—a great *nation*, as well as a great *people*.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY CONGREGATION.

The Old White Meeting-House and the Churchyard have already been drawn in these sketches, and I come now to the Minister. I would have begun with him, but that it seemed more easy for the picture, to draw the church first, then the pastor, and then the people.

"Our Minister."

"We never shall see *him* more," I know very well; too well; and it is a matter of great doubt with me whether we shall ever see *the like* of him again. Yet there were no eccentricities of character, natural or artificial, by which he was made to differ from the men of his own times or the men of our times, and which are now to be recorded for the amusement, and not the instruction, of others. There have been such men, and when we are reading their oddities, it is very easy to believe that if you take away the oddities of the man, there would be little or nothing left. The usefulness of such men is often looked at as proof that their eccentricities were real virtues, and not blemishes, upon their characters; but I am inclined to the opinion that they were usually useful in spite of their peculiarities, and would have been far more so, if they had been as other men, and without those "bonds."

Our minister, the excellent Mr. Rogers, had no one singularity of which I can now think, and if the reader jumps to the conclusion that he was therefore a moderate, every-day sort of a man, not worth knowing about, he must even skip the description, and go on to something more to his taste.

That I always *looked up* to Mr. Rogers with such a reverential awe as the present degenerate age knows very little of, is very likely; and it may be that if he had lived in this day, when all ministers are so good or all children so much more advanced than they were thirty years ago, perhaps he would not stand out before the world with so bold a prominence as he did in my eyes, when he walked slowly, but modestly, up the aisle, and climbed the lofty pulpit. I thought he was the holiest man in the world; he seemed *awful holy!* I have never had the least reason to suppose that I was mistaken in those notions about him, yet much allowance may doubtless be made for a child's reverence for his pastor, in days now gone, to come back never, I sadly fear.

He was thirty-five or forty years of age when I was five or six, and consequently he was *always* an old man in my eyes; and I have no other recollections of him than those associated with the deepest reverence. That he ever *sinned*, I never supposed; and if any one had mentioned anything to his disadvantage in my hearing, it would have shocked me very much, as it would now to hear of a peccadillo in an angel. This is no place, and I have no time to go into the reasons of the change in the sentiment of children respecting their minister, but from the bottom of my heart, I wish that the good old times of Edwards would come back again, or if that is wishing too much, the times when I was a boy! Those were good times compared with these, though I have no hope to convince the young of it.

He had an extraordinary voice, that is a fact. Perhaps this ought to be written down as a singularity. It rings this moment in my ears just as it did thirty years ago, and not with the most pleasant music, for it was harsh and strong, and when he was roused by the great theme of pulpit discourse, the gospel would come down in such torrents of overwhelming sound, that it sometimes seemed to me the people must be carried by storm. Yet was he far from being a *violent* preacher. He had too much of the milk of human kindness in his soul to say hard things, in a hard way, but the power of which I speak was the voice of a mighty man on the mightiest theme that ever employed the lips of man, and how could he be otherwise than overpowering? At times his voice was terrible! That is to say, when he suddenly raised it in a tone of command, he would start every dull soul in that assembly as if a thunder-bolt had hit the old white meeting-house in the middle of sermon. I remember one Sabbath, when the congregation was unusually silent and solemn, a half-crazy man, but more mischievous than mad, rose in the gallery and commenced making various gesticulations to amuse the young people, who sat in that part of the house. The congregation below, did not know that anything was going on, but the minister saw it in a moment, and to try gentle means at first, he made a sign to the man to sit down and be still. Wilson kept his fun in operation till the forbearance of good Mr. Rogers was quite spent, and looking sternly at

him, he thundered out "*Mr. Wilson, sit down, Sir.*" The man fell back in his seat as though a bludgeon had smote him, and never raised his head during the service. He called the next day on Mr. Rogers and made an apology, and sealed it by sending him a load of wood. But it was the effect of his voice upon the congregation of which I was speaking. If the roof had fallen in, the people would scarcely have been more startled than by this pastoral explosion. Every heart trembled, and it was some time before the children could get their breath Yet there was no sign of impatience or any other unholy passion in the sudden blow of his voice, by which the worthy minister had lain low his disorderly auditor; but there was majesty and power in those tremendous tones which carried conviction to every conscience that Mr. Rogers was not a man to be trifled with, and that standing in God's name and house, he would teach every man to keep in his place.

And here it is *in order* to speak of the *authority* which Mr. Rogers wielded in that congregation. It was the *beauty* of *power*. It was right that he should rule in the Church, according to the laws of the Church and the Word of God; but his rule was that of love, so kindly, yet firmly dispensed, that no man thought of quarrelling with it, who did not also war against divine authority. The pastor *was* the pastor. As shepherd of the flock, it was his office to watch over them and keep them, as far as in him lay, from wandering into dangerous ways, and from the covert or open assaults of enemies who go about, like their master, the devil, seeking whom they may devour. And when any one, or any dozen of the *sheep* took it into their heads that they knew more about the proper mode of managing the flock than the *shepherd* whom the Lord had sent to tend them, they soon found that they had mistaken their calling, and would consult their happiness and usefulness by quietly minding their own business. Now you would not do Mr. Rogers exact justice, if the inference should be drawn from this fact that he was regardless of the wishes of his people, or kept them at a distance, when they wished to take counsel with him on the interests of the Church. Far otherwise was his temper and practice. They were taught, and they learned to come with all freedom and lay their hearts before him, and the patience and sympathy with which he listened to their individual, and all but endless stories, is a matter of wonder to me, now that I call to mind how much of it he was compelled to endure. I used to be often, when a child, at his house, playing with his boys, and had the most frequent and favorable opportunities of observing that of which I am now speaking. And while he was ready always to enter with kindness and freedom into the varied wants of those who came to him with "something on their minds," he knew his own duties too well, and his high responsibility to God, to suffer them for a moment to dictate to him as to the mode in which he should manage the flock of which he had been made the overseer Even in those days, the people would sometimes have "itching ears" to hear a new-light preacher of great renown, who was turning the world upside down with his eloquence, and they would take some round-about way to hint to Mr. Rogers that it would be a good plan to send for him to come and give them a few rousing sermons. But they were not long in finding that Mr. Rogers held the keys of the pulpit in his own hand, and asked whom he pleased and none others, to feed his flock. If this uniform course of conduct now and then chafed the necks of some of the less judicious of the congregation, the pastor had two rich and all sufficient sources of comfort—the support of all the better sort of his people, and the approbation of a good conscience.

Mr. Rogers' intercourse with his people did not confine itself to their visits at his study or house. He sought them at their own homes, and around their firesides and tables he mingled with them, in such easy and cheerful conversation, that they felt him to be their friend, while they never forgot that he was their teacher and guide to heaven. We children never felt altogether at home when the minister was there. We were not quite so free to come into the room, and we hung down our heads, and perhaps kept one thumb in our mouths as if we were very much ashamed of ourselves when we were summoned into his presence "to say the catechism," and receive such good and wholesome advice, as he never failed to administer in tones that sunk deep into our young hearts. Those were often very solemn seasons, and if the practice is passing away from the churches of our land, I would that it might be restored again. In these good days of Sunday schools, and other excellent but modern modes of training up children in the way in which they should go, the old-fashioned plan of pastoral catechising has been laid aside in very many parts of our land. I speak not of the

catechism of any particular creed. All those who call themselves *Christian*, have a duty to perform to their children, and if the pastor and parents would imitate the example of our minister, they would bless their children and the country. In these pastoral visits, and in the instruction which the young received in preparation for it, were laid the principles of that attachment to the doctrines of the gospel, of the order of the church, and of submission to law of God and of man, obedience to parents, respect to those who are older, wiser, and better, that ever marked the youth who were trained under the ministry of this man of God; and I am inclined to think, that if you follow the whole generation that passed their childhood in that congregation at that time, you will find very few who have not become, and remained till death, sober, quiet, substantial citizens, and useful, honest men. But this is not getting on with the story.

As soon as Mr. Rogers arrived at any house in his scattered and extended parish, all the ordinary cares of the family were suspended, and the whole time of every member given to him. On his first induction to this people, it was the custom of the good woman of the house, to begin to fly about when the minister came to fix up the best parlor, and get ready some warm biscuit for tea, or a pair of chickens for dinner, if he came before noon, and thus all her time was spent, like that of Martha, in much serving. Mr. Rogers soon put an end to that mode of entertainment, by informing his people from the pulpit, that when he came to see them at their houses, it was not to be feasted, but to feed their souls and the souls of their children; and, therefore, if they wished to please him, they would do as Mary did, sit still and listen. This hint, after sundry repetitions, had the desired effect, and he was able to enjoy the whole time of his visit in those great duties which he felt to be of unspeakable importance to the spiritual welfare of the family. The heads of the household were first conversed with freely on the progress which they were making in personal religion; if they had doubts, and fears, or any other difficulties about which they needed direction, they were encouraged to make them known, and from the stores of his well-furnished mind, and the richer treasures of a deeply spiritual experience and great familiarity with the Word of God, he was able to impart just that counsel which their trials seemed to require. If they were backward in their performance of any of the acknowledged duties of Christian life, if the worship of God in the family was not faithfully attended to, if they were at variance with any of their neighbors, or slack in the discharge of their obligations to their fellow men, he would in all kindness, but with skilful decision, as their soul's physician, give them those prescriptions without which it was impossible for their souls to thrive. Such fidelity and freedom on his part, so far from alienating their affections, did but endear him to them the more, as they saw his affectionate interest in their souls' concerns, and felt the power and truth of the admonitions which he gave. And then these admonitions were often blessed of God to the great comfort and edification of the people, who thus found in their own happy experience, the ineffable value of a faithful pastor, whom they loved even when he came to wound.

The children were then called in, and were examined, as I have hinted, in the catechism, in which they were regularly instructed by their parents. The doctrines therein contained were then familiarly explained, and the young were most earnestly persuaded to give their hearts to the Saviour, while yet in the morning of their days. As the congregation was widely extended, it was common for Mr. Rogers to give notice on the Sabbath, that during the week on a certain day, he would visit in such a neighborhood, and at three o'clock in the afternoon he wished the families in that vicinity to assemble at a house named, for religious conversation and prayer. And those were good meetings, you may be sure; the farmer's house in which it was held, would be filled with parents and children, the halls and the stair-case crowded; a little stand, with a Bible and Psalm-book, would be set for the minister at some point from which his voice could easily be heard over all the house, and such prayers and such appeals would be then and there made, as the Spirit of God delights to attend and bless. How many tears did the children shed in those meetings; not alarmed by terrible words of coming wrath, but melted with the pathos of gospel love, and moved by the strong appeals of that holy man. Impressions, I know, were made at those meetings, that eternity will only brighten and deepen, as the memory of those solemn, yet happy hours, mingles with the joy of immortal bliss. I mention those scenes, although I can hardly expect that others will take any interest in the record, hoping that some will gather hints from these to go and do likewise, and because I love to linger among recollections

that are the sweetest and strongest of life's early hours.

In speaking of Mr. Rogers' voice, I touched incidentally upon his power as a preacher. He was eminently an instructive preacher. It was his aim to produce an intelligent conviction in the minds of his hearers of the truth of the great doctrines of the gospel, to elucidate them with so much distinctness that they should readily admit their force, and thus he would lay the foundation for those overwhelming appeals to duty that so marked his pulpit ministrations. *He was great on the doctrines.* I make this remark in this blunt way, that the fact may stand out the more distinctly. He thought the religious system of the Bible was a system of great truths, having an intimate relation to one another, and an inseparable connection with the character, and consequently the destiny of men. Instead, therefore, of spending his time and strength in exhibiting himself, or in amusing his people with theories and speculations of his own, instead of merely practical exhortations which constitute so great a part of the preaching of many excellent and devoted men, he labored to bring home to the minds and the hearts of his people, those cardinal doctrines of the gospel which lie at the root of all true faith and holy living, and by a course of regular and lucid expositions of the sacred oracles, he led them to behold these doctrines shining with lustre and majestic beauty on every page of revelation. And when these strong truths were thus unfolded, he would stand upon them as on a mount of glory, and thence urge the claims of God and the gospel with words of fervid heat and strength, that melted the hearts on which they fell, and mingled their saving power in the mass thus dissolved in the breasts of the assembly. The effects of this ministry were, as might be expected, immediate and permanent. The word of the Lord had free course and was glorified. The young grew up to manhood with strong attachments to the faith of their fathers, the members of the church were steadfast in their adherence to the truth as they had received it, and it was rare to see a man in the community who was not a professor of religion. The institutions of the gospel commanded the respect and reverence of the whole people. *Impiety* was scarcely known in the town, so deep-settled and wide-spread was this regard for the truths of God's Word and the ordinances of his house.

Here I was on the point of speaking of the great revivals of religion which followed such a ministry, but they will demand more space than I have now left. In a future number, these may come before us with some of that tender interest that now clusters in the region of my heart, as memory runs back to scenes when the Holy Spirit displayed his omnipotent grace, subduing sinners and winning them to the feet of Jesus. Precious revivals! Come back and dwell with the church for ever.

Yet I have not half drawn this portrait of Mr. Rogers, nor told one of a thousand incidents that ought to be thrown in to convey even a faint idea of the man, to those who know nothing of him except what they gather from these sketches. If there were any traits of his symmetrical character that ought to be brought out in bolder relief on this page than the rest, they were his *fixedness of purpose in right*, and his unterrified *moral courage*. These features blend in fine proportions in the life of every right man, but they are worthy of distinct recognition. It was our minister's great study to learn what God would have him to do; in one word, what was *right*; for as he was always doing something, he merely wished to ascertain what was right, and he went on to achieve it, as easily and naturally as he would eat to appease his hunger, or rest when he was weary. It was no objection to any line of policy or the attempt of any enterprise that the people would not like it, or that the world would oppose it, nor even that it would probably fail for the want of support; enough for him that it was a duty to which he was called, and like Luther on the way to Worms, or his Master on the way to crucifixion, he marched steadily onward, and if he did not succeed, he nevertheless had his reward. Let a new sect seek to propagate some pestilent heresy within the bounds of his parish; let a reformer, with zeal and without knowledge come and attempt to sow the seeds of revolution among the people; and then see with what calm and holy boldness he would rouse to the defence of the truth, and how error, affrighted, would flee away before his stern and manly rebukes. Let vice, under some insidious garb, begin to gain a foothold in the congregation, among the young in their follies, or the old in their pursuits of gain, and the "Old White Meeting-House" was sure to ring with the righteous denunciations and the threatened judgments of an alienated God, before the people knew that the mischief had reached the pastor's ear.

And when the storm of opposition burst upon him, as it did at last, and as we shall see here-

after, he was calm and unshaken like the rock at whose base the waves have broken for centuries. True, he was finally overthrown, but he fell as I have seen a great oak which the river overflowing its banks has dashed against without harm, but anon the waters have subsided, and working their way under the roots, have at last worn away the soil, and the tree that an overflowing deluge could not move, has fallen headlong by the silent and unseen influence of an under-ground foe.

But I will not dwell longer on my old pastor. I know I have not begun to give him to you as he was, and as he still is in my soul's recollections of years now gone. But if I should prolong the sketch interminably, I should probably get no nearer the perfection of the portrait. You have now an outline only, and as we mingle with the congregation, and bring under review the various sorts of men and women that made it, and recount the many and wonderful scenes through which they passed, you will catch more of the tact and talent of "our minister" than I can convey by piling ever so many words upon those already written. Next month we will try again.

ISAIAH, LI., LII.

Wake, Arm of God! as in the days of old,
  When Judah's foes were scattered by thy sword,
When Ocean, hearing what thy prophet told,
  Made way before the ransomed of the Lord!
Wake, Arm of God! no more thine aid withhold,
  And thy redeemed shall strike the joyous chord,
Shall sound the harp on entering Zion's gate,
And gladness come, replacing sorrow's weight.

"Awake! awake! stand up, Jerusalem!
  The Lord thy God, thine Advocate is He.
Thy sons have fainted, and upon them came
  Destruction, desolation, misery.
The sword and famine long have wasted them;
  Say, by what power shall I comfort thee?
The cup of trembling, e'en the dregs of wrath
Were in thy hand, and mourning in thy path.

"Awake, oh Zion! Salem, rise once more!
  Put on thy robes of joy, and loose thy bands,
O, captive daughter! misery's days are o'er!
  Then shake the dust from off thy fettered hands.
Behold! 'tis I, who ransomed thee before,
  Brought thee from Egypt, and the Assyrian's land
Awake, and thou shalt know my glorious name;
My praise shall sound within Jerusalem."

Beautiful on the mountains are the feet
  Of him who brings glad news, proclaiming peace!
Proclaiming thy salvation in each street,
  And joy unmingled, that shall never cease.
Whose voice doth sound the welcome words and sweet,
  "Thy God doth reign!" the captive to release.
The watchmen then shall join the glorious strain,
And echo still, "Thy God, thy God doth reign!"

C. W. B

DAVID BRAINERD.

No man liveth and no man dieth to himself alone. The obscurest individual in the community, exerts an influence upon his fellow creatures, both by his life and by his death, which stops not even with the generation to which he belongs, but is transmitted by innumerable channels to posterity. Nevertheless, the great mass even of those who have the brightest record in Heaven, leave no enduring record on earth, except in the silent influence of their virtues, which, though it can never cease to exist, is soon lost, like a drop in the ocean, in that illimitable range of influence that pervades God's moral kingdom. But it is not so with all. There is here and there a bright sun that rises upon the world, which continues to shine when death has done all that it can do to quench its beams—here and there a name that descends from generation to generation, in all the freshness and fragrance which it had, when it was transferred from the list of the living to that of the dead. It is the province of biography chiefly to serve the world by embalming the virtues and the memories of those who have been the world's benefactors. She makes out a record of what they have been and what they have done, and leaves it for future generations to contemplate and profit by; though it must be confessed that she has not unfrequently lost sight of her own legitimate dignity, by attempting to perpetuate characters, which were too tame and indifferent to sustain themselves against the oblivious influence of time. There are multitudes of noble characters in by-gone ages, which, by this means, have come down to us; and thus while their bodies rest in the grave and their spirits rejoice in heaven, they have a sort of protracted earthly existence in the record of the past—they live not only in the veneration and gratitude, but in the good resolutions, the brightening graces, the active usefulness, of multitudes who can contemplate them only through the medium of their history.

With this general estimate of the importance of religious Biography, it has occurred to us that some brief sketches of the lives and characters of a few of our most distinguished clergymen, chiefly of the last century, might not be an unacceptable offering to the Christian public, and this is what we propose to do in several successive numbers of this work. These sketches will consist, partly of facts which are already recorded in other forms, not readily accessible to the public at large, and partly of traditionary, but well authenticated information, which may be illustrative of the character, and of sufficient importance to be preserved. It is proposed to connect with each of the sketches, if possible, an original letter never before published, from the individual who is the subject; and, perhaps, also such general reflections of a practical kind as the narrative may suggest.

The name which is placed at the head of this article, is one that can never lose its lustre, by the lapse of ages. David Brainerd was born at Haddam, in Connecticut, April 20, 1718, and was the son of Hezekiah Brainerd, who was a man of considerable note in his day, in the colony. His mother, who was the daughter of the Rev. Jeremiah Hobart, who was first settled at Topsfield, Mass., and finally at Brainerd's native place, died just as he had reached the age of fourteen. He seems, while he was yet quite a child, to have been the subject of strong religious impressions, and to have associated himself with several other youth for purposes of social prayer and Christian improvement. But, notwithstanding he evidently imagined himself at the time, the subject of a spiritual renovation, and supposed that he had entered in deed and in truth on the Christian life, he subsequently became satisfied that all this experience was delusive, and was nothing better than the operation of a principle of supreme selfishness. He was, indeed, at this time, orthodox in his creed, and gave an intellectual assent to the great doctrine of salvation by grace; but it was, as he afterwards believed, an assent of the understanding merely, without the concurrence of the will and affections. It came to pass, however, in due time that he became convinced that he had been resting in a delusion. The light of truth shone with such power upon his conscience that he could find no peace. Nevertheless, the rebellion of his heart did not readily yield. He clung to his own righteousness with an obstinacy that was invincible to all human power, even when its utter insufficiency was revealed to him in the light of an impressive and terrible conviction. He loathed the idea that he could do nothing in the way of merit, to accomplish his own salvation; and objected to the terms of the gospel as unreasonably humiliating and oppressive. In this state of mind it pleased God to suffer him to remain, till he had had experience enough of the insufficiency of his own self-righteous efforts, to be willing to accept of salvation on the

terms on which it was offered. As he was walking in a retired place on a summer evening in 1739, for purposes of serious meditation, fully convinced of his absolute ruin and entire dependence on God's sovereign grace, a great and wonderful change came over his mind, which seems to have marked the era of the commencement of his spiritual life, or at least of the perceptible operation of the renovated nature. His views of the character of God, of the character and mediation of Christ, and of the office of the Holy Spirit, became clear, elevating, delightful; he breathed a new atmosphere; he lived for new objects; in every action that he performed, he desired to hide himself, that God might be all in all.

Shortly after this stage of his experience, he was admitted, in Sept. 1739, a member of Yale College. The two succeeding years were distinguished by the great revival of religion in New England, in which Whitefield had a prominent agency, and in which the celebrated Davenport rendered himself so conspicuous by his erratic and fanatical movements. The extravagances which prevailed in connection with the revival, had the effect, as was to be expected, of driving a portion of the religious community to the opposite extreme; and Yale College, with President Clap at its head, seems to have been thrown into this undesirable attitude. Hence the religious atmosphere about the college was cold; everything like fervor of spirit was frowned upon as having in it the elements of fanaticism; and the government even went so far as to enact severe penalties against those students who should be heard of at a "new light" meeting. Brainerd, from the natural warmth of his temper, as well as from his deep sense of the importance of eternal things, was inclined to sympathize with the more zealous party, and looked upon this procedure of the government as an unreasonable and tyrannical infringement of his liberty; and he attended the "separate" meeting without any regard to the offensive enactment. About the same time, he was partly overheard to say, in conversation with several of his fellow students, in respect to one of the tutors, that he did not believe that he had any more religion than the chair on which he sat. The individuals with whom he was conversing, having been required by the Rector to state the conversation, Brainerd was ordered to make a public confession of his fault in the chapel. But so fully was he convinced that the requirement was unreasonable and vindictive, that he refused to submit to it; and in consequence of this, in connection with the offence already referred to, he was expelled from college. There is no doubt that the course which the government adopted in relation to him, was the result of an undue sensitiveness to the prevailing religious excitement, and was designed as a strong expression of their opposition to Whitefield and his coadjutors; but however much they may have been in fault, it must be acknowledged that Brainerd's course was justly liable to reprehension. Indeed, he was himself subsequently fully sensible of it; and though he always felt that he had been the object of an unwarrantable severity, he never hesitated to acknowledge his fault, and it is evident that his reflections upon it exerted a decidedly favorable influence upon his character ever afterwards.

This untoward circumstance occurred while he was in his junior year, and as he never returned to college afterwards, he of course failed to receive a degree. In the spring of the same year in which he left college, he commenced the study of divinity under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Mills, of Ripton, and in the succeeding July was licensed to preach by the association of ministers which held its session at Danbury. From the commencement of his theological course, his attention had been directed with uncommon earnestness to the deplorable condition of the heathen, especially the aborigines of our own country; his heart burned to follow in the footsteps of the illustrious Eliot, in bringing the light of the gospel in contact with their darkened understandings; and, accordingly, in the autumn after he was licensed, he went to New York by invitation of the correspondents of the society for promoting Christian knowledge, and after submitting himself to an examination, received a regular appointment from them as a missionary among the Indians.

The first scene of his missionary labors was at an Indian village called Kaunameck, about half way between Stockbridge and Albany. Here he lived in the woods for about a year, lodging during a part of the time in a wigwam with the Indians, and subsisting altogether upon Indian fare. Notwithstanding he was subject to the greatest deprivations, and often suffered not a little from bodily debility and disease, he persevered without interruption in his benevolent labors, until the Indians among whom he resided, agreed to remove to Stockbridge, and place themselves under the care of the Rev. Mr. Sergeant. In consequence of this arrangement, he was obliged to look out for

another field of labor, and forthwith directed his attention toward the Delaware tribe.

Having received Presbyterian ordination at Newark, N. J., in June, 1744, on which occasion the Rev. Mr. Pemberton of New York preached, he forthwith stationed himself near the forks of the Delaware, in Pennsylvania, where he labored, with comparatively little apparent effect, for about a year. At the end of this period he visited the Indians at a village called Crosweeksung, in the neighborhood of Freehold, the residence of the celebrated William Tennent. Here was the scene of his greatest success. A wonderful divine influence accompanied his labors, and in less than a year he baptized seventy-seven persons, thirty-eight of whom were adults, whose subsequent life furnished satisfactory evidence of a true conversion. There is no doubt that this was not only a very powerful, but very genuine revival of religion. In an unpublished letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. Wheelock, he says, "The good work which you will find largely treated of in my journal, still continues among the Indians; though the astonishing divine influence that has been among them, is in a considerable measure abated. Yet there are several instances of persons newly awakened. When I consider the doings of the Lord among these Indians, and then take a view of my journal, I must say, 'tis a faint representation I have given of them."

During his residence at the forks of the Delaware, he twice visited the Indians on the Susquehannah; and he paid them a third visit in the summer of 1746. But on his return to the village where he had been recently laboring, his physical energies were so far exhausted that he found it exceedingly difficult to preach, and in pursuance of medical advice he determined to travel, and visit his friends in New England. He extended his journey as far as Boston, and in July returned to Northampton, and became domesticated in the family of Jonathan Edwards, to whose daughter he was engaged to be married. Here he continued, undergoing a gradual decline, accompanied toward the close with most intense suffering, till Oct. 9, 1747, when he closed his earthly course at the early age of twenty-nine.

His last illness is represented as a most calm and yet triumphant exhibition of Christian faith. His views of divine truth were never so vivid and glorious as when he had nearly reached the threshold of that world where the great objects of his faith were to become the objects of his vision. He saw nothing but worthlessness and emptiness in himself, nothing but worthiness and fulness in his Redeemer; and while he was yet lingering at the gate of death, he seemed to be entranced with the glories of heaven. He forgot not even amidst his dying agonies and the anticipation of the crown that awaited him, the prosperity of Christ's church on earth; and the poor Indians especially, among whom he had labored, came in for a share of his tender remembrances as he was on his way through the dark valley. The glories of the saved and the miseries of the lost rose up in fearful contrast before his dying eye; and he exclaimed with his last breath, "My work is done—Oh to be in Heaven, to praise and glorify God with his holy angels!"

The funeral of Mr. Brainerd, at which President Edwards preached, was an occasion of the deepest interest to the inhabitants not only of Northampton, but of the whole surrounding country. We happen to have in our possession an original letter addressed by Mr. Edwards to a clergyman in the neighborhood, inviting him to Mr. Brainerd's funeral. It is as follows*—

"Rev. Sir,—It has pleased God to remove by death that eminent servant of his, the Rev. Mr. David Brainerd, about 6 o'clock this morning. You may remember that you desired me, if I had opportunity, to give you notice of the time of his funeral. It is, God willing, to be the next Monday; the lecture before the funeral to begin at one o'clock. When Mr. Brainerd, in his life-time, was speaking of the circumstance of his own funeral, and desiring that the neighboring ministers of his acquaintance might be sent for, I mentioned what you had said, manifesting a disposition to attend the funeral, if it might be convenient. He seemed in a considerable degree to take a thankful notice of it; and desired me to take some pains to find an opportunity to give you notice. I mention these things to you, Rev. Sir, leaving it with you to conduct yourself according to your own discretion. But if you can be present, I shall be very glad, who am

"Your humble servant,

"JONATHAN EDWARDS."

The mortal remains of this eminently devoted and useful minister repose in the burying-place at Northampton, and the spot is hallowed to the hearts of thousands by the most grateful associations and remembrances. The stranger who only passes through the town is often heard inquiring the way to "Brainerd's grave;"

* The date of the letter is wanting.

and many a Christian and many a minister, whose home is on the other side of the ocean, has stood over the spot with quickened emotions and with a moistened eye. It is within the last two or three years, that on some public occasion at Northampton, which called together a large number of ministers—we forget whether it was the meeting of the American Board or of the General Association—a clerical procession walked early in the morning into the graveyard to visit this hallowed spot; and as they stood over it, they offered up thanksgivings to his God and their God for having made him what he was, and supplications that the remembrance of his example might cheer them onward in their labors, and assist them to win the immortal crown. Let that grave remain, not to foster the spirit of superstition, not to awaken an idolatrous homage, but to speak to the church and her ministry of the power of God's grace, and of their obligations to glorify him in the extension of his gospel.

Brainerd possessed an intellect, if not of the highest order, yet of more than common vigor. His perceptions were unusually quick and clear, his memory retentive, his judgment discriminating, and his utterance ready and agreeable. He had a mind which could originate thoughts for itself, without being entirely dependent on other minds; and he had the faculty of commanding his thoughts at pleasure and of using them to the best advantage. By the most intimate communion with his own heart, and by a careful observance of the conduct of his fellow men, he became a great proficient in the knowledge of human nature; and this gave him a great advantage, especially in the prosecution of his missionary labors. His preaching was characterized by the most discriminating views of evangelical truth, by a manly and dignified eloquence, and by that fervor of spirit and strength of appeal, which are especially fitted to work their way to the heart. In the ordinary intercourse of life, he was easy and familiar, and though his deportment always evinced a thoughtful and fervent spirit that was tending upward, yet he was as far as possible from anything that looked like artificial sanctity.

It was in his Christian, rather than his intellectual, character that the secret of his mighty power, and his extensive usefulness, lay. Few men whose history is recorded, have had so remarkable a religious experience as he. We have already alluded to the character of his exercises at the commencement of his Christian course; and that was, in most respects, indicative of his subsequent exercises in the more advanced stages of his experience. While he felt most deeply the turpitude of human nature in its present lapsed state, and had the deepest sense of his own moral pollution and ill desert in the sight of a holy God—while he gratefully felt and acknowledged the sinner's entire dependence for salvation on sovereign mercy abounding through Jesus Christ, he was as far as possible from diminishing aught from the sinner's obligations and responsibilities, and never failed to unite duty with dependence, either in his reflections or his ministrations. He abhorred that religion that consists merely in frames and feelings, and was satisfied with nothing either in respect to himself or others, but substantial love to God and man. He had, especially in the later periods of his life, no sympathy with a spirit of enthusiasm or uncharitableness. The fact of his having been betrayed, to some extent, into the indulgence of this spirit, during his connection with college, and of his subsequent conviction that he had thus fallen into errors, no doubt was the means of guarding him more effectually against this evil during the rest of his life; and if there was any one thing for which his character as a Christian and a minister was distinguished, it was his rigid adherence to gospel principles and rules in opposition to the impressions and vagaries of fanaticism. He had such entire confidence in the character of God, and such enrapturing views of his glory, that he found delight continually in doing his will, and in submitting to his will—no matter how severe may have been the sufferings to which he was called. After he closed his labors at Kaunameck, which had been continued for a year with comparatively little success, he was invited to the pastoral charge of the church in East Hampton, L. I.—the same of which the venerable Dr. Butler was afterwards for many years pastor; and though it was regarded as one of the most eligible places of the day for ministerial comfort and usefulness, yet Brainerd unhesitatingly declined it, preferring a new mission among the Indians, with all the deprivations and hardships by which he knew it must be attended. The benevolence of the gospel breathed in all his actions. In his efforts to save the souls of his fellow creatures and glorify his Redeemer, he completely lost sight of his own temporal convenience and comfort; and in all the success that attended his labors, the language of his heart evidently was, "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name, O Lord, be all the glory!"

After contemplating the eminent services and sacrifices of such a man as David Brainerd, we should be unjust alike to our own interests and his memory, if we were not to pause and gather up some of the lessons, which the history of such a man suggests. We will briefly advert to two or three of them.

We see in the history of this remarkable man, a striking instance of what often occurs under the government of God—evil being rendered subservient to good. Brainerd's course toward the government of college was certainly reprehensible, and the spirit which he evinced for a time, savored little of the meekness and gentleness of Christ; and yet this taught him a lesson of his weakness and danger which he never forgot; and to this no doubt it was chiefly owing that he was so much distinguished in his subsequent course for the union of consistency and charity. But it was not for himself only that he learned this lesson, but for all who come after him; and especially for all young professors who are thrown into circumstances of great religious excitement. During the revivals which have occurred in our churches within the last twenty years, this same spirit which Brainerd manifested, and afterwards so heartily condemned, has often been exhibited by young men, in relation not merely to those who have really discovered an unjustifiable apathy toward the existing state of things, but those also who have had far more piety as well as stability and discretion, than themselves. We have in our eye at this moment young men who have followed in Brainerd's steps, not less in regard to his penitence than his error; who have acted rashly and uncharitably and fanatically for a time, and have afterwards reproached themselves for their evil doing, and settled down into stable and consistent Christians. And we regret to-day that we can think of other cases in which young men who have played the same unworthy part during a revival, who have stigmatized prudence with the name of apathy, and order with the name of formality, and have seemed to set themselves up as examples of all that was zealous and courageous and self-sacrificing, who have after a little while apparently lost their interest in the whole subject—and perhaps in the compass of a few brief months have travelled the whole distance from fanaticism to formalism. We say again, the experience of Brainerd on this subject is monitory to every young man of this age; and if the lesson of caution which it suggests could have been duly pondered and heeded by every young Christian in our land within the last few years, it would have prevented a world of bitterness, and false experience, and commotion all over the church.

Brainerd's history shows the wonderful power of the Christian principle as an element of usefulness. He had indeed a well balanced and well cultivated mind; but was not in either of these respects so much distinguished, as to constitute any reason for his name being transmitted to posterity. No doubt he had classmates in college and brethren in the ministry, who possessed as vigorous powers as he, whose names have already perished from every earthly record, unless perhaps it be the college catalogue; whilst *his* name is like a household word on the other side of the ocean. And wherefore is this difference? It arises simply from the fact that while they were either strangers to the renovating influence of Christianity altogether, or else had the Christian graces but feebly and imperfectly developed in their characters, with *him* religion was an all-absorbing matter—it was the only element in which he could freely breathe—it was the vital principle of his existence. It was faith in the gospel—faith in the Saviour—faith in the promises—that made him so mighty both to labor and endure. No man felt his own weakness more, but he was in constant communion with the fountain of all strength. He lived with his eye fixed on the glories of the upper world. He lost sight of everything earthly in his exceeding desire to behold God's glory, and to wear the purchased crown. Let others go and do likewise, and they may hope for his reward. They may behold fresh monuments of usefulness rising up in their path; they may see the wilderness budding and blossoming around them, they may hear sinners converted from the error of their ways recognizing them as instruments of their salvation; and they may be cheered by the thought that after they have passed away from all earthly scenes, the record of their example will survive them to work with mighty power in training others for heaven.

How manifestly is the wisdom of God to be seen in now and then raising up a man like Brainerd, the light of whose character shall shine through many generations! While in every such instance he displays the sovereignty and riches of his grace, to the contemplation and admonition of his church, he also furnishes an example of eminent faith and usefulness which may stimulate myriads to nobler Christian attainments and achievements. Luther, and

Schwartz, and Edwards, and Martin, to say nothing of the inspired Paul—how they glow in greater glory, even among the illustrious names of their respective periods! Let the Church keep her eye fixed on these luminous bodies in the spiritual hemisphere, and as she contemplates the image of the exalted Saviour as it appears in them, she may hope that that image will shine out in brighter effulgence from herself.

Brainerd's success among the poor Indians, should be regarded as a pledge of the ultimate triumph of the missionary cause. He went among them, and he found their minds dark as night, and their hearts hard as adamant; but he carried with him in the glorious gospel that which could enlighten, and that which could soften; though neither the one effort nor the other could be produced independently of an influence from on high. Hence he preached for awhile with little visible success—the Indian heard but he heeded not—his savage habits were so dear to him that he could not consent to put them away. But did the faithful missionary yield to discouragement? Did he say within himself, "these savages will never yield to the gospel call, and therefore they must be left to their wretched condition and yet more wretched prospects!" Oh no, his faith never failed even in the darkest times—he kept on laboring in his self-denying vocation; and when he was constrained to leave one place in the wilderness, he looked out for another; and at length he found the place where God's blessing was to be poured out upon his labors, and he was to behold the evidence that the gospel through God was mighty to conquer even an Indian's heart. As he preached, the truth came down with power; and the tear started and the bosom heaved with penitence; and one after another felt the subduing, quickening energy, till that solitary place had really become the scene of a glorious revival—had become vocal with the praises of our God. What encouragement does the contemplation of this scene furnish to the missionary of the present day—what encouragement to the church in reference to the ultimate success of the missionary cause! Brainerd labored a considerable time and no blessing seemed to come; but at length the Spirit was with him and aroused him as a mighty working mind. So God has often since permitted his servants to labor among the heathen for a long time, and has left them to the lamentation, "Who hath believed our report?"—and then has suddenly cheered them with some reviving tokens of his favor. And is it unreasonable to suppose, either in view of prophecy or the analogies of providence, that this same characteristic may mark the divine administration in respect to the progession and universal triumph of truth and holiness? The church has been laboring long and is laboring still, with much less effect than she could desire. She erects the standard of the cross here and there, and then perhaps Satan's standard is unfurled in its place. She has some energy, but she marvels that her success is not greater, and sometimes is half inclined to fold her arms in discouragement. But let her press onward, and she shall soon find the signs of approaching victory multiplying around her. Let her prepare herself to open her eyes suddenly on a far more glorious day. Ere long—possibly before our children's children shall have tasted death—there may be some mighty movement in providence in which the hand of the Lord shall be wonderfully revealed for the conversion of the nations; and the prophecy that a nation shall be born in a day, may stand forth in the glory of a literal and complete fulfilment. Let our faith take fast hold of God's promises; and let us feel assured that it is not more certain as a matter of history that the Indians expected and believed as Brainerd preached and prayed, than it is as a matter of prophecy that at some future period all the nations shall bow to Emanuel's sceptre, and shouts of jubilee shall go up to heaven, because He who created all things, has created all things new.

Of Brainerd's manuscript letters, it is believed not more than three or four are in existence. We have understood that his biographer, Dr. Sereno Dwight, in all his researches preparatory to writing his life, did not find a solitary one.

The following addressed to the Rev. John Sergeant, his fellow-laborer in the missionary cause at Stockbridge, was found a few years ago among some rubbish in the garret of a house in Massachusetts that had been occupied by the clergymen of the parish successively for about a century.

Woodbury, March 25, 1745.

Rev. and Hon. Sir:—In November last, I attempted to send you a line by Mr. Van Skanke, to inform you of the state of affairs with me, and actually wrote: but he leaving New York an hour sooner than I expected, I was disappointed. And now I'm in the greatest hurry, and can but hint at things, I would otherwise be more particular in.

As to my affairs here—I took a journey last October to Susquehannah, and continued there some time, preaching to the Indians frequently in a place called Opehollaupung about fifteen or twenty miles down the river from the place you formerly visited. I supposed I had some encouragement among them, and I propose to visit them again about the middle of next month, with leave of Divine providence, and think to spend most of the summer in those parts, if a door opens for it. There is one peculiar difficulty in the way: The land these Indians live upon, belong to the Six Nations; that is, the Mohawks; and 'tis something doubtful whether they will suffer a missionary to come among their tributaries, and on to their lands. Yet this difficulty we hope may be removed by the influence of the Governor of Pennsylvania, who maintains a strict friendship with the Six Nations, whose assistance the correspondents have endeavored to engage in this affair. May he who has the hearts of all men in his hands, open their hearts to receive the Gospel.

"I have this winter past had more encouragement among the Indians of Delaware than ever before. A spirit of seriousness and concern has seemed to spread among them, and many of them have been very attentive and desirous of instruction, but I have also met with so many discouragements, that I scarce know what to say. Yet I'm not discouraged, but still hope that the day of divine power will come, wherein they shall become a willing people.

"I long to hear of your affairs, and especially how things are like to turn with regard to your scheme of a free boarding School, which is an affair much upon my heart amidst all my heavy Concerns; and I can hear nothing whether 'tis likely to succeed or not.

"I fully designed to have given Something Considerable for promoting the Good Design; but whether I shall be able to give anything, or whether 'twill be Duty for me so to do, under present Circumstances, I know not. I have met with sundry losses lately, to the value of 60 or 70 pounds, New England Money. In particular, I broke my Mare's leg last fall in my Journey to Susquehannah, and was obliged to kill her on the road, and prosecute my Journey on foot; and I can't get her place Supplied for 50 pounds. And I have lately moved to have a Colleague or Companion with me, for my Spirits sink with my Solitary Circumstances. And I expect to contribute Considerable to his Maintenance, Seeing his Salary must be gathered wholly in this Country and can't be expected from Scotland.

"I Sold my Tea Kettle to Mr. Jo. Woodbridge, and an Iron Kettle to Mr. Tem. Woodbridge, both which amounted to Something more than four pounds, which I ordered them to pay to you for the school. If that Succeeds, I hope you will use the money that way, if not, you are welcome to it yourself. I desire my Teapot and Bed Ticken may be improved to the same purpose.

"As to my blankets, I desired Mr. Woodbridge to take the trouble of turning them into Deer Skins. If he has not done it, I wish he would, and send the Skins to Mr. Hopkins, or if it might be, to Mr. Bellamy.

"Please to remember me to Maddam, and all friends.

"I am, Sir, in greatest haste,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"DAVID BRAINERD"

The spelling, capitals, &c., as they appear in the original MS. have all been preserved, as they will be in letters that may hereafter be published in a similar connection.

THE WILD COLUMBINE.

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

CLASS, Polyandria—order, Pentagynia. Natural order of Linnæus, Multisiliquæ—of Jussieu, Helleborinæ.

The systematic name of the wild Columbine, a representation of which embellishes our present number, is *Aquilegia Canadensis*. Aquilegia is from the Latin *aquila*, an eagle—its horns or nectaries resembling eagles' claws. Some authors think it more naturally derived from *aqua*, water, and *lego*, I gather, the edges of the leaves being slightly rolled upward and inward, so that they retain water.

Generic Description.—Calyx none: petals five, caducous: nectaries five, alternating with the petals, extending a considerable distance beyond the receptacle and terminating in a spur: capsules five, many-seeded; styles permanent. This is according to Prof. Eaton's description, but it would be more proper, perhaps, to consider the corol as a colored calyx, and the nectaries as petals.

Specific Description.—Horns strait; stamens of different length, extending beyond the corol: leaves decompound. The plant is about fifteen inches high, growing in a dry, shallow soil, often in the crevices of rocks. It is found throughout the Northern and Southern States—blossoms in April—flowers red and yellow—nodding.

Medicinal Properties.—Plants found in this natural order are acrid, caustic and poisonous. The seeds of the Aquilegia were formerly used as a remedy in eruptive diseases, and the whole plant was prescribed in the scurvy. Though retained in several of the foreign pharmacopœias, it is not much valued now by physicians in this country.

There are several species of the Aquilegia, all of which are called by the common name of Columbine—a name derived from the Latin *columbinus*, belonging to a dove or pigeon,—so called from the circumstance that the blossoms of some of the species are dove-colored—or perhaps because the flower-stem bends gracefully like the neck of the pigeon when cooing to his mate.

Its sentiment is folly. It appears, at first thought, singular that such a sentiment should be given to this graceful flower, especially when we consider that its generic name is derived from the noble and victorious eagle, and its common name from the gentle, harmless dove; but we must reflect that the old philosophers, and astronomers, and poets, and naturalists, were men that were moved by the spirit of circumstance and omens—ever seeking after similitudes and naming the objects of their research according to their real or supposed resemblance to other objects. Some think it was given it because the nectaries are formed like the caps of the ancient jesters—others, that it was because it decks itself out in its gaudy apparel of bright red and yellow. *We*, of course, would not charge any one with folly, who is charmed with high colors in these latter days of refinement and improved taste; nor would we wish to have the fairer flowers that adorn our streets, exchange their dazzling splendor for more sombre hues.

By cultivation, the nectaries of all the species of this plant would, no doubt, become enlarged and multiplied. In the Garden Columbine (*Aquilegia Vulgaris*) it is interesting to examine these appendages—one hollow horn being contained within another. Sometimes as many as three or four are thus arranged. As all our readers are or have been children, we deem it almost unnecessary to add that these nectaries contain a liquid resembling honey, both in taste and quality. Who has not, in the days of his childhood, gaily bounded along the hill-side, on a sunny April morn, and climbed the rugged rock where the sweet columbine, nodding in the light breeze, invited him to sip nectar from its tiny cups?

Many fond memories and many scenes of sorrow, spring up in the mind, whenever we meet with this early blooming flower. In our youthful May-day rambles, this was the first to be seen. In the garlands we wove, this was the brightest ornament. But, like the flowers that composed those garlands, many a brow they decorated has drooped and faded and passed away for ever. On one May morning we inserted this flower as the most brilliant star in the crown of our "Queen," on the next, we planted it on her grave!

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Aquilegia Canadensis.

"In the green church-yard is a lonely spot,
Where the joyous sunshine enters not;
Deep in the gloom of the cypress' shade,
There is her home in the cold earth made,
And over her still the sweet flow'rets bloom;
They were near her in life, and forsake not her tomb.

Beautiful Flowers! ye seem to be
Link'd in the fond ties of memory!
Companions ye were to our childhood's day,
Companions ye are to our lifeless clay;
And barren and drear were this wide world of ours,
Lacking the smile of the beautiful flowers!"

THE FALL OF THE OAK.

BY MISS MINERVA CATLIN.

There's a crashing in the forest
And a shrieking of the blast,
For the stormy winds are warring
With the monarch of the past;
And its giant boughs are sweeping
The cold and turfless bed,
Where the withered leaves are lying
'Mid the ashes of the dead.

How fallen in thy glory,
Oak of the sullen wood,
Where scathless 'mid the lightnings
For ages thou hast stood.
And reared thy cloud-capt summit
Undauntedly on high,
Amid the bellowing thunders
That rent the star-paved sky.

The eagle soared to meet thee,
And there his eyrie hung,
Amid the hour of tempests
Where piping voices sung;
And storms the fearless nestling
Rocked to his cradle rest,
While flashing clouds played round him
With many a burning crest.

Thine too were gentler numbers
Than the wild winds' angry roar,
For low and breezy murmurs
Thou knowest well to pour;
And when the pale-eyed moonbeams
Stole softly o'er the night,
And 'mid thy woven branches
Threw lines of silver light,

The air that lingered round thee
Grew tremulous with low
And gushing tones of sweetness,
That seemed from lutes to flow,
Untuned by earthly fingers;
As through each silver ray
Were in itself a harp-string
To thrill and melt away.

And 'mid this sea of music
By leaves and breezes made,
Young hearts their troth have plighted
Within thy ancient shade;
And not unmeet it seemeth
In holy scenes like this,
Should be Love's first revealings
From souls o'erfraught with bliss.

Now hushed the whispered story
Thou'st told with leafy chime,
Wild legends of the forest—
Tales of the olden time,
To listless dreamers musing
Upon the silent past;
Till every gathering shadow
Seemed from its mantle cast.

And 'mid thy prostrate branches
The raven bird of night
With boding cry sits waiting
The early dawn of light;
And fills the simple woodsman
With many a ghostly fear,
While images of danger
In at the window peer.

Thou'st stricken in thy glory,
Thou ancient forest king,
For the luckless winds have laid thee
A tempest-smitten thing;
But the gloomy woods bewail thee,
And winds thy dirges swell,
While phrenzied gales are ringing
Thy wild-toned passing bell.

WATERLOO.

THIS famous battle field lies about ten miles from Brussels. It was a cloudy, gloomy day, that I left the city to visit this spot on which the fate of Europe was once decided. I stopped a moment to look at the house where the ball was held the night before the battle, and from the thoughtless gaiety of which so many officers were summoned by the thunders of cannon to the field of battle. Before reaching the field, we passed through the beautiful forest of Soignies, composed of tall beeches, and which Byron by poetical license has changed into the forest of Ardennes. Ardennes is more than thirty miles distant in an opposite direction, but still it was more classic than Soignies, and so Byron in describing the passage of the British army through it on their way to battle says:

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves
Wet with nature's tear-drops as they pass.
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
O'er the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass,
Of living valor rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."

At length we came to the small village of Waterloo, and, taking a guide, wandered over the field. Not to weary one with confused details, conceive a large undulating plain with two ridges rising out of it lying opposite to each other, and gently curving in from the centre. These opposing ridges are mere elevations of ground separated by a shallow valley, varying from a quarter to a half mile in width. Standing on one of these curved ridges, along which the English army was posted in two lines, the other ridge or elevation of ground faces you, along which the French were drawn up. The main road from Brussels to Genappe cuts directly across this valley, and through these ridges in the centre of the field. On the extreme right is the chateau of Hougoumont, a farm house with an orchard surrounded by a high wall in the shape of a parallelogram. This defended Wellington's right. The centre rested its left on a small house called La Haye Sainte, while the left wing extended farther on to another farm house called Ter la Haye. Thus fortified at both extremities and in the centre, the allied forces awaited the approach of the French on the opposite ridge. Fifty-four thousand men are drawn up for the slaughter on one side a mile and a half in length, while Bonaparte brings to the battle seventy-five thousand Frenchmen. Back of the French lines is a house called La Belle Alliance, near which Bonaparte placed his observatory.

This was the position of the field and such the strength of the mighty armies that stood thirty years ago, on the morning of the 15th of June, looking each other in the faces. Two unconquered generals were at their head, and the fate of Europe the stake before them. As I stood on the mound reared over the slain, and looked over this field along which the grain waved as it waved on the day of that fierce battle, a world of conflicting emotions struggled in my heart. One moment the magnificence and pomp of this stern array converted it into a field of glory—the next the conception of the feelings that agitated the bosoms of these two military leaders, and the terrible results depending—all Europe hanging in breathless suspense on the battle, imparted to it a moral sublimity utterly overwhelming; the next the fierce onset, the charging squadron, the mêlée of horses and riders; the falling of mangled companies before the destructive fire; the roar of artillery, and the blast of the bugle, and braying of trumpets, and roll of drums, and the tossing of plumes and banners, and wheeling of regiments, and shock of cavalry, changed it into a scene of excitement, and daring, and horror, that made the blood flow back chill and dark on the heart. Then came the piles of the dead and the groans of the wounded, whole ranks of orphans and whole villages of mourners; till a half-uttered "wo to the warrior," was choked by tears of compassion.

Thirty years ago Wellington stood where I stood, and surveyed the field over which the two mighty armies were manœuvering. At length, at this very hour (eleven o'clock), when I am gazing upon it, the cannonading begins, and soon rolls the whole length of the line. In a moment it is all in imagination before me. Yonder on the extreme right Jerome Bonaparte with 12,000 men descends like a mountain stream on the Chateau of Hougoumont. Column after column, the dark masses march straight into the deadly fire that opens in every direction. In perfect order and steady front they press up to the very walls, and thrust their bayonets through the door itself. At

length the house takes fire, and the shrieks of the wounded who are burning up, rise a moment over the roar of the strife, and then naught is heard but the confused noise of battle. Slowly, reluctantly, those 12,000 surge back from the wall—12,000, did I say? No, in this rapid half hour 1,500 have fallen to rise no more, and there in that orchard of four acres, their bodies are scattered, nay, rather *piled*, besmeared with powder and blood. Between me and them fresh columns of French infantry, headed by a long row of cannon that belch forth their fires every few moments, come steadily up to the English squares. Whole ranks of living men fall at every discharge, but those firm squares neither shake nor falter. The earth trembles as cannon answers cannon, burying their loads in solid masses of human flesh. In the midst of this awful mêlée, the brave Picton charges home on the French, and they roll back like a wave from the rock—but a bullet has entered his temple, and he sallies back and falls at the head of his followers. And yonder, to save their flying infantry, a column of French cavalry throw themselves with the ocean's mighty swing on the foe, but these rock-fast squares stand rooted to the ground. Slowly and desperately that daring column *walk* their horses round and round the squares, dashing in at every opening, but in vain. And now from wing to wing it is one wild battle, and I see nothing but the smoke of cannon, the tossing of plumes, and the soaring of the French eagle over the charging columns; and I hear naught but the roll of the drum, the sound of martial music, the explosion of artillery, and the blast of the bugle sounding the charge. There stands Wellington, weary and anxious. Wherever a square has wavered, he has thrown himself into it, cheering on his men. But now he stands and surveys the field of blood and sees his posts driven in, his army exhausted, and exclaims, while he wipes the sweat from his brow, "Would to God that Blucher or night would come." The noble Gordon steps up to him, begging him not to stand where he is so exposed to the shots of the enemy, and while he is speaking, a bullet pierces his own body and he falls. Bonaparte surveys the field of slaughter with savage ferocity, and pours fresh columns on the English lines, while the cavalry charge with desperate valor on the English infantry. For four long hours has the battle raged and victory wavered. But look! a dark object emerges from yonder distant wood, and stretches out into the field. And now there are banners, and horsemen, and moving columns. The Prussians are coming. Bonaparte sees them, and knowing that nothing can save him but the destruction of the English lines before they arrive, orders up his old Imperial Guard, that had been kept aloof from battle all the day. He addresses them in a few fiery words, telling them that all rests on their valor. They shout "the Emperor for ever," till the sound is heard even to the British lines With the impetuous Ney at their head, they move in perfect order and beautiful array down the slope. The storm of battle is hushed. No drum, or trumpet, or martial strain, cheers them on. No bugle sounds the charge. In dead silence and with firm and steady step they come. The allied forces look with indescribable awe and dread on the approach of those battalions that had never yet been conquered. But the momentary pause is like the hush of the storm ere it gathers for a fiercer sweep. The cannon open at once, and whole ranks of that gallant band fall like a snow wreath from the mountain, yet they falter not;—over the mangled forms they pass, and with steady, resistless force, come up face to face with their foe. The lines reel, and totter, and sway backward. The field seems lost—but no, that awful discharge on their bosoms from that rank of men that seemed to rise from the ground has turned the day—the invincible guard stop as if stunned by some terrible blow. A second discharge and they wheel and fly. The whole English line now advance to the assault. Look at that mangled column, how that discharge of artillery has torn its head and carried away half its number.

'Tis over, that magnificent army that formed in such beautiful order in the morning on the heights, is now rent, and the fugitives darken the field. 'Tis night, but the Prussians, fresh on the field, pursue the flying the long night. Oh, what scenes of horror and dread are witnessed, where the thunder of distant cannon comes booming on the midnight air! Death is dragging his car over the multitude, and the very heavens look aghast at the merciless slaughter.

'Tis night, the roar of the far off cannon is heard at intervals, but here it is all quiet. The battle is hushed, and the conflicting legions have parted to meet no more. The full round moon is sailing quietly up the blue heavens, serene and peaceful as ever. The stars shine on as if they looked on no scene of wo A weary form is slowly passing over the field. It

is Wellington, weeping as he goes, for his horse's hoofs strike at every step in puddles of human blood, and the moonbeams fall on more than twenty thousand corpses strewed over the trampled ground. The groans of the dying and the shrieks of the suffering mingle together, while the sudden death-cry rings over all. And the unconscious moon is smiling on, painting the far off landscape in beauty. God in heaven, is this thy earth, and are those mangled mountains of flesh thy creatures? How little nature seems to sympathize with the scenes that transpire in her presence! It is true the grain lies trampled, and crushed, and red on the plain, but the wind passes as gently over it, stirring the tree-tops as it goes, as if no groans were mingled with its breath. The full-orbed moon rides up her gorgeous pathway of stars, smiling down as sweetly on those crushed and shrieking masses, as if naught but the shepherd boy reclined on the field and gazed on her beauty. Nay, God himself seems not to notice this fierce attack on the happiness of his creatures, but lets nature, like a slumbering child, breathe peacefully on. And yet this is an awful night, and there is an aggregate of wo and agony here no mind can measure. And he, the author of it all, the haughty homicide who has strode like a demon over Europe and left his infatuated armies on three continents, where is he? A fugitive for his life; while the roar of the distant cannon coming faintly on his ear, tells him of the field and the power he has left behind. His race is run, that baleful star has gone down, and the nations can "breathe free again."

Such were my thoughts as I stood on this greatest of human battle-fields. It is evident to an impartial observer, that if Grouchy had obeyed Bonaparte, as Blucher did Wellington; or had Blucher stayed away as did Grouchy, Bonaparte would have won the field, and no one could have told where that scourge of man would have stopped. But God had said, "thus far and no farther," and his chariot went down just as it was nearing the goal. The Christian cannot muse over such a field of blood without the deepest execration of Bonaparte's character. The warrior may recount the deeds wrought in that mighty conflict, but the Christian's eye looks farther—to the broken hearts it has made, and to the fearful retributions of the judgment. We will not speak of the physical suffering crowded into this one day, for we cannot appreciate it. The sufferings of one single man with his shattered bones piercing him as he struggles in his pain; his suffocation, and thirst, and bitter prayers drowned amid the roar of battle; his mental agony as he thinks of his wife and children; his last death-shriek, are utterly inconceivable. Multiply the sum of this man's suffering by twenty thousand, and the aggregate who could tell? Then charge all this over *to one man's ambition* and who shall measure his guilt, or say how dark and terrible his doom should be? Bonaparte was a man of great intellect, but he stands charged with crimes that blacken and torture the soul for ever, and his accusers and their witnesses will rise from almost every field in Europe and come in crowds from the banks of the Nile. He met and conquered many armies, but never stood face to face with such a terrible array as when he shall be summoned from his grave to meet this host of witnesses. The murderous artillery, the terrific charge, and the headlong courage will then avail him nothing. Truth, and Justice, and Mercy, are the only helpers there, and *they* cannot help *him*. He trod them down in his pride and fury, and they shall tread him down for ever. He assaulted the peace and happiness of the earth, and the day of reckoning is sure. He put his glory above all human good or ill, and drove his chariot over a pathway of human hearts, and the God of the human heart shall avenge them and abase him. I care not what good he did in founding institutions and overturning rotten thrones; *good* was not his object, but personal glory. Besides, this sacking and burning down cities to build greater, has always been a favorite measure with conquerors and the favorite apology with their eulogisers. It is false in fact, and false if true in the inference drawn from it. It is not true that improvement was his purpose, nor does it exculpate him if it was. God does not permit man to produce happiness this way without a special command. When he wishes a corrupt nation or people to be swept away, he sends his earthquake or pestilence, or if man is to be his *anointed* instrument, he *anoints* him in the presence of the world. He may, and does, allow one wicked thing to scourge another, but the scourger is a criminal while he fulfils the design, for he acts not for the Deity, but for himself. The grand outline of Bonaparte's mental character—the great achievements he performed—the mighty power he wielded and the awe with which he inspired the world, have blinded men to his true character, and he remains half apotheosised to this day, while the sadness of his fate—being sent to eat out his heart on a solitary rock in mid ocean—has created a

morbid sympathy for him, anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we think has contributed to this wrong feeling. Dying amidst an awful storm, while trees were falling and the sea flinging itself as if in convulsions far up on the island, have imparted something of the supernatural to him. And then his fierceness to the last, for though the night was wild and terrible, a wilder night was over his heart, and his spirit, in its last fitful struggle, was watching the current of a heavy fight, and his last dying words were *tête d'armée*, "head of the army." He has gone, and his mighty armies with him, but the day shall come when the world shall read his history as they read that of Cesar Borgia, and point to his tomb with a shudder.

It is strange that such men as Bonaparte should always regard themselves as *fated* to perform what they do, as if themselves stupified with their own success, and conscious—acting voluntarily though they were—that the results were greater than human calculations could make them. Napoleon often spoke of himself as under a fate that protected him from death while he prosecuted his mad ambition. He may have been right, for Pharaoh was impelled on by his own wicked heart to accomplish a great and glorious plan. How sweet it is to know there is one right Being in the Universe who can and will eventually adjust all things well!

Before leaving the field I was struck with one fact my guide told me, illustrating the brutality of the soldier. He was a native of Waterloo, and the morning after the battle stole forth to the field to pillage the slain. But the soldiers had been before him, and weary and exhausted as they were with the hard day's fight, had spent the night in robbing the dead and the wounded, so that he, on his own confession, could find among the thousands heaped together, nothing worth carrying away but an old silver watch. This single fact is volumes on the brutalizing tendency of war.

The field of Waterloo has undergone some change from the erection of a large tumulus over the slain in the centre of it, surmounted by a bronze lion. The dirt excavated to make it has deepened the valley, while several monuments are scattered here and there to commemorate some gallant deed.

In the little church of Waterloo repose many of the officers who fell in battle, and the walls are lined with tablets bearing some of them touching inscriptions. One of them was peculiarly so. It was written above a young man, the son of a noble family, who was one of Wellington's suite, and had been with him in the peninsular campaign. He was but eighteen years old, and Waterloo was his *twentieth* battle. Scarcely out of boyhood, he had passed through the storm of nineteen battles and perished in the twentieth. It is terrific to reflect on the moral effect of so many scenes of blood upon a youthful heart. *Such training will ruin any man*, even though he were an angel. Ah, the evils of war are felt not less on the living than the dead; not less on the mourner than the victor. The path of victory and defeat are both equally wasting. The blood of the slain has manured this field well, and the grain was waving richly over it, stirred by a gentle wind. I turned away a wiser if not a better man, and filled with deeper abhorrence of war and war's ambition. And yet how many pilgrims come to this battle-field, and how high Bonaparte stands in the world's estimation, while who seeks Howard's grave or mourns over his death of a martyr? But this is the world's way and always has been—neglect its benefactors and deify its destroyers—crucify its Saviour and build temples above its Cæsars.

A LESSON FROM THE SEASONS.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

When Winter o'er the fertile land
Resumes his sway with chilling hand,
The mountain, hill, and quiet vale
With glistening robe are mantled o'er,
And Autumn flees the rising gale
Unbound where Boreas has his store.

The flowing stream is bound again,
No rippling music cheers the glen,
Nor softest whispers murmur praise
Which silent in its bosom stays;
Fast-fettered by the icy chain,
It utters not the wonted strain,
Whose liquid euphony can tell,
The soft orisons of the dell:
Its mirror-surface shines with light
And dazzles oft the watcher's sight,
But seems regardless of the beam
Which fills the noon with radiant gleam,
Whose fervid power is lost in air
Nor seems to melt an atom there—
Like minds where knowledge brightly shines
And draws its boldest master-lines,
Untouched with love to rouse the soul
And bid its deep emotions roll.

—Yet when the Spring returns, the rill
Shall speak its lowly accents still,
And hasting forth unbound and free
While leaping onward to the sea,
Shall sound a louder chorus then
While vespers steal along the glen;
So hearts when freed from pain and care,
Their strong Deliverer humbly bless,
And sweetly blend their praise and prayer,
In faith, and hope, and holiness.

What art can imitate the skill
Which Frost displays in sportive hours,
When, with his touchings slight and still,
He brings to view his icy flowers?
Go, search the fields with care, and see
What things he cultivates for thee;
Whose thin transparent leaves are seen
In rainbow hues of red and green,
And yet so frail they melt away
Before the softest breath of day;
Bright crystals of the frozen air!*
So light and clear they flourish there,
They seem too pure to be of earth
And scarce an hour survive their birth.

The summer flowers are not alone
The only beauties Nature yields,
In Winter they are freely thrown
Along the streamlet's side and fields;
The window-panes are fretted o'er
With Frost's own pencillings and lore,
And oft might teach us lessons well
If we would hear the tale they tell.

Alike and yet unlike they seem—
These flourish only in the beam
Of fortune's favored, genial hour,
With rank, and wealth, and health, and power;
While *those* in sorrow oft we glean,
Where cold Adversity is seen,
Which teach the lesson rich and free,
"As thy day is, thy strength shall be!"

* During my residence in Virginia, I several times observed a number of most exquisite exhibitions of this kind. They excelled in delicacy of crystallization and beauty of iridescence anything I have ever noticed in the mineral kingdom or among the artificial productions of the processes of the chemist.

CHARLES FOURIER.*

We recollect the astonishment with which our ears received, at the opening of a term, the announcement from the magisterial chair, that the first essay in course was to be upon the thesis, "Are ideas innate?" The first step in philosophy, says one amateur, is to doubt. In obedience to the rule we started with questioning the *innate* theory by the prescribed commonplaces; and when this proved a barren field to our labor, we advanced to raising doubts upon the existence of *ideas* themselves. Finding after several attempts that our ideas were really fewer than we had counted on, and terrified with the prospect of losing even the few we had, by a further pursuit of the subject, we imparted our troubles to a communicative friend, who common report said was versed in those mysteries. He proceeded immediately to fulminate amid the darkness, in order to bring within the ken of our vision certain high stand-points of philosophy. Arguments and quotations, dogmas and guesses, began to fall around us, thick as the autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa, or rather as the Roman shields upon the head of the avaricious traitoress. He labored faithfully, long and well: and when the flow of words ceased, a flash of intuition seemed to light up our beclouded brain, and we thought we understood. It lasted for a moment, and then vanished—for ever. Not all the charms of the beautiful theory of the Academy, nor all the dullness of the logic of Locke, was afterwards able to scatter the clouds which overhung the subject. Images, ideas, *tabula rasas*, idealities, realisms, dogmatisms, and doubtisms, now form and transform themselves in our brain like the figures of a kaleidoscope: for all practical purposes we carefully keep shut the doors in that quarter of memory's tabernacle, passing by them with grave obeisance, like one happily escaped from the cave of Trophonius.

Something like this issue befell us in examining the mysteries of Socialism. As expounded by its last apostle, each of its articles seemed clear and distinct. We brought these articles into the form of a creed, and strove to reduce them to a system But here a mutiny arose; they refused to stand in the ranks. One proposition ran up the black flag, and declared eternal enmity to God and man: another hung itself with the drapery of religion, and declaimed earnestly for piety, good works and almsgiving: while a third shed tears over the joys, and made merry over the ills of life. What with their jostling, and their worthlessness, our system-craft turned out a failure. To review, however, our course, and "tell the tale as it is told to us" by Mr. Godwin, will induct the reader into as much Fourierism as he may care to know, and at the same time arm him against the insidious attacks it is making upon our present social organization and religion. In our inspection of this new edifice we may not say much of its magnificent design, and its gay fretwork: but shall very unpoetically dig down among the rubblestones, and very unceremoniously fling up some of the quicksand, in which they are imbedded.

Charles Fourier, having passed his minority, nearly as ordinary boys do, received for his paternal inheritance sixteen thousand dollars; embarked it all in trade, and the same year lost it in the siege and sack of Lyons. Two years' service in the Republican army, in which he was subsequently induced to enlist, inspired him with a hearty disgust for military fame, and he again sought the golden pleasures of the counting-house. On one occasion, having been an eye-witness to a deed of monopolising avarice in the wanton destruction of an enormous quantity of grain, he conceived a deep hatred of the principles which rule in commercial intercourse, and formed a resolution—the Socialists term it a *holy* resolution—to discover the means of detecting and punishing such crimes against humanity. This event, in 1799, is usually assigned as the hour of the inception of Fourierism. Others, however, with greater probability, go backward the space of nine years, and find it on record that on a time Fourier stood before a huckster's bench in Paris, and hungered for apples. Yet verdant with the rustic cheapness of the scrubby fruit in his native town of Besançon, he started in astonishment when the fruiteress demanded seven-pence for a fine choice apple; appetite stifled the voices of parsimony and philosophy; he made the purchase, he ate the apple, and though sweet in his mouth, it was bitter in its fruit to nations yet unborn.

The Socialists always tell this story as an exhibit of the transcendental leaps Fourier loved to take from the infinitely small to the infinitely great—from the extortion of a poor forestalling apple-woman to the *solidarity* of the human race.

* *A Popular View of the Doctrines of Charles Fourier, by* Parke Godwin. New York. J. S. Redfield, 1844.

Having got under way with this impulse Fourier's fancy held an onward course; and after a succession of storms and calms reached the haven of the moral El Dorado. To drop the figure, he discovered—or imagined so—certain laws of the passions which are fundamental and universal, as well as all-wise and beneficent. The plain reader will not thank us for initiating him into the arcana of this science, or beclouding his intellect with the mysteries of Fourier's nomenclature. In sober Saxon his theory was, that attraction and repulsion are laws of mind, as well as of matter: that there is nothing evil of itself, but only made so by its relations; that selfishness is a holy principle, and worthy of the tenderest cultivation in the heart, under a certain organization of society, which Fourier had revealed: and that every passion, love and hatred, forgiveness and revenge, charity and malice, together with every deed, from what is now called the highest virtue down to what is also now called the lowest vice, can be made to act in harmony, and pipe and dance to each other in the measures of sweet accord.

When our theorist had brooded upon his idea for now twenty years, he exposed its beauties to the rude gaze of the world; and in 1808 this mysterious title was to be read on the back of a volume at the booksellers' shops, "*Théorie des quatre mouvemens;*" which being interpreted, is the aforementioned theory of attraction and repulsion. The volume contained little more than a promise of something to be done thereafter, and a long dark interval of seven years separated tome first from tome second. But just as the latter was issuing from the press, Napoleon returned from Elba, and with his brief but splendid career from Marseilles to Paris, and from Paris to Waterloo, threw France into the fever of war, and Fourier's book into the atrophy of neglect. Plodding diligence, however, can secure something of an immortality, especially if it be moderately dull; and so when the superior fortune of an arrogant monarchy had banished the representative of an equally arrogant republicanism to St. Helena, Fourier took up his residence and his pen in a sister's house, and renewed his study into the cosmogony of the human passions. Twenty-five years from that time he finds men not only simple enough to be persuaded of his *doctrine*, but more simple still, in being eager to put it in practice.

In 1832 the St. Simonians made a stir in Paris by their preachings and writings. To these fervent worshippers of their own lusts, Fourier, with all the ardor of a sympathizer in a kindred cause, communicated his scheme. He was doomed to a severe rebuke, for these lawless lunatics did themselves the honor to reject his scheme and turn deaf ears to his counsel. St. Simonism fell into disrepute, and the star of Fourierism, having now secured a weekly journal in which to herald its altitudes, was in the ascendant. A joint-stock company was formed, and one hundred thousand dollars subscribed and expended in making the long-wished-for experiment. There was but one cause for its failure; they had not money enough. Even Fourier was so sharp-sighted as to foretell the event, and was much grieved at the precipitation of his friends, and the ill esteem into which their failure brought his doctrines. Abstractionism seldom stoops to a parley about the cost of things; it is due, however, to Fourier's memory to vindicate for him a larger share of common sense than was possessed by his visionary followers.

In 1835 he wrote another volume, which, his own friends being judges, is a doltish affair; not so doltish, however, but that he deemed it worthy of a second part, and while it was yet in course of publication, the hand of death fell upon him. A stitched copy of the volume was brought to his dying couch, and the last words he wrote were the extremely modest lines of the Venusian bard,

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,"
I have reared a monument more enduring than brass,

where most people will be inclined to think it required more brass to write the epitaph than to build the monument of.

His conduct during his last illness was strikingly characteristic. He had met with a fall, in which he suffered a violent contusion of the head. Having no confidence in medical science, he refused all medical aid. "He had," continues his biographer, "a particular dislike to being surrounded by servants and friends. He would not allow any one to attend him but his old waiting-woman. Many of his friends offered to sit up with him, and remain in an adjoining room, but he refused peremptorily. He would not even allow the nurse to remain with him after midnight. On the eve of his death, he sent the servant to bed about twelve o'clock, requesting her to be up at five the next morning. When she went at the appointed hour, she found him out of bed. He had had

the energy to get up, and go to the night table, and as he was making an effort to return, his spirit fled, and the dead body was left kneeling at the bedside." Thus miserably and lonelily perished the misanthropic apostle of universal love, the unsocial harbinger of world-wide sociality, who conceived it the most natural thing for all men to adopt an intercommunity of goods and toil, while he possessed not in his own breast one of those first of human charities, which seek the interchange of the decent socialities of life.

Charles Fourier thought he propounded an unknown fact, when he asserted, what Moses had some thousand years before him, that society is constructed upon a miry foundation. From this discovery he advanced to an analysis of the chinks and fissures in the edifice. He was diligent and accurate, and consequently lighted on many new ones, which he entered down in his social-misery inventory. With this bundle of facts at hand, he set himself to the construction of a theory, which should at one and the same time account for the blemishes, and expose the law of a new architectural system. He rehearsed to himself the several epochs in civilisation, and resolved that the present was far in advance of its predecessors, having to a wonderful extent developed the material elements of society, as agriculture, the arts, and the sciences. These elements are not, however, well regulated, or to use the cant of the sect, not well *associated*. To determine the true law of association, we must study the faculties and desires of man; and thus man is a compound of passions or *the motor*, the body or *the movee*, and the intelligence or *the law*. All the passions, says Fourier, are included in the desire of happiness, which desire presupposes a need of harmony among the desires of all. This harmony is denominated Unityism. Certain forces exist in the constitution, which have been acting sideways on the movee, and thrown it out of a rectilinear course. These forces, in turn, may be included under the term selfishness. Selfishness in Fourier's theory has no necessary evil in itself, and only becomes so from a mal-organization of society: "avarice is only an effect of unityism; he, who is habitually economical and saving, will render great service in the societies of the future." We will not linger in this mystic nomenclature, but will hasten to the Utopia, which is to blossom under the "lust of the heart, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life."

Agriculture, said Fourier, is the perennial fountain of happiness and wealth for individuals and nations; a farm-house, therefore, will be the future palace, the be-all and end-all of human aspirations. But agriculture, to be pursued efficiently, must be rendered attractive, which latter requires a division and a subdivision of labor, which last again requires a numerous body of workmen. Upon a computation he found that eighteen hundred men in a body or phalanx, could be thus advantageously associated in one farm-house, or phalanstery. This phalanstery is a curious affair, and is evidently a scheme, for which the six-storied tenements of a Parisian Faubourg furnished one half of the idea, and the double-cellared Parisian restaurants the other. It is a huge building, composed of a body and two wings, underneath which extends an enormous kitchen; all the appurtenances of this kitchen are graduated to its measure; an enormous fire-place, a cavernous oven, a huge stewing-pan, a teapot, like that in Knickerbocker's history of Manhattan, which would make one sweat to look at, with griddles, grates, bakers, and fire-irons to match. Over this Plutonian realm, a master epicure is to preside, who, with his underlings, serves up the requisite "meats for the body." Having been transferred to the dining saloon, the gong sounds, and 800 hungry beings rush through the folding doors for breakfast. This business despatched, they fall into groups and separate to their labor; the father goes not with the son, nor the young with the old; strength is paired with strength, and skill with skill. They work with cheerfulness, and over their work talk high philosophy and Fourierism. In-doors, the mother abandons her infant to the care of one, who is appointed mother and nurse to all the offspring of the phalanstery. One reason for this separation, besides the saving of labor, as given by Fourier, is the relief it brings to mothers, who in the present state of society "are obliged to feign tastes that are often the opposite of their very organization." What! The mother's affection a feigned taste? *Proh pudor!* We cannot imagine the possibility of the thing, not even in the case when a mother's eye might glare on so belying and vilifying a son as Charles Fourier.

Let us now turn to the children of this interesting association, for, as to the men and women, they are of age, let them take care of themselves And here the exposition of the matter, as given by Fourier's disciple, is so rich that we must employ his own words. "As soon as the children have some gleams of intelligence, they

are to be conducted into the cookshops of the phalanstery, and set at work in the gardens, orchards, fields, kitchen-gardens, stables, cow-houses, and poultry-yards. * * * Stimulated by the example of children a little older than themselves, the little children will strive to put all the address of which they are susceptible with their miniature labors. * * * In the gardens they will grub up noxious weeds; in the kitchen they will turn little spits, shell peas, wash the vegetables, sort the fruit, wash the plates. * * * The various aptitudes and talents of these young children will be allowed freely to dawn, grow, and develope themselves. * * * By mere imitation, the children go through an apprenticeship to all labors, to which they are attracted. * * * The heart cannot be depraved, for these young children have constantly under their eyes examples of piety, goodness, concord, and harmony. Everything speaks to them of God. They see God in his works—they feel his presence in themselves." Are you incredulous, dear reader, whether they have learned God aright? Do you ask for this text-book, the fountain of this revelation? Fourier answers: "The kitchen, the barn, the cellar, the cow-house, the stable, the poultry-yard, the garden, the orchard, the field, serve at once as the scene and the text of instruction, which is in some measure perpetual." What, ho! all ye fashionable religionists and finders of God in everything, ye worshippers of nature, man, and the devil, rationalists, Epicureans, and Fetichists, walking in majesty before the Unseen Spirit, and trembling like aspen leaves before a maudlin Obi, Swedenborgians, transmigrationists, and anthropophagi, listen to the voice of the charmer, and make a joyful clapping of hands, for the day of your ransom is at hand; for whereas the book of nature is ambiguous, and the book of grace repulsive, our Fourier hath added thereto, as a pillar of flame over the one, and a halo of seductive loveliness about the other, the perpetual folio "of the cellar, the cow-house, the stable, and the poultry-yard." Over against a dogma, so inexpressibly ludicrous, let us set the fundamental dictum of Fourier, alike inexpressibly blasphemous, *laborare est orare*, "work is worship."

Our space forbids us to enumerate the hundredth part of the incoherences, the jarring, the idealisms, the air-castles, and the pure soap-bubbles of this socialist system. But we must find room to record two ultimate effects, which the prophet himself foresees and foretells. First; in about three centuries after the universal adoption of Fourierism, mankind may and will dispense with the marriage contract, and live under a form of concubinage in time and seasons to suit the *selfishness* of either party: thus, giving free scope for the timid to remain in the bestalic group, while the bolder may range as Bacchantes, and Bayadères, to the refinement and purification of society. The second is equally important. Fourier conceived that the existence of society was like the life of a man, having an infancy, a childhood, a maturity, a manhood, a decline, and a death. In this scale he gives the present state of society the place of manhood, and looks forward to its progressive dissolution—it being provided, of course, that his socialism is universally adopted. On these two hang all the socialism and the Fourierites: and if in advancing such propositions, the man has not with the same stroke of the pen written himself down both knave and ass, we beg to know what he has left undone, that a man may pluck another laurel from his brow.

The use made of Mr. Godwin's book, seems to demand some notice of his labors as a biographer. His "Popular View" is written with method and with perspicuity; two merits, which, on a forbidding subject, are by no means small ones. For the rest, for the fine writing upon the beauties of this "universal philanthropy" scheme, for his enthusiastic eulogy of Fourier, and his tender lamentation over his memory, for his glowing sympathy with, and earnest defence of socialism, we have little respect or praise; because, when we place socialism, as therein expounded, by the side of that system, which it seeks to supplant, we are unwilling to set down the biographer's eulogy to the account of sober reason, but rather to that of a queasy sentimentalism. now very rife in our midst, and ever like that of Sterne, to weep over dead asses, and neglect the living of our kith and kin.

THE HIGH-WAY TO HAPPINESS.

God desires to be happy. He lives to be happy. His own glory lies behind every purpose of the divine mind; prompting every law that ever fell from his lips, and every act that his Almighty energy ever performed. For his own happiness he made the angels. For his own happiness he made man. For this same high purpose the matchless splendors of creation woke into being at his sovereign word: the heavens spangled with the jewels of his casket, the earth strewed with the flowers and fruits of his providential care and love.

The angels desire to be happy. For this, on tireless pinions, upward they wing their way into the loftiest regions of revealed truth, or plunge fearless into the deepest depths that the divine mind has opened for created thought to fathom. For this they fly over worlds of unmeasured space, now here as ministering spirits to some child of poverty and wo, and now burning incense on the altar before the great white throne.

The soul desires to be happy. The evidence is written on everything that man has made. His palaces and towers, his engines of war and arts of peace, his enterprise and his repose, all proclaim, that whether power, or wealth, or fame, be the prize in prospect, beyond he seeks his own happiness, as the ultimate end to be secured. Good men desire to be happy. And so do bad men. But their aim may take them as far from each other as were they between whom the great gulf was fixed. All minds seek after bliss. God, angels, men wish to be happy. Good men, angels, God, are happy, and find their highest happiness in doing good.

It is no less true that God is happy in doing good, than that he desires to be happy. Every law that was ever uttered from his awful lips, is the fruit of a mind that seeks the highest good of those for whom that law is made. Every page of his holy word, those on which the terrors of Sinai are revealed, as well as those that breathe the melting tenderness of bleeding Calvary, all, all are but the transcript of a heart that beats eternally with the loftiest impulses of infinite compassion for the world in sin. And when the highest yet simplest record shall be made of all the attributes of the Godhead concentrated in a word that shall reach all hearts, and command the willing assent of all whose admiration holiness can desire, the record shall be written in that brief but expressive sentence,

"God is Love."

See how it shines in the works of his hands —in the heavens that cover us, and reflect the beauty and glory with which his hand clothed them; in the earth that smiles under his sunshine, and rejoices in the goodness that he reveals in the changing seasons, the revolving days and nights, the hills, and streams, and fruits, and flowers: Oh, God is love, and is happy in doing good. If man, on whom the richest evidences of that goodness have been poured, if man refuse to render praise to Him, the Giver, the rocks and hills will speak!

Angels are happy in doing good. I know not the errands on which their Sovereign sends them forth. They are the messengers of his will. And as his will is mercy, their employments are to fulfil his purposes of love. And when we seek the loftiest and brightest illustration of bliss, we speak of the happiness of the *angels in heaven*. But was there ever an idle angel there? Was there ever one who sat down at the foot of the throne, and said, I have done enough; I will spend eternity in loving and adoring God, and toil in his service no more henceforth for ever? The angels who fell had no worse rebellion in their hearts than this. They aspired not to thrones of *ease*, but thrones of *power;* a nobler aspiration far than after slothful rest in a universe that never stands still.

And if the veil that separates the spiritual world from that in which we dwell were for a bright moment withdrawn, we should see "millions of beings," the winged messengers of Jehovah, hastening like light to execute the will of Him who sent them, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable and unearthly in the glorious service of their King.

Nor shall these thoughts conflict with that great truth so vital to the economy of God's government, that happiness and holiness are indissoluble, and proportionate. For all the illustrations we have found might as well be urged to show, that just in proportion to the attainments in holiness, will be the desires after usefulness. Through every scale of being the principle extends and holds.

Now, bring it down from the joys and the duties of the heavenly world, where it pervades the circuit of holy mind, and forms at once the secret and the element of celestial bliss; bring it down to the business and the bosoms of this every-day world of ours. Apply it first to

those whom talents and opportunities have formed for influence upon the wide theatre of public life; and the result shall show that present happiness springs in the heart of him who consecrates his powers, in all their freshness and strength, to the glory of his Maker, and the good of his fellow-men; while it leaves the breast of him to be the abode of gloom, who buries his talent in the earth, shuts himself up in his cloister, and attempts to enjoy God by forsaking the world. God is not there. Superstition, not religion, built the cell of the hermit, and the walls of the convent. *God is not there.* And a thousand-fold more to be admired and imitated is the flaming zeal of a Xavier, who swept over sea and land to make proselytes to Romanism, than the stupid sanctity of him who should bury himself in the earth for forty days, without meat or drink, that he might become holy by the process.

God made us social. It was never good for us to be alone. There are sympathies of our nature that attest our kindred with our Father who is in heaven; sympathies that go out after others, and bind the family of man in one vast brotherhood; linking our hearts to hearts on the other side of the globe; so that, when a widow leaps on the funeral pile of her husband, when a mother drowns her babe in the Ganges, when the flesh-hook tears the back of a poor Hindoo devotee, or the car of the idol crushes the bones of a prostrate victim, *my* heart and *yours* feel the pang. It is a god-like attribute of human nature. It is Christ-like—the same principle that brought him from his throne, at the very summit of glory, and made him a homeless exile on the face of the earth—that wrung tears from his eyes when he looked down upon Jerusalem—and blood from his hands and feet when he hung on Calvary, with the weight of a world's guilt pressing on his soul. *Sympathy*—Christ-like sympathy—the electric fire that pervades the universe of mind; so that if the obscurest sinner on the broad footstool of Jehovah repents of sin, and turns to Christ, there's not an angel on the remotest corner of creation but claps his wings with ecstasy when the tidings reach his ear.

This is the element of our nature that forbids us to be happy unless we are doing good. Leave the angels to themselves and great men to themselves, and take the children of a single family, or the youth in a single school, and test the principle there. In that circle of bright spirits, which is the happiest? The one who seeks to engross all sources of pleasure to herself; who takes a present of fruit or flowers, and carries it to her own room, to consume or admire it *all alone;* who mingles but little with her companions, and never joins in their sports unless they will play *her* game, and play it in *her* way; in a word, who shows by all her looks and acts that self is her idol, and those around her objects of interest only as they serve to promote her selfish ends—is she the happiest? Or that other girl, perhaps less favored with the gifts of Providence, but adorned with simple grace, whose smiles are sweet as the dewy morn, and whose heart is open as the day; who has a word of kindness for each one she meets, and a hand to lend wherever she may add to the joy of those she loves; who lives not for herself, but for others; and is ever ready to deny herself a pleasure, if by self-denial they may partake; who finds no pleasure that is not doubly sweet when shared with friends; and whose heart goes out continually, like a living stream, in acts of kindness to all whom she can reach. Which of these two think ye the happier? We shall not differ in the answer: and if in these extremes of being, in the family of heaven and the families of earth, the principle holds the same, we are ready to apply it to the subject now before us. *The greatest happiness is to be found in the greatest usefulness.*

If happiness is found in usefulness, enlarge the latter and the former swells, as the stream expands, and flows with a broader, swifter current when the fountain rises. In a social circle that seeks by industry, Dorcas-like, to provide for the wants of the poor, there is pleasure in the thought that one sad heart will be made lighter, the sorrows of one family assuaged in consequence of that combined labor. Extend the charity, and cause the hearts of a hundred poor widows to sing for joy, and a thousand orphans to rise up and call you blessed, and the thrill of joy is ten times more ecstatic. Perform one act of kindness to a soul that needs your kindness, and your heart shall feel the genial influence of that promise, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." But let your acts of kindness be like that of your Father's toward you, constant, copious, and beyond all desert, and the exercise of such benevolence shall be like a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. You will not forget the vanity of such *works* as a ground of *merit* before God. If such they are regarded by him who performs them, they cease to be acts of kindness to others, and become mere impulses of selfishness. You

give that you may receive again. I am speaking of that pure benevolence that spends itself in the good of others; that loves to do good because to do good is sweet; that finds a brother or a sister in every sufferer, and without calculating the profit or the loss, is willing to undertake its relief. That is the benevolence of God.

Now let that current of charity widen, and swell, and flow, and the heart from which it gushes shall find that like the treasury of heaven that never fails from giving, its fountains shall be always full. There is that withholdeth, and it tendeth to poverty. It is true in a higher sense than in the charity of dollars. It is true of that moral sympathy that seeks after objects of interest. Heaven would be bankrupt if there were no beggars, for heaven's bounty to feed. Our hearts would wither and perish in our bosoms if we could not love and bless those we love. It is the joy of God and of good men to do good; and the wider the sphere, the more numerous the objects of that beneficence, them ore abundant the outpourings of the heart and the hand, the richer the return that comes like the breezes of Paradise, regaling the soul with celestial odors, and wafting it up into pure companionship with Him who loves a cheerful giver.

This joy is found while yet we are in the service. Who doubts that Howard, and Henry Martyn, and Harriet Newell, and Mrs. Judson, *were* happy while they lived and labored away from kindred and country. Some of our loveliest missionary women have written with their dying hands, or directed their surviving friends to write their solemn declaration, that they had found it sweet to suffer for Christ and the heathen, that they had been happy in life, and were happy in dying in the cause.

And then the joy that comes when the service is ended! Think of the martyr's joy in glory now! What rapture from the harp now swept by the hand that a few months ago was chilled in death among the mountains of Persia! O, what would I not give for one drop of the bliss that overflows the cup which David Brainerd drinks eternally! That is the joy of those who lived and died for Christ. There are degrees of bliss in heaven. One star differeth from another star in glory. And the brightest in the firmament shall they shine who have turned many to righteousness.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

VERSIFIED FROM OSSIAN'S DAR-THULA.

FAIR daughter of heaven, in beauty advancing,
  How pleasant the silence impressed on thy face!
The stars in the east round thy blue steps are dancing,
  As slowly thou treadest th' ethereal space.
O pure child of night, who can shine in thy presence?
  In envy the stars turn their bright eyes aside.
Each dark cloud rejoices, and comes, in his pleasance,
  To brighten beneath thee his brown, gloomy side.

But where, when the darkness with thy rays doth mingle,
  O where dost thou hasten, fair light, from thy course?
Say, hast thou a hall, like the blind son of Fingal?
  Dwell'st thou 'neath the shadow of grief and remorse?
Yes! those have now fall'n who joyed with thee at even;
  Thy sisters, who shone with thee once, are no more.
And thou too shalt leave thy blue path in the heaven;
  One night thou shalt fail, and thy bright course be o'er.

C. W. B.

"THERE'S REST FOR THEE IN HEAVEN!"

POETRY BY J. H. BRIGHT. MUSIC BY PEDRO A. ANDREU.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.

Legato.

Should sor - row o'er thy brow Its dark - ened sha - dows

fling, And hopes that cheer thee now,

Die in their ear - ly Spring; Should plea-sure at its

birth, Fade like the hues of even, Turn thou away from

MF

earth, There's rest for thee in heaven! Turn thou away from

P MF

Rallentando.

earth, There's rest for thee in heaven!

2.

If ever life shall seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If, like the wearied dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eye above,—
There's rest for thee in heaven!

3.

When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak
Tell of a time to die:
Sweet hope shall whisper then,
"Though thou from earth be riven,
There's bliss beyond thy ken,—
There's rest for thee in heaven!"

THE PARLOR TABLE.

Notes, Critical, Illustrative, and Practical, on the Book of Job; with a New Translation, and an Introductory Dissertation. By ALBERT BARNES. New York: Leavitt, Trow, & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

These volumes are accompanied with an introduction of 126 pages, a part of which appeared some time since in the Biblical Repository. The reader will here find a learned discussion on the questions, Whether Job was a real person—where he lived—when he lived—the author of the book—its character and design—canonical authority and inspiration—the practical religion developed in it—the state of the arts and sciences in Job's day—exegetical helps to the book, &c.

This book will be read with deep interest. It is one of Mr. Barnes' best commentaries. It sheds light on many dark passages, and answers questions which have been asked with a great deal of wonder and curiosity.

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Flowers by the Way-Side; containing a series of very well written articles.

The Suppliant; or, Thoughts designed to encourage and aid Private Devotion.

An interesting and instructive volume. Substantially a reprint of an English work.

History of the Huguenots. Every Sabbath-school scholar should read it.

The Martyr Missionary of Erromanga; or, the Life of John Williams, who was Murdered and Eaten by the Savages in one of the South Sea Islands.

An abridgment of one of the most interesting biographies which the missionary enterprise has been instrumental in giving to the world.

The People of China; or, a Summary of Chinese History.

This is an authentic account of the country and its inhabitants. There is, perhaps, no quarter of the globe to which the attention of all classes of people has been turned with more interest, within the last year, than CHINA.

The above books are published by the American Sabbath School Union. We think there has been a decided improvement in the publications of the Sunday School Union for the last year.

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The Convent Bell, and other Poems. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. New Yook: Published by John S. Taylor & Co., No. 145 Nassau street.

Consisting chiefly of "The Convent Bell," "Izram, a Mexican Tale," and "Osric, a Missionary Tale." Those who have purchased the beautiful volumes of Charlotte Elizabeth's works, will want this, and find themselves richly paid in the purchase.

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The National Protestant. "No peace with Rome." Edited by Rev. C. SPARRY. New York: 112 Nassau street.

This is the name of a periodical which has been laid on our table. Mr. Sparry has rendered some essential service to the cause of truth in his exposures of Popery. The numbers of the work before us are made up chiefly of historical facts, embellished with cuts and illustrations. The cuts, we perceive, are copied from the work of Rev. John Leger (French edition), who was pastor of one of the churches of the Waldenses in the valley of Piedmont, and is of undoubted authority.

The cuts in the original, which would be considered too indelicate to be presented before the American community, have been modified by Mr. Sparry. The work is neatly executed.

What must be the nature of *that religion* which is *characterized* by such scenes of obscenity? We have wondered why some one has not given us a good translation of Leger's History of the Waldenses.

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A new and complete edition of Robinson Crusoe has been put forth by A. V. Blake, 77 Fulton street. If the bare announcement meets the eyes of the children, there will be no rest till the prize is gained; and in truth Crusoe and Friday are better company for the youthful fancy to be reared in, than the half of what is issued from the press professedly as religious fiction—save the mark!

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Kind Words for the Kitchen, or Illustrations of Humble Life. By Mrs. COPLEY. New York: Published by M. W. Dodd, Brick Church Chapel, 1845.

This is the first American edition of Mrs. Copley's work (late Mrs. Hewlett), whose popularity as an authoress is well established upon both sides of the Atlantic. It is very appropriately dedicated to Mrs. JOANNA BETHUNE. The book is designed for domestics. It should *first* be read in the *parlor*, and afterwards in the *kitchen*. It will do good in either place. Every lady who is placed at the head of a family should remember that she cannot have a well regulated family without a well regulated kitchen.

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1845.

ROME AS IT IS.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

Rome is one of the pilgrim spots of the human mind. Around it cluster the most heroic associations, and over its fallen greatness the heart utters its saddest tones and learns its saddest lessons. We believe that in Roman history the race had reached its highest point of *military* greatness. In it the problem whether a military government could stand, was solved for all after generations. The education of its youth in the profession of arms—the love of glory and scorn of death it kept alive in the hearts of the soldiers, and over all the iron and despotic sway of its rulers, strengthened and secured, as much as human skill and power can secure, that government on the firmest foundations. All the moral motives adapted to stimulate a military people, and all the physical power necessary to execute their wishes, were used with consummate skill. The freedom requisite to maintain independence of thought and feeling, and hence give character to the soldiery, was granted, while the strongest checks were furnished against the action of this wild power on the government itself. Indeed, we look upon the military government of Rome as a model one—the most perfect that human power and skill could carry out, and its failure the settlement of the principle for ever. The conquests it made, the territory it held under tribute, and the unrivalled magnificence and splendor it reached at home, prove the energy and wisdom with which its affairs were managed. What is true of the nation, is also true of the individuals that composed it. More heroic men never lived than Rome furnished. The power of human endurance and the strength of the human will, were never more fully exhibited. They grew up stern, proud, indomitable beings, filled with a great, but lofty enthusiasm, and marked in all their actions by the highest self-respect. As the nation grew luxurious and corrupt, these features gradually wore away—but we were speaking of Rome in the prime of its manhood. I suppose we have no conception of the splendor and glory of the imperial city. Its *ruins* outshine modern excellence, and its *corpse* is more awful than any living nation. The imagination never recalls this fallen empire without coloring it with its ancient magnificence; and, indeed, so linked has its name become with all that is grand and awe-inspiring, that the traveller on the spot finds it difficult to believe the evidence of his senses. It is plain that he has been dreaming all his life-time, or is dreaming now. The impressions which the imagination from earliest childhood has graven on the soul, and the aspect presented to the actual eye, are so widely different, that one seems struggling between waking and sleeping—he cannot wholly shake off the early dream—and

he cannot believe that what rises before him is all that about which he has been dreaming so long.

First around Rome spreads the desolate Campagna. The plain once dotted with temples or cultivated fields, is now almost a desert. It is cut up into large farms, owned by the nobility or wealthy men in the city, and let out on shares to farmers or graziers. Very little of this, however, is fit for agricultural purposes, not even for grazing. But this very desolation around the old city, is, after all, a great relief to one's feelings. It harmonizes more with their mood and speaks their language. Bright fields, and thrifty farm-houses, and all the life and animation of a richly cultivated country would present too strong a contrast to the fallen "glory of the world." But the sterile earth, the ruins that lie strewed over the plain, and the lonely aspect all things wear, seem to side with the pilgrim as he muses over the crumbled empire. Besides, his faith is not so grievously taxed, and his convictions so incessantly shocked. He is not compelled to dig through modern improvements to read the lines that move him so deeply. There they are, the very characters the centuries have writ. He sees the foot-prints of the mighty ages, and lays his hands on their mouldering garments. Perhaps nothing fills one with thoughts of old Rome more than the ruins of the ancient aqueducts stretching for miles over this desolate Campagna, like long rows of broken colonnades, supporting here and there fragments of their architraves. Here and there a hut or Casale in ruins leaning against the sky, are the only objects that mark the plain where the Sabines, the Volsci and the Pelasgi, had in their turn striven to crush the infant empire.

The *city proper* now contains about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, while the whole empire, or that over which her own king has temporal sway, is but 18,117 Roman square miles, containing a population of only 2,732,736, or less than the single State of New York. The whole revenue of this fragment of by-gone power is only $10,000,000, while the expense of collecting is $230,000, and $300,000 more go to pay the interest on the public debt, which has grown so large that the credit of his Holiness would be called in Wall street decidedly low.

Those mighty legions that were wont to thunder along the Appian way, and streamed in countless numbers out of the city gates on their march to conquer a world, are now represented by a miserable army of *fourteen thousand men*, and the kingly guard of Cæsar, by a richly dressed company of *fifty* effeminate noblemen; nay, he who sits on the throne of the Cæsars, is a mere dependent on the nod of Austria for his place. The city occupies perhaps a third of the ground covered by old Rome. Some idea may be obtained of the comparative dimensions of the ancient and modern city, by stating that it took *eighteen* aqueducts to supply the one, while *three* are found sufficient for the present demand. The "seven hills," renowned through all time, can still be designated. Most of them are covered with modern buildings. Two parallel palaces, built by Michael Angelo, stand on the Capitoline, while the Aventine is almost entirely naked and covered with rubbish, which it will take another century to blend with the common mass of earth. The old Palatine, along whose base runs the Forum, and one side of which looked down on the Circus Maximus, and the other on the Forum and Coliseum, stands desolate and lonely on the outskirts of the city. A few dwarfish trees wave along its summit, and here and there is a small patch of ground which the gardener tries to cultivate, after raking off the fragments of marble that load it like pebble stones. Nero's Golden House has crumbled away, and all its rich ornaments been the prey of the spoiler or trampled to pieces by the foot of time. Here and there a cavernous arch opens to the vaulted rooms below, once flashing with gold and silver, and rich with costly Mosaics. Tangled weeds choke the entrance, and one mighty tomb seems to have engulphed all.

But let us start from the Fincian hill on the northern side of Rome, and walk around its ruined sides and view the corpse of this once mistress of the world. The features are here, though "decay's effacing fingers" have left few of the lines of beauty. Descending the magnificent flight of steps and turning to the right, we are in a few moments at the "Piazza del Popolo," or place of the people. Here the gate opens that leads towards Florence. Turning back by a parallel street we come down the Corso, the Broadway of Rome, and once the old Appian way. Having traversed a third of its length we turn to the right, and after half a mile's walk reach the Tiber, where the famous bridge of Michael Angelo crosses it to the Castle of St. Angelo, once Adrian's Tomb. Passing on, the noble form of St. Peter's bursts on the view with its glorious front, and still more magnificent double rows of colonnades sweep-

ing down in a bold semicircle from either extremity. From the top of this church you have Rome and the whole Campagna in one *coup d'œil*. On the north and west stretch away the Volscian, Sabine, and Albanian hills; on the south flows the Tiber through the low flat land to the Mediterranean, which sleeps placidly in the distance. Around the city on every height stand magnificent villas, while, nearer down, Rome is spread out like a map. The splendor of a noon-day sun is on it all, and the fountains before the church are sending their showers of diamonds towards the sky; while the old Egyptian obelisk that once stood in this very spot, then Nero's Circus, is dwindled to a miniature shaft from this height. Keeping along the outskirts of the city moving on towards the east, we ascend another hill to the convent of San Onofrio. Here is another beautiful view of Rome. Beside an oak tree that has lately been shivered by the tempest, Tasso was wont to sit of an evening and look down on the queen city. He had been summoned there to be crowned with the laurel wreath, but driven by sickness to this airy and salubrious spot, he would here sit for hours and gaze on Rome. But the hour of his triumph never came, and he sank away and died on this hill, while the wreath woven for his brow was hung on his tomb. Sleep quietly, thou bold-hearted poet, for the city whose praise thou didst covet is a ruin, and the hall where thou didst expect to hear the acclamations of the great, has disappeared from the knowledge of man! Keeping on our circuit, we pass the temple of Vesta, and the pyramidical tomb of Caius Cestus. Turning partly back on our route and keeping still on the outskirts of the city, we come to the "*Capitol*." Having ascended its flight of steps, at the foot of which stands an old Roman milestone marking the first mile of the Appian way, the noble area is before us with the equestrian statue of Aurelius—the finest in the world—in the centre. Here Rienzi, "the last of the Tribunes," fell in his struggle for liberty. At the farther end is the Palace of the Senators of Rome. What a mockery! Rome has no senators but in name. The ancient Republic is gone, substance and shadow; then why keep alive the name? Descending on the farther side, lo! the Forum is before us! Can this be Rome, and this her ancient Forum? The Arch of Septimus Severus, covered with its disfigured but still beautiful bas-reliefs, is sunk at our feet as we lean against one of the remaining columns of "Jupiter the Thunderer" and look away towards the solitary Arch of Titus at the farther end. The Palatine, bereft of all the magnificence the Cæsars piled on its top, rises on the right, weighing down the heart with its great associations; while farther on, the grey old Coliseum draws its circular summit on the sky. Here, for the first time, the traveller comprehends what it all means. The Past gives up its dead, and the dead rear again their palaces around him Fancy calls back the Cæsars—the golden house of Nero on that desolate hill, and philosophers slowly promenade before him along the shaded walks of the Forum. The steep Tarpeian is near by, and although its top is now a garden, yet, like Byron, the wanderer asks and answers the question the same moment.

"Is this the rock of triumph—the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? This the steep
Tarpeian—fittest goal of Treason's race?
The promontory where the traitor's leap
Cured all ambition? Yes! and in yon field below
A thousand silenced factions sleep—
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes, burns with Cicero."

Yes, it *is* immortal ground. Here Horace used to walk and muse, as he himself says.

"Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum; totus in illis."

"*Via sacra*," where is it? buried many a foot beneath the ground. Yet, right there where stands the modern Capitol, once stood the Capitol to which the Roman orators so often pointed to give effect to their appeals; there Caius Gracchus directed the eyes of his hearers, and in the language of despair asked if he could find refuge there, while the blood of his brother still smoked on its pavement. Thither Cicero turned, when raining his accusations on Catiline, he burst forth into thanks to the Gods that presided on that hill, and exclaimed *Ita presentes his temporibus opem et auxilium nobis tulerunt, ut eos pæne oculis videri possimus.* "So palpably have they been with us in these times, bringing aid and succor, that we can almost see them with our eyes." So musing, the hill assumes its olden splendor, when the airy marble glittered along its summit, and statues of gods seemed guarding its Capitol, and silver, and gold, and precious stones made it the admiration of the world. But the structure

which the imagination reared melts away—the Cæsars are shadows—the lizard crawls over their ancient palaces, and the night bird sits and whistles in the old Forum. It is true that here Catiline trod, urged on by his fiery ambition—here Cicero thundered and grave Senators listened. But how changed has everything become! There still bends the arch of Titus, reared to grace his return from the conquest of Jerusalem. Then the haughty victor marched to the sound of music along the way, with the spoils of the Holy City carried before him, and the weeping train of Judah's captives following his triumphal chariot. Then the palace of the Cæsars rose in its glory over the Forum, and the Capitol looked down upon them laden with the trophies of a hundred battles. Now, solitary and lonely, it stands amid the surrounding ruins. Stretched away from its triumphal curve are *rope walks*, with the unconscious spinners leisurely weaving their lines in the setting sun. Titus and the Jewish captives rest together. The triumph of the one and the sufferings of the other are alike forgotten. The rope-spinner owns the Via Sacra, and the *Forum is a Cow-market.* What a satire on human pride and human ambition! The seats of grave Senators of Rome usurped by *cows from the Campagna*, and the eloquence of Cicero superseded by the wrangling of a cattle market; while, instead of schemes that involved the fate of a world in their completion, the simple-minded peasant weaves his line of flax for some Greek fishing-smack. Thus the centuries go silent by, carrying with them man and his achievements.

A short distance beyond the Forum stands the Coliseum, the grandest of all earthly ruins. The moon is sailing along the quiet heavens, casting its pale light over all, while the arches open like caverns in every direction, and the clambering ivy glistens and rustles in the passing night wind. Arch above arch, seat above seat, corridor within corridor, the mighty structure towers away, bringing back the centuries over the weak and staggering memory, till the spirit bows in silent reverence of the awful past. The moonbeams glimmer on the pebbly arena that had so often swam before the eye of the dying combatant, as voices smote his ear, "*hic habet.*" But what a slight impression the earth takes from the scenes enacted upon it! The red bricks look the same as ever, and yon old column stands in the same place it stood nearly two thousand years ago. Here anger had raged, and fear fallen, and faith soared upward, and tyranny and persecution mocked, but they had not left even their mark on the sand.

"And thou, bright rolling moon, did'st shine upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Making that beautiful which still was so."

A little farther on, as you return to the city, are the ruins of the Basilica of Constantine, through which the fragments of immense columns are strewn just as they fell, as time slowly pushed them one after another from their places. Stand here and hear the night bird whistle amid the shrubbery that waves along the Palatine. Darkness and night make these ruins awful, and that solitary cry, swelling upon the warm south wind, sounds like the ghost of Rome shrieking out amid the desolation.

Passing into the city, Trajan's lonely column and Forum, filled with standing fragments of beautiful columns, bid a sort of farewell to the wanderer as he again enters the streets of modern Rome. Hatters' shops, tobacco stores, French finery, and Parisian dressed belles, fill Rome of the nineteenth century. A weak and imbecile pope tells his beads "and patters prayer" where the Cæsars trod, and the triumphal processions of the Empire are changed into long trains of superstitious monks, as they go to say prayers for dead men's souls.

Starting from the Piazza Spagna, at the Pincian Hill, from which we first set out, let us go in an opposite direction towards the gate that opens the road to Naples. Passing by the magnificent church of Marie Maggiore, we come to St. John in Laterano, standing near the city walls. This is the mother Church of Rome. It is older than St. Peter's, and hence, according to the customs of the Roman Catholic Church, should be the residence of the Pope. But the Vatican and its splendor pleases his holiness better. Still the Cardinals of St. John in Laterano assert their right of precedence immediately on the death of the Pope, and exercise the chief authority not only as spiritual, but temporal rulers. They issue new laws, and do all his Holiness might do were he alive. It is a glorious structure, wrought of the richest material, and finished with elaborate skill. A beautiful Baptistery stands on one side, in which all the converts from the ranks of heretics are publicly baptized. On the other side is an edifice built over the marble staircase declared to have been brought from Pilate's house in Jerusalem, and up which our Saviour trod when he went to be tried. Men and women are constantly ascending this on their knees, muttering

prayers as they go, because it grants them indulgence for some hundreds of years, and gives to the prayer they repeat, power to save them in the direst extremity. Such crowds of devotees climb this staircase that it has been found necessary to cover the hard marble with boards to preserve it from being worn out by the knees of those who ascend. But let us turn aside a moment, as we return, to the semicircular Theatridium of the Baths of Diocletian. These magnificent baths were built in 302 by Diocletian and Maximian. Forty thousand Christians were once employed upon them—the slaves of a haughty and Pagan despot. The followers of Christ were a broken and scattered band, and the tyrant then little thought that over the ruins of all that was once so glorious in Rome, the cross would be erected in triumph, and what was once the symbol of shame and reproach, would be the standard of the Empire. This Theatridium still stands, *but it is now a cotton mill.* Yes, proud Diocletian, thy forty thousand Christians, whom thy haughty spirit humbled to the task of erecting a structure to satisfy thy soaring pride, have built after all but a *cotton mill*, and a Christian stands beside thy mighty failure and learns a lesson on human greatness he will never forget. That Christianity thou thoughtest to strangle in its infancy, now covers the strongest thrones of earth, and shall still grow stronger, while the very ruins of thy structure are slowly perishing from the sight of man. O, how Christianity did struggle for life in this old Empire! What persecutions and bloody massacres have stained the very pavements of the city! But outliving all—triumphing over all, it finally sat down on the throne of the Cesars. Yet Christianity has also outlived its own purity, and lain down at last in a drunken debauch on its greatest battle-field. Wo to thee, harlot church, for bringing such disgrace on the name by which thou didst triumph! The heart is overwhelmed with emotions in traversing Rome, where once the pulse of the world beat. All is ruin here—greatness, pride, learning, ambition, power, and last of all Christianity.

The interior of the city is like many other old cities of Europe, except that a magnificent palace, that has outlived centuries, will meet you at almost every turn. The most magnificent villa on the outskirts of Rome, is the Borghesian villa, covering acres of ground—cut up into almost endless promenades and carriage ways, and filled with trees, fountains, and statuary. To leave the dirty streets of Rome of a sultry evening and drive through these extensive grounds, seems like entering on a fairy land. It is the only spot where the Romans seem to escape from the sombre influence of their ruined city, and relax into mirth and laughter. There is no doubt but that the air of antiquity and fallen greatness which is around Rome, affects the character of its inhabitants, making them more grave and taciturn than they otherwise would be, for it is in this respect unlike all other Italian cities. The natural vivacity of the Italian is exceedingly subdued here.

But there is one thing respecting which persons at a distance form very wrong conceptions —I mean the religious character of the Romans. They are looked upon as superstitious beings who can be made to believe whatever the pope says, and receive as truth whatever monstrous story the priest may invent; but this is not so. They are not possessed with such stupidity as the Christian world imagines. With the exception of the very ignorant, they see through the mighty farce the church plays off for its own amusement, with perfect distinctness. The pope being king, and hence all his secretaries, ministers, &c., cardinals or bishops, those of the nobility who seek for political distinction, must enter the priesthood and perform its functions. But it is entirely a political matter, and so understood among themselves. A man becomes a priest just as one joins a political party here, simply because it is a stepping-stone to influence in the state. The others acquiesce, and are silent, and apparently credulous, because to act otherwise, would be a double rebellion—first against the king, and second against the head of the church. We have never obtained the confidence even of the most common people, without hearing them speak in the bitterest terms against the pope and his cardinals. They tax ruinously the poor, and *that* they feel. The licentious lives of the priesthood are well known, and *fear*, not *superstition*, shuts the mouths of the subjects of his Holiness. The Catholic religion is losing ground every day, and whatever the catechism may say, intelligent Catholics do not believe in the infallibility of the pope, any more than the Americans believe in the infallibility of their president. The trickery which in earlier ages blinded the people is now laughed at; and if the clergy were as much scorned and despised in this country, as the multitude of friars and monks are in Rome and Italy, we should think the profession was soon to be extinct. The men pay less and less attention to the ceremonies of the Church,

and we should call corresponding action here infidelity. Indeed, we believe there is more infidelity, than Roman Catholicism, this day among the intelligent class of Italians. Thus, while by adapting itself to the institutions of every new country into which it introduces itself it gains a foothold and spreads, it loses in its own land, by adhering to its old superstitions and nonsense, which the spirit of the age rejects. We believe that Italy in heart is nearly half infidel, and that Paris itself is scarcely more sceptical than the very seat of his Holiness—ROME. What this infidelity will work is more than any one can tell. What influence it will have on political matters will depend on circumstances which no one can foresee or predict. But one thing we think is certain—however much the form of the Catholic religion may prevail, the pope will constantly lose power till his spiritual will become what his temporal throne now is, a mere shadow. Indeed, there is a tradition now in Rome among the lower classes that this is the last pope that will ever sit on the throne. We are surprised to find this in the mouths of the ignorant. Whether Italy will ever assume again, under any dynasty or form of government, her appropriate place among the nations of the earth, is very doubtful. If she does, she will be the first nation that has grown old with decay, and again become regenerated. In this respect, nations follow the law of human life. If age once seizes upon them they never grow young again. They must first die and have an entirely new birth, while this new birth never immediately succeeds the death. Everything there is old—cities, houses, and churches. The whole economy of outward life must be changed to fit the spirit that is now abroad in the world. Indeed, we have no faith in the multitude of conspiracies with which Italy is filled. The struggling spirit is not strong enough, or at least cannot be sufficiently combined. The poor and suffering have become too poor. They are beggars that do not care enough for liberty to fight for it; while those who should guide the popular will, seem to lack the steady energy that inspires confidence. The love of pleasure and its pursuit take from the manliness of the Italian character, so necessary to a republican form of government. The northern provinces are far better in this respect than the southern. In Genoa, for instance, there is a great deal of nerve and stern republicanism remaining which may yet recall the days of Spinola. But the *moral* and religious renovation is a still more desperate undertaking. It is easier to revolutionize a corrupt church, than reform it, as Luther most fully proved. But a religious revolution in Rome necessarily involves a political one, and reason as men will; they *must* go together. The church and state are one and indissoluble, and the death of either involves the destruction of the other. But "what is writ is writ," and religion must yet revive amid those ruins. The scarlet robes of the cardinals correspond so perfectly with the description in the Revelations, that the Protestant believer is startled as he looks on them. They seem to wear the insignia of the condemned, and flaunt out before his eyes the apparel which utters beforehand their doom.

THE DYING INDIAN CHILD.

A PRIVATE letter, received from a missionary in India, contains the following interesting account of the death of a little child, one of the first fruits of missionary labors at the station.

"A branch of this dear native church is forming in heaven. Two have gone to join the redeemed host during the year from our orphan girls. They had not been admitted to communion, but they were the acknowledged lambs of the flock. They both died rejoicing in Christ, though both quite young, about ten years. The death of one was truly triumphant. She was sick but a short time, yet she was sensible that the time of her departure was near. She looked at the narrow coffin, and the dark grave, and at the mysteries of eternity, and in view of all, rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. She had fixed her hope on Christ, she had committed her soul to him, she was assured he would never leave nor forsake her. All was bright around, before, and within her, as she calmly awaited the arrival of the messenger that was to take he hence. The night before her death, after the prayers of the family had been closed in the adjoining room where she could hear, her teacher, Mrs. T.,

went to her and asked her if she would say her prayers before she went to sleep. I have said them, was her reply. Dear girl, she felt that her Saviour was near, and her joyful soul could not wait until a late hour before she poured out her feeble accents into the ear of him who died to save her. She had no desire to get well or to stay with us; she longed to go and be with Jesus, and be free from sin. She died about nine o'clock in the morning, and as her spirit was departing, she called for the reading of the 14th chapter of John. What a beautiful chapter for meditation at the moment of crossing Jordan! Happy spirit! she has entered the mansions which her Saviour had gone before to prepare for all them that love him. She is now satisfied, having awaked with his likeness. 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers.'"

This incident awakened in my mind interesting reflections connected with the missionary work. We are too apt, in watching the results of these labors, to look for such as are of a general and public nature, and to overlook those, which, though far less pretending or imposing in their appearance, are by no means possessed of less interest. The accounts, too, which we have in public journals and documents, dwell more upon the outward aspects of the cause, than upon the private details of the work which are often by far the most interesting. It is therefore refreshing, as we are looking towards the land of darkness, straining our eyes to catch even the glimmerings of light, to be transported across the wide ocean, and though surrounded by the blackness of paganism, to be permitted to take our stand by the dying bed of a heathen once, but one now redeemed and justified, and just ready to be glorified through the blood of Jesus Christ and by the spirit of our God. And the more refreshing is it when we look back a few years and remember what must have been the state of the one now falling asleep in Jesus, had she remained ignorant of Christ and of his salvation. A dark cloud hung over her at her birth. The day had not dawned, nor had the day-star arisen upon her heart. All around was darkness, and had not God in his mercy sent, and man in obedience to his grace carried, thither the sweet message of his love, darkness would have still brooded over her soul. And how cheerless would have been the closing scene! No Saviour's arm could have been underneath to support the wasting frame and the sinking spirit. No sweet consolations could have mingled with the pains of the dying strife. No hope of heaven could have shed its hallowed radiance around her couch, and lighted up the dark and uncertain future. All, all must have been hopeless and cheerless. But how different the scene now that she has heard the glad tidings of great joy, and they have been carried to her heart by the spirit of God! There is no shuddering fear of the grim messenger, but he is welcomed with a smile as the harbinger of glory, the messenger of him who, having redeemed, has sent to call her home. She starts not back from the dark grave, but says,

'Since Jesus has lain there, I heed not its gloom,'

and cheerfully walks down into the tomb. Hope, bright heaven-born hope, irradiates the future and points to the land of the blest, where the sorrows of earth shall never enter, and its sins shall ne'er be known. As sweetly and peacefully does she fall asleep in death to awake in heaven, as ever in smiling infancy she closed her eyes at night to open them again in the morning. With joy we follow her spirit in our imagination, as it leaves the clay tabernacle and ascends to him who gave it, to rejoice eternally in his presence.

The peculiar fitness of the portion of Scripture which this little orphan, and once heathen, but now Christian child, selected as the theme of meditation while she walked through the dark valley, had never so forcibly struck my mind before; but what could be more appropriate at such an hour! "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." These are just the words for a dying saint to dwell upon, while leaving the shores of time and launching upon the broad ocean of eternity; and more than once, since receiving the letter from which I made the extract, when called to attend the children of God to the brink of the flood, as in the discharge of duty I am often called, I have taken the Bible and read these touching and sweetly consoling words of the Redeemer; and methinks that when I come, myself, to lie down upon a dying bed, nothing can give me more peace or more effectually drive away the fears of death, than to hear this gracious assurance from the Saviour, that he has gone to prepare a place for each one of his friends in the mansions of his Father's house, and that where he is there we shall be also.

G.

THE FOREST DEAD.

A RIVER ran with lucid swell
  The forest glens along,
And wakened on the evening air
  A flood of liquid song;
The moonbeams lay in silver sheen
  Upon its glassy wave,
Or quivered in the diamond dew
  Its wealth of gems that gave.

And on its banks of verdant hue
  In floral beauty bright,
I strangely thought no step but mine
  Would tempt the stilly night;
And like some lone ascetic throned
  Upon my moss-grown seat,
Sat in the shadow of the wood
  Its dreamy forms to greet.

But soon the sleeping mound that lay
  Upon its flower-girt bed,
Called up its peopled shades to pay
  The dim rites of the dead;
And forth a band of forest sons
  Their dark-browed daughters led,
And silently their chieftains came
  With slow and spirit tread.

Their solemn faces, cold and stern,
  Turned to the pale-robed moon,
And on their unforgiving lips
  The muttered orison;
No dew-drop from the leaf they shook,
  Nor stirred the pensile stem,
But passed on Fancy's silent wing,
  That first had wakened them.

And there is not in glen or glade
  As when that river ran,
Or in the forest depths—a path
  But whispers of its clan,
That dwelt in peaceful freedom there,
  And chased the agile deer,
Or brought with feathery arrow down,
  The wild bird in the air.

There's not a leaf-clad tree that smiles,
  In greenness on the eye,
But whispers of the noteless dead
  That 'neath its branches lie;
The waters on their silent breast
  Bear records of the past—
Its names are written on the sky,
  Are echoed on the blast.

Sleep on, ye deeply injured race,
  Your memory cannot die,
For earth hath chronicled your names—
  Your wrongs are blazoned high;
Your forms will haunt our pathway still,
  Till with a mighty tread,
We sweep the ancient forest down—
  The archives of the dead.

C. M.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY CONGREGATION.

THAT "Old White Meeting-House," and the "Grave-Yard," and good Mr. Rogers, have come back to me with such freshness of lineament and power of impression, that I have half flattered myself into the idea that those who read these sketches, have caught something of the same *regard* for those scenes that fills my own old heart. And why should *they* not love them as well as I? These are no fancy sketches, and their charm lies not in my pen or pencil; rather the lights and shades in which I must clothe them, are a damage to them, and it is, therefore, an aim of mine to spread them out just as they lie in my mind's eye, so that, as far as possible, the reader may see them just as I see them, though he cannot love them as one must who can say, with the school-boy who displays his knowledge of Virgil by reciting in Latin, "*All of which I saw and part of which I was!*"

And now, as faithful historians, come we to the people of that congregation. Come from your graves, old men and women of my native parish, come stand up before me while I draw your portraits and write your history! But they come not. Of all that were the men and women grown when I was a boy, how few of them are there now! A few years ago I broke away from the city, and made a flying visit to the old town. I reached there on Saturday. No one knew me. A friend, yes, one whom I had grown up with from childhood, and knew me as well as an own brother, nodded to me as I passed, as they do to all strangers in the country, but the smile of recognition was wanting, and I felt truly a stranger in a strange land. I stopped and claimed his acquaintance without mentioning my name, and he looked steadily at me, but declared he had never seen me before. Alas, what work time makes with us! I look in the glass, but can see *no* change; and why should others find it out? Yet I see it in them, and they in me. "*Tempora mutantur,*" &c. Times change, and we change with them. We are hastening to the great and last change.

On Sunday I went to church in the new meeting house on the site of the old one; and what a change was here! The square pews had yielded place to the modern cushioned slips, the high pulpit overhung with a threatening sounding-board which I was always afraid would one day fall and crush poor Mr. Rogers when he preached so loud as to make it and me shake, had been supplanted by a railed platform and desk. But these were nothing to the change in the faces of the people. Those old familiar faces! Where were they? I looked here, and I looked there, and everywhere, but I found them not, and shall not find them till the "old marble" of the grave-yard breaks at the sound of the last trump, and the tomb resigns its trust. Holy men; the salt of the earth; men of faith and prayer; men of God! Some of you were like Enoch, and no wonder that God took you; one was like Elijah, and went after him; and many of you were men of whom the world was not worthy, and so earth lost you that heaven might gain you! Peace to your ashes! O that each of you had left a son in your own image to perpetuate your name and your virtues! Good men were always scarce, and will be scarcer now that you are gone.

They were farmers mostly, those men were. They wrought with their own hands in the fields and the threshing-floor, and were INDEPENDENT men, if there ever were independent men on the face of the earth. There was no river, or canal, or rail-road, by which their produce could be transported to market, and by which the vices of the city could be transported to them; and thus were they saved from many of the sources of corruption that blight the vil-

lages which the march of improvement has reached. Often we see a secluded hamlet where purity and peace nestle as in their native heaven, till the rage of the times drives an iron pathway right through its heart, a great tavern rises by its side, fashion, folly and vice, come along in the cars and stop, and then farewell to the quietness and virtue of that rural abode. Not so was it with our town. When the harvest was gathered and threshed, the farmers loaded up their wagons with the great bags, and drove off thirty or forty miles to market, and returned with some of the comforts, and a few of the luxuries, of life; the rest of their wants being readily supplied from the farm and the country store. Thus were their days spent in the peaceful pursuit of the most honorable and worthy calling to which man was appointed. Fewer temptations, and more pleasures, cluster around the path and home of the farmer, than of any other man. He is not free from the reach of sin or sorrow, it is very true, and who is? Adam was a farmer, and the forbidden tree stood in the middle of his garden, and sin entered and made his Paradise a prison. But of all earthly callings, there is none in which there is so much to lead the soul to God, to take it away from the vanities of the world, to train the mind for communion with heaven, and prepare it for unbroken intercourse with heavenly and divine things, as in that of the farmer who with his own hands tills the field, breaks up the fallow ground, sows the seed, prays and waits for the early and latter rain, watches the springing of the grain, rejoices in the ripening ear, gathers the sheaves in his bosom and with thankful heart fills his storehouse and barn, and sits down content with the competent portion of good things which have fallen to his lot.

But let us come back to our farmers. They were men of principle and prayer. I will give an instance of the power of principle among them. Long, long before the era of the present temperance reform, Mr. Rogers, the minister, awoke to the evils resulting from the use of ardent spirits, even in an agricultural district like that in which he lived. The farmers, in those days, were wont to purchase their rum by the barrel and to drink it freely, not only without any apprehensions of its ever doing them any harm, but in the firm persuasion that they could not do without it, and that it was one of the blessings of Providence, of which they should make a free use with thankfulness. But Mr. Rogers, with a long-sightedness for which he was remarkable, foresaw the mischief the practice was begetting, and determined to lift up a standard against it. Accordingly, the "Old White Meeting-House" thundered with an anti-drinking blast, in which the evils of the practice in all their moral, physical, and social bearings, were set forth in words that fell like burning coals on the heart, and electrified the congregation. The good people wondered and meditated. There must be something in it, or Mr. Rogers would not have brought it home to them with such pungency and power. They thought of it with earnestness. Mr. Rogers visited some of the largest farmers and proposed to them to try the experiment of "haying and harvesting" one season without rum. It was such a strange idea, that almost every one said it would be impossible to find men to do the work, and the crops would rot in the field. But two or three of the best of them were induced to try it. The result was most happy. They gave the hired men the usual cost of the rum as an advance upon their wages; they were perfectly satisfied. The work was done in better time and in better style, and the experiment was pronounced on all hands, successful beyond controversy. The result was proclaimed through the town. The next year it was tried by several others, and soon it became a general practice among the farmers of that congregation, although the date of the temperance reformation is some years this side of that movement which was as decided and important as any one instance of reform which has ever since been made. Indeed, I have now a sermon which this same Mr. Rogers preached against the use of *intoxicating drinks*, from the text, "Who hath woes," &c., and which was delivered and printed *before I was born*, yet I can *remember* the opening of the modern temperance reformation.

Yet there was very little intemperance even prior to this period. There were a few drunkards whose portraits I would add to these sketches, but that they are very much like unto modern drunkards; and their portraits are not very pleasant pictures. There was not, however, *one* in that whole town so given to the use of rum, as a man whose house I passed yesterday, and who is now on his *thirteenth hogshead of rum;* he is seventy years of age, he buys his rum by the barrel, and drinks steadily, year in and year out, and hopes to live to exhaust some hogsheads more! The generation of such men, we trust in God, is rapidly drawing to a close, and that they may leave no

successors to tread in their footsteps, we will never cease to pray.

The firmness of principle which marked some of these men, seems *now* incredible when I observe the general degeneracy of the times on which we have fallen. You might as soon turn the sun from its course, as to seduce from the path of virtue the Roman Fabricius, or elder Joseph Butler, of our congregation. In business he was true to the right, as the needle to the pole; and when questions of doubtful propriety were dividing the opinions of men, when you had found where truth and righteousness meet, there was Joseph, as calm, but firm as a rock, or the angel Abdiel, "faithful among the faithless."

He *would* do his duty, come what might. Here he had learned much of Mr. Rogers, but more of his Bible. When the enemy came in, like a flood, or in the still small current of seductive vice, Joseph Butler was at his pastor's side, true as steel, holding up his hands like Aaron or Hur, and there he would have stood in the face of all the Amalekites of the universe. Such elders are rare now. One Sunday, there was a family in church from the far city of New York. They had come up there to visit some country relations, and two or three of them gay city girls burst out laughing in the midst of the sermon. The cause was this. The old aunt, whom they had come to visit, had stopped in at one of the neighbors on the way to church, and had borrowed some little yellow cakes, called *turnpikes*, and used I believe for some purpose or other in baking bread. She had thrust them into her work-bag, which she carried on her arm, and during sermon having occasion to use her handkerchief, she drew it forth suddenly, and out flew the *turnpikes*, rolling and scampering over the floor. The city girls tittered at this, as if it were very funny. Their seat was on the side of the pulpit, so that the pastor did not see them, or he would have brought them to order by a look, or a blow on the desk, which would have sent the blood out of their cheeks, though their cheeks would have been *red* after that. But Joseph Butler saw them, and rising in his seat, struck with his psalm-book on the top of the pew—the preacher paused—the congregation sat dumb—the good elder spoke, calmly but with energy, "*those young women will stop that laughing in the house of God;*" they did stop; the pastor proceeded; Joseph sat down, and the city girls gave no occasion for the exercise of summary church discipline, during the remainder of their summer visit. The old aunt was at first disposed to resent the rebuke as an insult, and did complain to Mr. Rogers, but she soon saw that the offence deserved the punishment, and she submitted.

I am a little fearful that the reader will think these *incidents* were so common that they were characteristic of our Sabbath services. Not so. They were "few and far between," years rolling away unbroken by a single circumstance to disturb the profound solemnity, the almost monotony of sacred worship, in those venerable walls. The people always the same, the services always the same, the preaching, the singing *almost* always the same in style, there was little variety; and, consequently, these incidents occurring in the lapse of years, have made the deeper impression on my mind, and now start up with freshness and life when I sit down to chronicle the past. Thus another comes, and I must tell it, whether or not in its proper place in the chronicles of this country congregation.

There was among the people always at church, an old man by the name of Riding. He was not a pious man, and withal was very hard of hearing, so that having neither interest in the truth, nor the power to hear it with ease, he went to meeting from force of habit, took his seat with his back to the minister, and quietly sinking into slumber, slept steadily to the close of service. This was his constant practice. There was also a woman, Mrs. Burtis, whose mind was slightly sprung, and whose nervous temperament was specially excitable by scenes of suffering, whether real or imaginary, meeting her eye or her ear. Thus the sight of a fellow-being in circumstances of sudden and dreadful distress, would throw the old lady into fits, when she would scream so terrifically that it would have been nothing strange if all around her had gone into fits to keep her company. She sat in the same pew with old Mr. Riding, and directly in front of him, looking up to the minister. Mr. Rogers was describing the destruction of Jerusalem as a wonderful example of the fulfilment of prophecy. He came to speak of the awful fact that delicate women took their own children, and killed them, and cooked them, and ate them, so fearful was the power of ghastly famine over all the strongest and holiest impulses even of the mother's heart. He had wrought up the description with great skill and effect, and being excited with the theme, he portrayed with great pathos and power the scene where the Roman soldiers burst into a house, attracted by the smell of

meat, and demanded it of the hands of the trembling woman within. She goes to the closet and brings forth upon a dish the fragments of her half eaten child, and places it before the horror-stricken soldiers. Mrs. Burtis had been listening with riveted ears to the dreadful tale; the fire in her brain had been gathering fierceness as the preacher proceeded, but when the dish with the baked babe came out of the closet, she could stand it no longer; reason let go the reins; and springing from her seat, Mrs. Burtis pounced upon old Mr. Riding, who was sleeping in front of her, and with both hands seizing his grey locks, she screamed at the very top of her shrill voice, "*Where's the woman that killed my child?*" The old man waked in amazement, but so utterly confounded, that although his hair did not stand on end, for the very good reason that Mrs. Burtis held it down with her eagle talons, yet his "voice clung to his jaws." Not a word did he utter, but with meekness worthy of the martyrs, he held his peace until Joseph Butler and another elder rose, and disentangling her fingers from the hair, conducted her quietly from the house, and the preacher went on with his narrative.

This was the most exciting scene I ever knew to transpire in that or any other church in the ordinary course of things. Some years afterwards, I was travelling in the State of Massachusetts; and spending the Sabbath in a country town, I attended church, where an incident of not a little novelty occurred. A farmer, who, I was afterwards informed, had a great fancy for driving spirited horses, got asleep in the middle of the sermon, and probably dreaming of his favorite pursuit, and thinking that the horses were getting away from him, started to his feet, and in a stentorian voice cried "WHOA." The effect was to bring the preacher to a dead halt, but the effect upon the startled people is not to be described.

I have mentioned the traits of one elder. There was another, Warren Kirtland, a man of faith and prayer, whose life was the best of sermons, and who being dead, yet speaks in the power of his memory, which is cherished with reverence among his posterity. He was not endowed with more than ordinary powers of mind, but he read his Bible much, and prayed much, and conversed much with his minister, and listened with devout attention to the instructions of the sanctuary, so that he was indeed an intelligent Christian, able to teach by word, as well as by the power of a godly life. If, as sometimes was the case, Mr. Rogers was prevented from being with his people on the Sabbath, it was customary to read a sermon to the people. This was usually done by a worthy lawyer, and then elder Kirtland was called on to pray; and such was the respect which the sincere and humble piety of that good man commanded, that I venture to say the prayers of the minister were never more acceptable to the people, or more efficacious in the ear of heaven.

The greatest funeral which was ever known in that town, was at the burial of another of the elders, named after the father of the faithful, and worthy to bear the name. He was the friend of God; a pillar in the church, and worth a score of the half-dead and half alive sort of Christians which abound in our congregations, —dead weights, some of them, and others curses. At Abraham Van Slate's funeral, there were miles of wagons, filled with people from all parts of the surrounding country, who had come to testify their respect for one of the best of men. He was gathered to his fathers, but he left a son bearing his name who was chosen to bear also his office, and whose wisdom and piety fitted him to sustain the high trust he received with his ascending father's mantle. Good men and true, were those men, and there is a secret reverence around my heart as I thus record their virtues, which shows me how easy it is for poor human nature, under the ignorance and superstition of popery, to be led into the false but natural notion of seeking the prayers of departed saints.

These were leaders in the church. There was as great a variety of character as is usual in a country congregation, but I am not permitted to fill the book with their history, or the reader should hear more of them. I wanted to tell of "Old Jack," a blind negro, once a slave, now free, and the Lord's freeman, one of the most remarkable examples of the power of divine grace that the world can show. He was small in stature, old, hump-backed, blind, and black. After such a description, true to the letter, it will hardly be credited that he was a useful member of the church, qualified to lead in prayer and to make a word of exhortation to the edification of others, and that his gifts were often called into exercise in the social meeting. His piety was deep and fervent, and his faculties so shrewd and strong, that his remarks were always pointed and pertinent, and often displayed an intimate knowledge of the human heart, and such close conversation with God as few of the most intelligent Christians enjoy.

Many of his sayings might here be recorded, or his life and conversation might be written out as a Tract, to the glory of Him who thus perfects his own praise out of the mouths of the most humble and unlikely instruments.

I wish you could see old Mrs. Sniffle, the gossip of the congregation, in her rounds of absorption, fastening herself upon every one, to take in, like a sponge, whatever they would impart, that she might have the sweet satisfaction of leaking it to others. Her harvest time was at the close of the morning service, when the most of the people remained in their respective pews to eat their dinner, which those from a distance brought with them. This was the favorable moment for Mrs. Sniffle's expediting, and darting out of her own seat, she would drop in at another, out with her snuff-box, pass it round, and inquire the news. Staying just long enough to extract the essence of all the matters in her line to be met with there, she would make all haste to the pew of some one from another neighborhood, where she would impart the information she had just received with her own edifying comments, pick up as many additional fragments of facts as she could find, and pass on to another pew, spending the whole of the interval of Divine worship in this avocation, and the leisure of the week to come, in spreading among her neighbors these items of news, especially such as come under the head of scandal. It is only just to the people, however, to add that Mrs. Sniffle was a black sheep in the flock; there was not another like her, and we may well say, happy is that people which is so well off as to have only one Mrs. Sniffle. Of the good people in our congregation, I have given but examples of a whole class, while such characters as Mrs. Sniffle were single and alone.

Take them in mass, and they were a sober, temperate, orderly, devout people; delighting in the ordinances of God's house, and striving together to promote the glory of the Saviour. If you saw them standing in groups around the door before the service began on the Sabbath day, it was not to trade horses or talk politics, as I have known the practice to be in other places, but more likely it was to speak of the state of religion in their neighborhoods or their hearts, though the young and thoughtless doubtless found topics of conversation more congenial to their unsanctified tastes. And then there was a set that always went over to a little red tavern across the green, and where old Mr. and Mrs. Doubleby lived; and what they said and did when they got there, I will not undertake to say. I wish you could see old Mrs. Doubleby standing in the front door with her hands folded under her checked apron, and her spectacles on her forehead, chatting with everybody that passed, or scolding the boys who loved to stone her geese and sheep which she pastured on the green or in the grave-yard. She *was* a character; but her virtues, if any, and faults, if many, will be alike unknown to future generations, for her only chance of immortality in history is while I am writing this paragraph, and this is done.

And so must this part of this record be brought to a close, even in its very opening. How many of that people would I love to mention, for now they come thickening around me, and I see their faces as if thirty years ago were only yesterday!

> "Oft in the stilly night,
> Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
> Fond memory brings the light
> Of other days around me."

And now in this still night, the thoughts of those friends of my youth come back with such sweetness, that I fear to drop the pen lest the illusion should cease and the vision vanish.

> "Guides of my life! instructors of my youth!
> Who first unveiled the hallowed form of Truth;
> Whose every word enlightened and endeared;
> In age beloved, in poverty revered;
> In friendship's silent register ye live;
> Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give."

But I must stop, for the number gains upon me every moment that I write; as the same poet saith whose sweet words we have just recited:

> "Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
> Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
> Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
> Each stamps its image as the other flies!"

CHRIST BLESSING THE CHILDREN.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

(SEE PLATE.)

O FAVORED scenes where Jesus daily walked!
O happy paths where he was wont to tread!
O blessed Judea, where the Prince of Peace
Trod o'er its hills and plains; where fruitful trees,
And glens, and blooming flowers, and rippling streams
Were hallowed oft with words of heavenly truth!

He looked around, and love divinely beamed
O'er every scene. His words were peace. His touch
Made cripples leap in ecstacy—restored
The palsied limb, and sightless orbs that ne'er
Had seen the noon-day sun, had ne'er gazed forth
Upon the starry sky, or spreading fields,
That ne'er had spoken in their look of love,
Received their sight, and fixed their first long gaze
Of gratitude and love upon their Lord;
At His sweet word the listening sense revived,
Rejoicing first to hear Messiah speak;
The withered hand its cunning knew again,
And patient sufferers from their beds of pain,
Arose and walked in manhood's fullest prime!
The Spirit hastened from the shades of death,
When He, the Lord of all, His fiat gave,
And sepulchres restored their chosen prey

Fond mothers who had heard his glorious name,
With strong devoted love essayed to win
A blessing for their babes. Among them walked
A Prophet clothed in wisdom, love, and power!
Would He but speak unto their little ones,
And hear their well-loved names, and call them bless'd,
Would he but give one gracious smile of love,
Their fondest wish would win its richest boon.

They brought them near: the wayward child that roamed
In thoughtless glee beyond the watchful eye;
The laughing babe, whose little arms were stretched
To clasp the mother's neck, unconscious still;
The timid one who just had learned to lisp
His wondrous name, and shrunk with rev'rent fear
Behind her mother's form,—all gathered round.

But there were some who murmured at the sight;
Could He, the Lord of all, the Prince of Peace,
The long-expected One, whose word alone
Made lepers clean, and burst the bars of death,
The raging tempest stilled, the thunders hushed—
Who bade the dashing waves, the stormy winds,

[illegible] waves, the stormy winds,

Jouvenel, pinx.

"Suffer little Children, and forbid [illegible]"

Be calm and rest—would he descend to speak
To prattling babes, or hear the infant lisp
His sacred name? Would he receive the youth
Whose truant steps defied the parent's care,
Or call them blessed whose wandering thoughts were filled
With fancies such as lure the childish heart?

Sweet and enticing was his gracious smile!
His look compassion spake, and love divine
Illumed His eye, and gentle words declared
His heavenly care for little ones like those:
"Oh, suffer them to come, forbid them not,
Of such my Father's kingdom is, and ye
Like them must be in innocence and love!"
Then on each head he laid his sacred hand,
And mercy dropping in the holy word
With fond compassion blessed the little throng.

Such works were His! rejoicing all who came
With richest tokens of his love and power!
He who could give to flowers a mighty tongue,
And make the lily speak celestial truth,
Who looked around and made familiar scenes
More sacred by His lessons, shed new light
On things grown old, and caused them all to spring
Before the mind in heavenly truth attired—
He well could look upon and bless the babes,
Types of those purer spirits who surround
His Father's throne, and who from sense and sin
By grace removed, for ever there shall bloom!

THE KEY TO THE HEART.

The circumstance which we are about to relate occurred several years ago, and is narrated without embellishment or exaggeration, as corroborative of the sentiment that there is a key to every man's heart, which properly used will open it. Often, indeed, the infatuated transgressor, after locking his heart, has thrown the key away, and long and painful search may be requisite to its recovery; but blessed is he that finds it—blessed in all silent hours of thoughtful retrospect—blessed on earth and among the stars, now and for ever blessed is he that saves a soul from death. To save a soul is better than to create one. In the one case immortal existence is given instead of non-existence; in the other immortal misery is exchanged for immortal joy.

In the city of ———, in the fall of 18—, lived a young man (Barnet, we shall call him), of profligate habits but of respectable origin and training, but whom an expensive viciousness and acquaintanceship had reduced to the necessity of becoming a sharper in order to sustain himself and keep up appearances, or else to reform, shake off his associates, and labor for an honest living. He chose the former course. For a year or two he appears to have earned the character of a regular *chevalier d'industrie*, and on several occasions barely escaped the clutches of the law. Finding himself suspected and watched in his then residence, he resolved to change the field of his operation. A highly favorable opportunity soon occurred. Mr. G., the junior partner of a house in that city, engaged in an extensive business in the west and south, was about to make a collecting tour. By some means Barnet made himself acquainted with the details of Mr. G.'s business, and the

points at which he proposed stopping, and determined to set out at the same time on the same route, to gain his acquaintance, and if possible his confidence on the journey, and in due time plunder his victim. The plan seemed to promise complete success. The travellers were soon on the best of terms. Barnet possessed that easy affability, that unanxious, cheerful spirit, which disarms suspicion and invites communicativeness; and Mr. G., glad of the company of his townsman to relieve the silence and tedium of the journey, frequently urged Barnet to wait for him, when he affected to be in haste to get on, and hesitated not at all at being his room-mate or even bed-fellow. So artfully did B. manage his card, that not a misgiving arose during the whole journey but that he was on urgent and honest business. Mr. G. was very successful in collecting, but Barnet, not considering his friend's saddle bags quite heavy enough, delayed. At this time G. was taken with a sudden and alarming fit of sickness, and Barnet was his only dependance and nurse. A raging fever, attended with delirium, set in, and such was the violence of the disorder, acting too upon a constitution naturally frail, that it seemed that he must die. While in this condition he remembered that at a town about thirty miles distant was settled as a physician a relative of his wife, and he felt an earnest desire to see him. He begged, therefore, of Barnet to take his horse, a fine fleet animal, and ride express after his relative. This seemed to B. the right moment. Stealthily possessing himself of the merchant's treasure, which was easily done, he started apparently on his errand, but with the intention of fleeing with his booty, and leaving his unfortunate companion to his fate. Escape seemed easy, and the amount of money in his hands large. It was then that the better angel reasoned with the heart of this guilty man. It seemed to him that he could hear the deep breathing and the heavy groans of the sick traveller whom he had plundered and deserted, and as if he heard him calling him to return and cool his parched lips. He thought of the wife and children of the lonely, smitten man. The awful sin against humanity which he was committing, the virtual murder he was perpetrating upon one who had never wronged him, entered his soul like a burning bolt. And then that deep breathing seemed again to mingle with the breeze, and to hang upon his ear, the most sorrowful and reproachful of all sounds. He could go no farther. In an instant his purpose was changed. With the utmost speed of which his horse was capable he discharged his errand, returned, replaced the money, resumed his watching by the sick man's bed, and in a short time rejoiced to see him able to continue his journey.

Barnet's means were now exhausted. Without mentioning his situation to his companion, who now resumed his route, he gave some feigned reason for changing his own course, and the travellers parted. B set his face towards home and reached it, by working on the way, weeks after his companion had returned in renewed health from his successful tour. Poor B. found himself at home without credit, without friends, and without employment. None knew him but to scoff at him. His situation was desperate. The recollection of the crime of which he had commenced the execution, haunted him like a fiend. He could neither unbosom himself to any one, nor find relief from the sting of conscience. It was then that he resolved to do something that should expose him to imprisonment and afterwards suffer himself to be taken. With this view he committed a robbery, was taken by the police, and condemned to the state prison, and to solitary confinement for three years. Here, within this gloomy and frowning enclosure, conscience held her solemn inquisition upon his conduct and his heart, and smote with scorpion whip the trembling and self-condemned culprit. Mysterious and awful power that men call conscience! Wo to him who has incurred its curse! Like a thief in the night, silently and suddenly it shall steal upon him and demand, "Pay me that thou owest," and show to him the loathsome depths of his polution and degradation. In this state of mind Barnet continued months after the prison had received him. The one idea of his degraded and guilty character filled his mind and wrought it into agony. Hope and comfort for him he seems not to have dreamed possible. In this situation he was found by one of the directors of the prison, a pious man, who was accustomed to feel a warm interest in the spiritual condition of the prisoners, and who was happily gifted with that winning manner, and that manifest benevolence of character, that are so important in such labors. He inquired judiciously and kindly into the state of Barnet's mind whom he found at first indisposed to be communicative, but after awhile he evidently gained upon his confidence. At the next interview he completely succeeded, and then, for the first time to any human being, the wretched man disclosed his whole history. His statement was so extraor-

dinary, that the inspector called on Barnet's late fellow traveller to see if his account of the journey corresponded with that of the prisoner. It did correspond in every particular, except, as we have said, not a suspicion had ever disturbed his mind of Barnet's baseness of purpose. An interview between the *quondam* travellers was brought about. The apparently deep penitence of Barnet was met by the hearty forgiveness and unaffected kindness of the merchant, and as he trusts also by the grace of the Redeemer. The few individuals to whom the case was made known, with an enlightened philanthropy which is but too rare in an age that boasts its liberality, generously encouraged his repentings and better purposes, and paved the way for his return to a life of virtue and honest industry, and the confidence and kindness accorded him were not thrown away. He is a redeemed man, a valuable member of society, exemplarily honoring the relations of husband, father, neighbor and friend, all of which he fills; and the mother who in the days of his guilty folly hung her head when her first-born was named, and carried a wound in her bosom no medicine could heal, now gazes in his face again and traces there the radiant lineaments of an honest man and a loving son.

We see in this little narrative, that bad as this man was at one period of his life, there nevertheless was a key to his heart; in other words, that he had not sinned away all his sensibilities. Conscience, though slumbering, was not dead. The breathing of the forest breeze awoke it, startled it with the potency of a dying man's moan, from its long dream of guilt! filled his soul with the horrors of remorse, and compelled him to seek shelter from himself and the world in the solitude of a prison. There, in the midst of his unsanctified gloom, a pitying heart found him, and with a wise sympathy sought his recovery to virtue and happiness, taught him the way and encouraged him to attempt it. This saved him, so far as means could avail, and the result is such as to encourage the belief that in all like cases like efforts will be successful. Man is fearfully and wonderfully made, not only in his physical but in his mental and moral constitution. Slight influences disturb the balance. There are moods of the mind in which a word or a look will agitate its profoundest depths, and sway it to and fro like the rocking waves of the troubled ocean. Perhaps in the experience of every transgressor there are moments when the heart will harden or dissolve according as a single tone falling upon it is gentle or hard; as at the moment of congelation the waters freeze if the north breathe upon them, but continue their flow and murmuring music if southern breezes arise. O, if at such moment there was a kindred heart, Christlike, humanized, with a tear and a hope for the vilest of its kind, to say, "Brother, arise, there is bread, and to spare in our Father's house. Return, and sin no more;" was it ever known from the beginning that no glance on the countenance, no moisture in the eye, returned its sign of recognition, if not of almost persuadedness? Alas, alas for us, not falsely, nor without personal experience, sang Scotland's bard—

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn."

We do not pity each other well. We are not mutually merciful. Nay, towards our sinning brother we are not JUST, when we surrender him as a hopeless thing, to be gnawed by horrible remorse, and to be ground to powder in the dungeon of despair. We do a mighty wrong, we act a murderous lie towards our sinning brother, when we refuse to believe him capable of becoming good and happy, and will not hope for him and help him. There is small difference between him who throws his neighbor into the sea and him who refuses to cast him a rope.

It is strange that unmercifulness should be a characteristic sin of man. Among devils who received no mercy when they fell, it were less out of place. But man is the child and protegé of mercy. He lives and enjoys his probation amid arrested thunderbolts, and storms of wrath rolled back, and caverns of despair closed, and the hushed curses of the law. The rain, and dew, and sunshine of heaven are descending upon his fields. The birds are piping their sweet notes as they might have done in Eden, and all nature, not veiled in sackcloth but clad in multiform glory, waits upon him like a sister. Above all, man lives in the light of glorious and glad revelations, of evangelic and joyful tidings, of living streams of salvation, and of ministering angels, and of voices from the sky, owning him as a younger brother that wandered, but in the far off land of his prodigality found mercy, through the cross and through blood that flowed freely as rain drops from the bosom of Jesus—in the midst of these he stands a monument of mercy, himself unmerciful!! Yes, and too often with one hand on the New Testament and the other on his brother's throat, no argument nor art avails to persuade him that in that brother's bosom may beat a heart of higher aspirations,

of better purposes, of purer affinities than his own.

Let us learn to have hope for each other; and, as far as possible, faith in each other. When any turns aside let us pity him and believe that all is not lost; and believing there is a key to his heart, let us search for it, not discouraged by outward appearances, nor paralyzed by inward doubts. Having found his heart, let us take him into our bosom and bear him back to the path of virtue and the presence of God, and kneel with him there, and while we weep together over the badness of our way, rejoice together that the lost is found and the dead made alive.

THE GRASSHOPPER WAR.

The aboriginal history of this country, now in a great measure lost for ever, would no doubt have formed volumes of great interest, could it have come down to our times like the authentic chronicles of other nations. The men who figured here before the European invasion, were not tame and effeminate imitators, or slumberous day-dreamers. They were men of nerve and enterprise, and free, bold thought, and made their impression upon their own times and contemporaries. We have often thought that by far the richest portion of history has never been written, even in those times and nations that have preserved the amplest records. How little of all the eloquence which at different times and places has moved and agitated the profoundest depths of the soul, has been bound up in language and thus saved from oblivion! What soul-stirring peals of lofty eloquence bursting from the hearts of those untutored red men who possessed the land before our presence disturbed them, and who in their solemn convictions carried on the debates and consultations relative to the means of advancing the common weal! There stood the lofty and wrapt prophet, awaiting or declaring the will of the Great Spirit; and there the wild and bedizened war chief, like a battle-horse champing his bit and pawing the ground, longed for the signal to dash forward in the war path. How many such scenes passed with no historian or bard to make record of them and hand it to the future! Tribe after tribe, and confederacies of tribes, probably thus melted from existence and from memory; no monument, no book, no minstrel, no traditionary legend ever plucked from the flood of time as it rolled on and away, the heroic greatness, the daring enterprise, the burning eloquence, that struggled and perished there. Amid all those rude and savage elements that formed the clans and councils of the primitive country, the same passions and principles existed that everywhere sway mankind with varying force as civilization retrogrades or advances. Everywhere and always, man is radically the same; society is the same, except in its circumstances, which summed up, we call it civilization—of which civilization the red man had none. But he had boldness, originality, enterprise, possessed by no other savage race; and the history of him, as we have said, would have worn a freshness not common.

We were visited some years ago while sojourning in the valley of Wyoming, that field of surpassing natural loveliness and beauty, and of thrilling historical associations, with an almost oppressive rush of reflection upon the red man's history and fate, even in this lovely spot—a spot which the genius of peace might have chosen from among all others as its perpetual dwelling. Yet even here some of the wildest, stormiest scenes in history have occurred, of which tradition still preserves some broken recollections, and which, as recited by the ancient inhabitants, serve to fill out the long winter evenings, and awaken the interest of their fireside audiences.

One of the yet extant traditions of Wyoming relates to what is probably known as the Grasshopper War, a story not without its moral, and not undeserving the study of modern and civilized statesmen, who are often willing to "let slip the dogs of war," on grounds as trivial, and with issues almost as disastrous, as those given in this tradition.

On each side of the Susquehanna river, which glides gracefully through the valley, directly opposite to each other, dwelt two independent and friendly tribes of Indians. For a long series of years their intercourse was of the most familiar and friendly character. Frequently the females of the one tribe would cross the river and spend the day with those of the other,

Azalea Nudiflora.

capsule, five-celled, with five valves.

Specific Character. Flowers, many, viscous,

florist of Flushing, L. I., cultivates sixteen species and four varieties. This genus was for-

while the men ranged the neighboring mountains in quest of game. The interchange of friendly visitations and kind offices continued thus among those primitive children of the forest, unchecked for a long time. No oath of amity, no covenant of brotherhood, could have produced more promising results. But suddenly a cloud no bigger at first than a man's hand, expanded over their sky and darkened it for ever.

It happened that at one of these friendly visits between the women, two of the children, one of each tribe, fell into a dispute about the ownership of a grasshopper. The little disputants grew warmer and warmer, and from words soon proceeded to blows. The other children began to take part in the quarrel, each one ranging himself on the side of his own tribe, and it was not long before a general *melée* of the fiercest character ensued among the juveniles. The attention of the mothers was of course soon attracted to such a spectacle, and, sad to tell, instead of attempting to arrest the quarrel, they espoused it, tribe against tribe, and a wrathy time they must have had of it—no pulling of caps, perhaps, because they had none, but scratches and bruises in abundance, we make no doubt. The war of the women was just at its height when the men, who had spent the day like brothers, returned and beheld their wives and sisters in desperate and deadly conflict. It was not a time for explanation but for battle. All the devil in them let itself loose, and war to the knife was the word and the action. A war of extermination was mutually determined upon, and in a few days not a single individual of either tribe remained to tell the fearful tale of blood and destruction.

The spot is still pointed out where this tragedy was enacted, and occasionally a human bone or an Indian weapon is cast up by the spade or plow of the husbandman, but the red man is gone for ever!

Thus runs the tradition of the Grasshopper War, and there is nothing to impeach its authenticity. We remarked that the story contained a moral worthy of the attention of those statesmen who on the slightest pretexts are ready to plunge their country into war. But might it not also be studied in our families? There are a great many grasshopper wars among white people. Nearly all our family quarrels are grasshopper affairs, beginning in the veriest trifles and ending in destruction. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! We have no doubt at all that in a vast majority of instances the bitterest family feuds have sprung from causes so contemptibly little, that the parties would blush and hide their faces from society were those causes known.

Our story illustrates another sad but important truth, viz.: that no enmity is so acrid and unrelenting as that which is generated among former friends. This has often been remarked in relation to civil wars, but the case is still stronger and more affecting when families are concerned, and misunderstandings and alienations spring up in the domestic enclosure, and corrode and poison the affections, and sunder the hearts that should have flowed together for ever. Let us then take care of the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes

THE PINK AZALEA, OR AMERICAN WOODBINE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

CLASS, Pentandria—order, Monogynia. Natural order of Linnæus, Bicornes; of Jussieu, Rhodoraceæ.

Generic Character. Calyx, very small, five parted; corol, tubular, cleft about half way down, oblique; stamens, arising from the receptacle, exsert, declined, equal in number to the divisions of the corol; anthers, two-celled, dehiscent by pores; stigma, obtuse, declined; capsule, five-celled, with five valves.

Specific Character. Flowers, many, viscous, tubes longer than their divisions—nearly naked, the teeth of the calyx being very short; stamens, extending far beyond the corol; leaves, small, smooth, or slightly pubescent; color, uniform; nerves, downy above, bristly beneath; margin, ciliate; blossoms in May; flowers, pink-colored.

Eaton describes ten species of the Azalea, and nine varieties. Mr. Prince, a celebrated florist of Flushing, L. I., cultivates sixteen species and four varieties. This genus was for-

merly much larger than at present, as all its species but the *procumbens*, were annexed by John Don, a distinguished botanist of Scotland, to the Rhododendron, which it resembles, especially in its medicinal virtues.

The word azalea or azalæa, is derived from αζαλεος, dry, from its growing in dry situations, or because its wood is very dry and fragile.

The Azalea comprises a superb family of plants; its flowers being generally large and exhibiting almost every variety of color, are exceedingly attractive. The species *procumbens*, is vine-like, spreading over the ground and rising only three or four inches, while all the others are shrubs, growing from two to fifteen feet high, and when in full bloom and viewed from a short distance, the beauty of the richer colored ones is truly charming. Two of the species (*A. viscosa* and *A. glauca*), are very sweet-scented.

The beautiful colored engraving that embellishes our present number, represents the Azalea nudiflora. In common language it is called by different names, as pink azalea, American woodbine, early honeysuckle, and pinxter blomachee. Other species are called swamp pink, white honeysuckle, fragrant honeysuckle, &c., in reference to some circumstance relative to the flower or situation of the shrub. This class of shrubs is rather difficult of cultivation, owing, probably, to the peculiarity of the soil it chooses for nourishment, but when the florist is successful, he is richly rewarded for all his efforts. The soil proper for most of the species, is decayed wood and leaves, mixed with a small proportion of sand. Although some of them grow in the midst of swamps, even there it will almost invariably be found that they spring up from a dry knoll, or perhaps from a decayed stump of a tree.

Geography. It is met with in some parts of Asia, common in North and South America and also in Europe.

Medicinal properties. The general qualities of this natural order of plants are astringent and diuretic; some individuals of the order are well known to be venomous. "The honey which poisoned some of the soldiers in the retreat of *the ten thousand* through Pontus, was gathered by bees from the flowers of Azalea pontica." *

* Lindley. Introduction to the natural system of Botany, p. 80.

The soldiers finding an abundance of bee-hives in that place, and eating the honey, were seized with violent vomiting and fluxes, attended with raving fits, so that those that were least ill, appeared like drunken men, and the rest seemed either furiously mad or dying. The earth was strewed with their bodies as after a defeat. None of them died, however, and the distemper ceased the next day about the same hour it had taken them. The third or fourth day the soldiers got up in the condition of people, after having taken violent medicines.*

Sentiment. The splendor of its flowers has been thought sufficient cause to render the Azalea a suitable emblem of *Romance.*

"The pipe and song, with many a mingled shout,
Ring through the forest, as the satyr-rout
Dance round the dragon-chariot of Romance."

It may not be amiss here, to state that a species of flies deposit their eggs in the tender leaf of this shrub when it first puts forth in the spring. Soon after the egg is inserted, a small tubercle may be observed on the leaf, which increases rapidly in size till the animal is hatched, and has passed through its various transformations. These excrescences, known among school-boys by the name of May-apple, are generally thought by them, and by some, too, of "riper growth," to be the fruit the bush produces, and are eaten as a choice delicacy. But let such individuals be assured, that whenever they feast upon these rarities, they are by no means living on the *Graham plan*, for with the vegetable, they certainly partake of animal food, in the form of eggs deposited by the flies, or of worms hatched from the eggs, or of their transformations into nymphs or chrysales, or of these metamorphosed into winged insects. Oak galls, which make an ingredient in the composition of black ink, are produced in the same manner. If one of them which has no aperture were gently cut into, we should be sure to find an egg, a worm, a chrysalis or fly; but in such as are perforated, nothing of the kind can be found; these have been gnawed through by the insects, which have crept forth and taken their flight into the air.†

* Xenophon's Anabasis.
† Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History.

PRESIDENT DAVIES.

The name of President Davies stands forth among the brightest stars of the pulpit that appeared during the last century—perhaps it is not too much to say, that have appeared in any century or in any country. Within the last twenty or thirty years, there were many persons living who had a distinct remembrance of what he was both in the pulpit and out of it; but it may be doubted whether an individual now survives who remembers ever to have seen his face or heard his voice. We once had the privilege of conversing with one person, the late Rev. Dr. J. H. Livingston, who had a distinct recollection of his appearance and manner, and who did not hesitate to pronounce him the prince of American preachers. Some of the statements in the following sketch were derived from him; while the principal facts are gathered from various notices of his life and character, that have appeared in different publications.

Samuel Davies was born in the county of Newcastle, Delaware, November 3, 1724. His family are supposed to have been of Welsh extraction. His father is represented as having been a man of great simplicity and excellence of character, but of very moderate powers and attainments, while his mother was distinguished alike for exalted piety and uncommon vigor of intellect. It is related on the authority of one of President Davies' own letters to his friend Dr. Gibbon, of London, that his mother considered him as specially given to her in answer to prayer, and that she, previous even to his birth, had devoted him to the Lord for the holy ministry. This circumstance, when he became acquainted with it, seems to have deeply affected his mind, and not improbably it had an important influence in securing the result in respect to him, which his mother had so earnestly desired.

In his very early childhood, his mother was his only teacher, and under her tuition he is said to have made remarkable proficiency in the elementary branches. At the age of ten he was sent away to an English school, at some distance from his father's residence, where he continued two years; and though his progress in knowledge was uncommonly rapid, he does not appear during this period to have had any deep impressions of the importance of religion. He was a youth of amiable dispositions, and engaging manners, and was loved by everybody; but does not appear to have been an object of the Saviour's love in any other sense than was the young man in the Gospel, who went away sorrowful, because he had great possessions. Still, however, he seems, even at this time, to have made conscience of attending on the duty of secret prayer; and it was specially remarkable, that the blessing which he supplicated with the greatest earnestness was that he might attain to the honor of being a minister of Christ.

At the age of about twelve he seems to have had his first permanent impressions of Divine truth. Then he became deeply convinced of his sinfulness, and for a considerable time could find no rest to his anxious and burdened spirit. At length, however, light dawned upon his understanding—joy penetrated his heart. The glorious plan of redemption rose to his mind in all its grandeur and fullness. He saw that God could be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly; and the discovery melted him down at the foot of the cross. For some time after this, however, his religious experience was at best only an alternation of hopes and fears; and sometimes his doubts prevailed to such an extent that he was overwhelmed with the deepest darkness. Gradually he was relieved from these painful apprehensions, and at no distant period his mind gained not only a tranquillity but stability of religious feeling, that ever afterwards distinguished his Christian character. He is supposed to have made a public profession of religion when he was about fifteen years of age.

From this period his purpose was fixed to devote himself to the work of the ministry; and he immediately commenced his preparation for it. Having acquired some knowledge of the Latin language, either with or without a teacher, he joined the celebrated school of the Rev. Samuel Blair, at Fog's manor, Chester county, Penn., which was specially designed to educate young men for the ministry, and was established on much the same principle with the Dissenting theological academies in Great Britain. There the classical and the theological course were in a great measure blended, so that when the regular curriculum of study prescribed by the institution was completed, little, if anything, remained, to complete the preparation for licensure to preach the Gospel. Mr. Davies, probably on account of his poverty, remained here but about five years—somewhat less than the prescribed term; but his application to study was so intense, and his proficiency in every branch so remarkable, that when he offered himself for licensure, the presbytery were not less sur-

prised than delighted by his rare attainments. The precise time of his licensure is not now known—at least we have not been able to ascertain it—but he was ordained Feb. 19, 1747, when he was in his twenty-third year.

The state of religion in Virginia was at this time exceedingly low, being subjected to the withering influence of an ecclesiastical establishment; inasmuch that the faithful preaching of the Gospel was comparatively unknown. There had, however, a little before this, been an unusual attention to religion awakened in the county of Hanover, by means of the labors of an excellent and zealous layman; and the presbytery of New Castle, by which Mr. Davies was licensed, aware of the deplorable ignorance of evangelical truth that prevailed in that part of the country, determined to send them a minister who might preach to them the pure Gospel. Mr. Davies was selected for this important mission; and it was said that he was the more ready to concur in the proposal of the Presbytery, from the fact that, during his preparatory course, he had received pecuniary aid from the very people among whom he was designated to labor. They had not, indeed, ever heard of him; but having enjoyed for a season the labors of another excellent clergyman, they offered him a suitable compensation; and though he declined receiving it for himself, he told them that he knew of a poor but most promising young man who was studying for the ministry, and with their consent he would appropriate it to his benefit. They gave their consent; and the money was accordingly given to Mr. Davies—the very man who was destined subsequently to become their pastor, and to shed a glorious light over the whole surrounding country.

In April, 1747, he went to Hanover, and soon obtained a license from the general court (for, under the ecclesiastical *regime* to which Virginia was then subject, that was necessary), to officiate in four different places of worship. His preaching was listened to with great admiration, and was hopefully blessed to the conversion of a considerable number of persons; but after having remained there a few weeks, he determined, for some reason which we are not able to learn, to return to his native State. During the next six or eight months, he was occupied in preaching in various congregations in Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, and wherever he preached, he was regarded as a prodigy of genius and eloqnence. But at this period, the symptoms of deep-seated pulmonary disease began to develope themselves in his constitution, and there was every prospect that his brilliant career would speedily come to a close. Nevertheless, his zeal in the service of his Master suffered no abatement, and he actually took charge for the time, of a vacant congregation, in which he labored unremittingly with a violent hectic fever upon him, and with his strength so much reduced that it was sometimes with great difficulty that he could ascend the pulpit. Here he was permitted to see some precious fruits of his ministry; and among the cases of hopeful conversion were some two or three which he regarded as signal displays of Divine mercy.

The impression which his labors had produced in Virginia during the preceding year, was too strong to permit those who had enjoyed them to remain contented without making an effort to secure his permanent ministrations; and accordingly, in the spring of 1748, the people of Hanover, with two other congregations in the same neighborhood, gave him a call to become their pastor. This call he accepted, and almost immediately set out for his future field of labor. His health by this time was considerably improved, and he was encouraged to hope that he might live long enough to see a church organized upon evangelical principles; though he had evidently little expectation that either his labors or his life would be protracted beyond a very brief period.

We have already adverted to the fact that Virginia was at this time the seat of an ecclesiastical establishment; the only religion which the law recognized was episcopacy; and it was earnestly contended that the act of toleration which had been passed by the British Parliament for the relief of Protestant Dissenters, was not designed to take effect on this side the water. Mr. Davies opposed this absurd notion and this arbitrary economy with great vigor and eloquence; and not only conducted a controversy on the subject with the celebrated Peyton Randolph, who was afterwards President of Congress, but on one occasion addressed the General Court in reference to it, in so just and earnest a manner, that even his adversaries awarded to his eloquence the highest tribute of admiration. When he subsequently went to England, he laid the matter before the British government, and obtained from the attorney general a written declaration that the provisions of the "act of toleration" did extend to Virginia. Previous, however, to this controversy, Mr. Davies having taken care to qualify himself according to the "act of toleration," had with

some difficulty, as we have already had occasion to notice, obtained the requisite license for preaching at four meeting-houses in and about Hanover.

Notwithstanding the violent opposition which he had to encounter from the prejudice, bigotry, and almost entire ignorance of evangelical truth that prevailed throughout the whole region in which he was settled, yet his noble and generous spirit, combined with the rarest intellectual powers and the most fascinating oratory—all controlled and directed by a consistent and fervent piety, caused the opposition gradually to yield, and at no distant period—dissenting though he was—not only were his ministrations crowned with a rich spiritual blessing, but he became intellectually the pride and admiration of the surrounding country.

In 1753, Mr. Davies, in company with the Rev. Gilbert Tennant, of Philadelphia, were commissioned by the Synod of New York to go to England, to solicit contributions for the college of New Jersey—an institution which the Synod had always regarded with peculiar interest and affection. This mission he undertook with great cheerfulness, and left home on the 3d September, with a view to make his preparatory arrangements. Having attended the commencement at Newark, and been honored by the degree of master of arts, and subsequently visited Mr. Brainard, the Indian missionary, whose field of labor was in that region, he went to Philadelphia to attend the meeting of the Synod, where he succeeded in having a satisfactory arrangement made for the supply of his pulpit during his absence. On the 18th of November he embarked with his friend Mr. Tennant in a vessel for London, and after suffering greatly from sea sickness during his passage, he reached his destined port on the 25th of the succeeding month.

On his arrival in England, he was received with great cordiality, and the object of his visit was duly appreciated, and his appeal in its behalf most liberally responded to. His intercourse was, as might be expected, chiefly among the dissenters; but the most distinguished of their ministers, whether Presbyterian, Independent or Baptist, were quickly found among his friends and admirers. He preached in many of their churches and was everywhere followed by crowded and delighted auditories. There are traditions in London of the wonderful effects produced by his eloquence, to this day; and he was even urged to accept a permanent settlement there under most eligible circumstances; but he could not be prevailed on to entertain the idea for a moment. After spending considerable time in England, he visited Scotland, where he was also received with marked attention, and was favored with a good measure of success in respect to the object of his mission. The exact period of his return to this country is unknown; but it was probably towards the close of the year 1754; as we find that early in the succeeding year he was actively engaged at Hanover in the duties of the ministerial office.

At this period the political horizon became obscured; and the country was thrown into the greatest agitation by a French and Indian war. Braddock's celebrated defeat, which occurred on the 10th July, 1755, drew forth from Mr. Davies a highly patriotic and eloquent discourse, in which he exhorted his hearers with most impassioned earnestness to submit to any sacrifice, rather than yield up the blessings which they enjoyed. And at a later period in the same year, he delivered his celebrated sermon to a company of independent volunteers in Hanover, which was afterwards published with a prophetic note in respect to the character of Washington. Having expressed the hope that "God had been pleased to diffuse some sparks of martial fire through the country," he adds—"as a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the public that heroic youth, Col. Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so great a manner for some important service to his country." On some other occasions he manifested his patriotism in a similar way, and the effect of these addresses is said to have been well nigh electric. Patrick Henry, who during his early life resided in the neighborhood in which Mr. Davies preached, and very frequently listened to him, is said to have spoken of his eloquence in terms of unmeasured admiration, and it is not improbable that the great statesman was himself the more eloquent for having enjoyed these extraordinary early advantages.

Shortly after Mr. Davies' return from England, the Synod of New York passed an act erecting the Presbytery of Hanover, within whose limits were comprehended the whole of Virginia, and a considerable portion of North Carolina. As there were dissenters scattered throughout this whole territory, there was a constant demand at various points for ministerial labor, and Mr. Davies, being the presiding spirit of the new organization, felt himself called upon, in compliance with the direction

by Presbytery, to give much of his time to a sort of missionary service; insomuch that his own stated charge remonstrated with the Synod against his frequent and protracted absences. What the issue of this remonstrance was we are not informed; though it does not appear that Mr. Davies himself was regarded by any party as in fault. His influence in the colony at this time was equally benign and extensive; and those who had no sympathy with his Presbyterianism or his piety, were still glad to listen to his enrapturing, matchless eloquence.

In 1759, the Presidentship of Princeton College having been vacated by the death of Jonathan Edwards, almost immediately after he had entered on its duties, Mr. Davies was called to that office; but so strong was his attachment to his people, and so wide his sphere of usefulness in the region in which he resided, that he was by no means prepared at once to accede to the proposal; and it was not till the call was a second time presented to him, under the explicit sanction of the synod to which he belonged, that he determined to accept it. This determination cost him a most severe struggle, not only on account of the strength of his attachments in Virginia, and the remarkable blessing by which his labors there seemed to be attended, but also on account of an imagined deficiency of intellectual attainment, growing out of his limited opportunities for literary and scientific pursuits. His congregation, it is hardly necessary to say, felt it a very severe deprivation, and would never have consented to his removal, but that he, after a mature consideration of all the circumstances of the case, was brought to believe that it was the course which Providence marked out.

President Davies brought with him to Princeton the highest reputation for talents and eloquence—a reputation which all his subsequent efforts in the pulpit fully sustained. Besides these high intellectual qualifications, he possessed uncommonly bland and attractive manners, which secured to him a great advantage in the management of young men; and, accordingly, the President quickly became the idol of the college. He introduced various improvements, and among others, the practice, continued we believe to this day, of delivering monthly orations by members of the senior class. He paid great attention to the cultivation of rhetoric and oratory in the college, not only because these were the branches in which he himself eminently excelled, but from his deep conviction of the important places which they hold in a liberal education.

During his residence in Virginia, he had generally enjoyed very comfortable health, which was attributable, no doubt, in a great degree, to the almost constant bodily exercise which had been incident to his professional labors. But on entering his new sphere of life, for which he considered himself very inadequately qualified, he devoted himself to study with an intensity of application which no constitution could very long endure. About the close of January, 1761, he was seized with a violent cold for which he was bled, and the next day preached twice in the college chapel. On the Monday following, a violent fever came on, which very quickly deprived him of his reason, and in spite of all that medical aid could do, within ten days deprived him of his life. It was deeply to be regretted, as we in our short-sightedness should say, that his reason could not have been spared to him to the last, that he might have left his dying testimony to the all-sustaining power of that gospel which he had preached; but it was the ordinance of Heaven that his generation and posterity should be instructed from his life, rather than his death, and that that noble mind whose vigorous and splendid actings had entranced such multitudes, should pass from the wild dreams of delirium into the glories of an eternal day.

The death of President Davies produced a deep sensation, not only throughout this country, but in Great Britain also. Dr. Finley, his successor in the Presidential chair, preached his funeral sermon, which was published. Two sermons also on the same occasion, were preached and published by his friend and correspondent, the Rev. Dr. Gibbons, of London, who afterwards superintended the publishing of his works. These several discourses, as well as various other tributes to his memory which are still extant, convey the highest idea of his character, and especially of his talents as a pulpit orator. His printed sermons form an imperishable monument of his greatness. It must be admitted that his style is less concise than the most rigid rhetorical exactness might require, but for vigor and comprehension of thought, aptness and beauty of illustration, and strength and fervor of appeal, we believe the English language may be challenged for anything of superior excellence. We have remarked that even when some of our friends on the other side of the water, have quoted American preachers with a sort of compassionate

sneer, their sense of justice has constrained them to make an exception in favor of Davies; and if anything is to be inferred from the circulation of his works in Great Britain, we must suppose that they regard him as one of the greatest lights that any country has produced. It may reasonably be doubted whether any clergyman can be named, who died eighty-four years ago, at so early an age as thirty-six, who has at this moment so fresh, and splendid, and universal a reputation as President Davies.

We subjoin the following original letter of this great and excellent man, as the most interesting of his letters of which we have any knowledge. The friend from whom we received it, informed us that he permitted a copy of it to be taken some twenty-five years ago by a gentleman in Virginia; and whether he ever made any public use of it or not, we are not informed. Even if he did, it is presumed that it was so long ago, and was within so limited a circle, that it will be new to all our readers. The letter is a perfectly beautiful specimen of penmanship.

"HANOVER, Feb. 23, 1757.

"*My ever dear and Rev. Br.*

"Since my return from my late voyage, I rec'd a letter from you; and had the sight of one to my worthy friend Mr. Finley, which I received as directed to myself, and you should have had larger and more frequent returns from me, had not my incessant Hurries, and ye want of opportunities of conveyance laid me under a disagreeable Restraint.

Tho' my Friendship for you is not upon the decline, but will, I hope, blaze out into Immortality; yet, I must own, it is not Friendship that now prompts me to write; it is something still more divine and apostolical; as you will perceive by mine to Mr. Hawley, which I leave open for your Perusal, and by the few additional Hints I shall give you in this.

"Upon some accounts I received of the willingness of the Catawba nation of Indians to receive a Missionary and a Schoolmaster, I wrote to Mr. Manduit, Treasurer of the Society in London, that support the Stockbridge Mission &c, with whom I contracted a particular acquaintance while in England; soliciting the Charity of the Society for that Purpose. The answer I received was favorable; and I was ordered to transmit all the Intelligence I could get concerning the Affair. Upon Enquiry, I found the Cherokees were a nation of much more Importance, both in a political and religious View; and that there was some Encouragement that they would embrace the same proposal with the Catawbas. I therefore wrote to the Society that if their Fund would not enable them to support a Mission and a School among both Nations, they would drop the Catawbas, and make the Cherokees the Object of their Charity; because they are much more numerous (about 6 or 7000) and consequently their Alliance is of more Importance to us; and if Christianity were introduced among them, it would have a more extensive sphere of Circulation; and because their Situation exposes them much more to the Intrigues of the French, and consequently there is much more Danger of their deserting our Interest than the Catawbas, who are almost surrounded with English Inhabitants. I suppose one Missionary and one Master might be tolerably sufficient for ye Catawbas; as they are but 800 or 1000 souls; and the Persons employed in this apostolic Work, would not be cut off from ye society of their Countrymen. But considering the number of ye Cherokees, their great Distance from our Settlements, and the Difficulty, if not Impossibility, of a solitary Missionary keeping up his Spirits, and performing his Work with Cheerfulness in the Society of Savages, I proposed, that, if possible two Missionaries and two Masters, might be sent to this Nation.

"To this Proposal, I rec'd an Answer a few Days ago, that the English Society had agreed to support one of each, upon Condition that the Society in Scotland would do the same; and that the Society in London, corresponding with that in Scotland, had unanimously agreed to the Proposal, as far as it depended upon their Concurrence, and had written to their constituents in Edinburg in its Favour. But as their Answer was not returned, my Informer could not give me a final Account; but it seems highly probable the Scheme would be carrried into Execution.

"I think Virginia, in some little Time, will furnish us with one Missionary and Schoolmaster, qualified for ye Business. But I have no Prospect of any more. And as the Matter requires Expedition, and I would have every Thing ready against I receive my final Answer, which I now begin to expect every Week, I write to you, My Dear Sir, for all the Intelligence you can give me, and all the Assistance you can afford in procuring a Missionary and a Schoolmaster. I have heard Mr. Hawley's good character from Sundry, I think from yourself; and that he has resigned his former Mission. I therefore apply to him thro' your hands; and all that I now desire is, to be informed, whether, upon proper Encouragement, he would be willing to Engage in this apostolic Work, among those Southwestern Indians?—I hope for a speedy answer, by Post, or some other Conveyance, that I may know, whether to look out for another or not. Mr. Holt, who is in Partnership with Mr. Parker at the Printing Office in New-Haven, is my Broth-

er in Law; and I doubt not but he will be a faithful Medium of Correspondence betwixt us.

"As to the State of Religion in Virginia, I can only say,—that my Brethren have of late been much more successful than myself; particularly honest Mr. Henry, and our common Friend, Mr. Wright—and that what little success I have lately had, has been chiefly among the Extremes of Gentlemen and Negroes. Indeed, God has been remarkably working among the latter. I have baptized about 150 adults; and at the last sacramental Solemnity, I had the Pleasure of seeing the Table of the Lord *graced* with about 60 black faces. They generally behave well, as far as I can hear, tho' there are some Instances of Apostacy among them.

"These are gloomy and threatening Times; and my Heart cannot but forebode some terrible Events impending. Virginia in general, sins on still, impenitent and unreformed; tho' bleeding in a thousand Veins. The few Patriot Souls among us cannot but tremble for the Events of the ensuing Summer. However, tho' we know not Futurities, yet this we know, that it shall be well with them that fear God, come what will, and in their Number I hope you and I shall be sheltered.

"Blessed be God, I am happy in my Dear Family, and as yet, enjoy Peace and Liberty in the midst of a ravaged bleeding country. May we be prepared for our turn in Affliction. I have a thousand Things, I would gladly communicate, but I can only add a house full of affectionate Compliments to your whole self, in all its Branches; and the strongest Assurance, that I am, Dear Sir, your most sincere friend and humble Servant,

"SAML. DAVIES.

"*Mr. Bellamy.*"

CHEER YE UP, OH STRICKEN HEARTED.

BY ADELIA MORTON.

CHEER ye up, oh stricken hearted!
Though ye shed the silent tear;
Hope and trust should not be parted,
By the hand of doubt or fear.

Sighing mourner! does thy spirit
Bow to sorrow, sink with care?
Know that trusting souls inherit
Joy and bliss surpassing fair.

Is thy heart in trouble beating
Strong emotion? trust on still—
Hope and Faith will soon come meeting
At thy spirit's crystal rill.

There the pearls of Promise dropping,
Soon shall dazzle Hope's bright eye,
And thy Faith in sweetness stopping,
Bring thee jewels from the sky.

Is thy spirit now unstringing
Every chord of heavenly birth?
Let new Trust her gladness bringing,
Lift thee far away from earth.

Catch thee now, thou hast a token,
Strains seraphic from on high,
Let not now thy harp be broken,
While sweet Mercy hovers nigh.

Time hath weeping, hath its burden,
Time hath sighing, Time hath care,
But beyond there is a guerdon,
Ye may gain it—it is there!

Then cheer up, oh stricken hearted!
Spirit-calm will come to thee!
The mellow tints ye mourn departed,
Robe the sky beyond our sea!

Then be Hoping, Trusting, Praying!
Be ye steady, firm, and true!
And no more shalt thou go straying,
With the better land in view.

A BRIGHT LEAFLET FROM HISTORY.

Among the names which adorn the page of English story, there is one which, from the rare combination of virtues and graces, of romance and reality in the person and character of its possessor, seems to youthful minds invested with a species of fascination. Indeed, if there be any such emotion as affection for the dead of other days, it is *that* which we experience when we reflect upon the character of the illustrious Sir Philip Sidney. And, since the detail of virtuous and lofty deeds may generate in some bosom a kindred spirit of honorable ambition—while even the sage cannot be familiar with so pure a mind, so brilliant an imagination, without partaking of its nobility—we have been induced to sketch a few glimpses of the brief but eventful career of this true nobleman.

Although the name of Sidney carries with it associations closely interwoven with all our notions of honor, courage, and invincible attachment to liberty; and although it is a race which has abounded with men and women whose characters were studded with the jewels of chivalry and genius, of virtue and grace, yet with one accord is the loftiest place assigned to Sir Philip. In fact, so varied were his virtues, so numerous his accomplishments, so brilliant his attainments, that one can scarcely enumerate the most prominent of them, without being liable to the charge of enthusiasm, or its twin sister, exaggeration. The truth may however be reconciled to our understandings in the fact, that while he lived there were none to dispute his consummate abilities, but all men gladly accorded to him the meed of superiority. The most distinguished men of his day (and it was an age wonderfully prolific of talent), did homage to his genius: poets were amazed at the fertility, and in ecstacies at the beauty of his Muse: statesmen eagerly sought the advice, and gladly availed themselves of the services of the youthful sage: scholars vied in emulation of his varied learning, and heroes pointed their sons to his knightly courtesy and chivalrous exploits for their distant imitation: there was no wit so daring as to asperse the dignity of his fame, no critic so captious as to undervalue his lofty talents. His real genius, the gentleness of his manners, and the perfect beauty of his disposition, seem to have disarmed all animosity; and hence in his case appears the singular anomaly that *no man envied him.*

Sir Philip Sidney is another of that august cluster, who trace, with grateful emotions, the development of their virtues and genius to the quiet but irresistible influence of maternal love. His mother, Mary Dudley, was a sister of the accomplished but ill fated Lord Guilford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey. The melancholy death of her brother caused Lady Sidney to retire from the world and devote herself entirely to the education of her children. It was her careful teaching which, in early youth, directed to proper objects the young Sidney's eager thirst for knowledge: It was her anxious love which infused such principles as, in after times, preserved the son of her bosom from the corruption which is usually engendered of wealth and youth by flattery and luxury. She it was, who implanted the germ of those virtues, which, rapidly expanding under her kindly culture, embellished and beautified his whole career: she nurtured in his mind a love for the beautiful, and awakened those harmonious symphonies, which shall never die away, so long as men's hearts beat with human feeling. Take courage then, mothers of our land! Remember that the "fate of a child is always the work of its mother;" faithfully plant the seeds of virtue and knowledge—diligently tend the young nurslings, and God will amply reward you, in an offspring which shall be the pride and glory of your country.

At a very early period, Sir Philip manifested an eager thirst for the acquisition of knowledge; and when at the age of seventeen he left the university to begin his travels, such had been his diligent and painful application to study (for even the brightest genius can arrive at excellence, only by the most diligent and laborious study), that his tutors pronounced his proficiency in all species of learning to be incredible. Meanwhile the fame of his accomplishment in arts and arms had preceded him to court, whither he went by invitation of Elizabeth's magnificent favorite, the Earl of Leicester; and where, in the words of good Sir Robert Naunton, "he soon attracted the good opinion of all men, and was so highly prized in the esteem of the Queen, that she thought the court deficient without him." Four years after this—at an age when men have not usually laid aside their boyish mantles—he was selected by Elizabeth and her worthy councillor Burleigh, to enact a most difficult part as ambassador at the court of Rodolph, Emperor of

Germany. This duty he performed to the entire satisfaction of his sagacious judges; and it was in reference to the consummate political abilities he displayed on this occasion, that William of Nassau said of him, "that his acquaintance with the affairs of Europe was so exact and profound, that he was deserving of a throne." As if to satisfy us that this high encomium was not undue, all historians agree in declaring, "that the Earl of Leicester held to England the government of the Low Countries by his councils and energy when alive, and lost it by his death." At the age of twenty-five, he returned to the court of his sovereign, when he steadfastly opposed her projected marriage with the Duke of Anjou, and became involved in a quarrel with the haughty Earl of Oxford. Sir Philip, however, did not hold that an indulgence in private brawls was consonant with h s character either as a chivalrous knight, or high-minded gentleman. He therefore determined to escape from the turmoil and restraint of the court, and retired, sick and disgusted by the rude and insolent conduct of Oxford, to the since classic haunts of Wilton, where he sought rest and refreshment in the companionship of his all-accomplished sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

The tender love which he bore for this sister, has been the fruitful theme of poets and historians, and is, in reality, one of the most pleasing features of his symmetrical life. Next to maternal affection—that holiest of emotions after love of God—there is no more beauteous phase of humanity than the reciprocal love of a brother and sister. There is about this quality an etherial purity which partakes of a heavenly nature, and it is surely one of those vestiges of Paradise which Infinite mercy still permits to gladden the earth. No illustration of this can be imagined more perfect than is furnished by Sidney's retreat to sympathy and his sister. Her hopeful woman's heart refreshed him from his toils, and cheered him on when drooping in the strife. She animated his fancy and retuned his lyre. Her loving converse, as they threaded the delightful walks of Wilton, awakened and inspirited his genius; and it was then that, with new buoyancy, and freshly plumed for a heaven-daring flight, he produced that imperishable monument of fraternal love, his charming romance, Pembroke's Arcadia. Hers was the confidential task, to con the noble song as it issued forth sheet by sheet from the bounties of his Fancy. Hers to hail new beauty with fonder joy, and to diffuse by her sweet presence that charm of purity and gentleness which im pregnates this effusion.

This pleasant dream was destined soon to be broken, for Queen Elizabeth could ill brook the absence from her court of this "mirror of chivalry," and recalled him with the ostensible design of conferring upon him the honor of knighthood. Here he remained for three years, when she made him governor of the fertile province of Flushing. While acting in this capacity, he surprised and captured the fort of Axil, and behaved with such extraordinary energy and wisdom, that the throne of Poland, which was then vacant, was offered to him. It was upon this occasion, that Queen Elizabeth made use of the memorable saying in reference to him, "that she could not lose the jewel of his time, that a crown could confer no additional nobility upon him." Of all the thousand compliments which were paid him by his contemporaries, in life, or that were showered upon his hearse by poets, philosophers, and kings, when dead, none are so intrinsically beautiful as was contained in his father's letter to a younger brother. "Follow," said the noble old man, "follow the advice of your most loving brother, who in loving you is comparable with me, or exceedeth me. Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions. He is a rare ornament of his age; the very formula that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and their life by. In truth, I speak it without flattery of him or myself, *he hath the most virtues that I ever found in any man.*"

But the brightest things must fade—the most glorious sun must set. At the age of thirty-two, when his fame had not yet reached its zenith; mourned by his native country and by Europe, he met the death of a hero on the field of Zutphen. The last scene of the drama was in harmony with his life. All have heard the beautiful story of his self-denial, when, though suffering from the agony of a mortal wound, he gave up the water for which he had earnestly implored, to a soldier who was dying near, saying, "he has more need of it than I, poor fellow."

And now, having brought the brief history of this gallant gentleman to a close, we may be permitted to indulge in the train of reflections which is naturally awakened.

In an age when the successful courtier was the subtlest proficient in the servile science of adulation, we have seen one who despised flattery as "alike unworthy of the receiver and

the giver." At a period when obscenity passed for wit, there was one who continued unsoiled and blameless. While the moral atmosphere by which he was surrounded, was tainted and impure, there was one whose light burned steadily and clear. At a time when unbounded license, under its honied title, gallantry, was the initial proposition of a nobleman's creed, he remained as pure and chaste as his mother could have asked in her prayers. Neither wealth corrupted, nor cupidity tempted him; prosperity did not unduly elate him, nor adversity depress him. Now, whence was this unusual strength? Hearken to "rare old Ben," who thus speaks of this noble family,

"They are, and have been taught RELIGION. Thence
Their gentle spirits have sucked innocence,
Each morne and even they are taught to pray
With the whole household, and may every day
Reade in their virtuous parents' noble parts,
The mysteries of manners, arms and arts."

This then was the guardian angel, evoked by a mother's love which had panoplied and protected him. *He* could not be an adept in flattery or dissimulation, who had been taught to reverence God more than he feared man. *He* could not be obscene or unchaste, whose earliest associations clustered around the form of a woman—his sainted mother—as she in winning tones dictated to his youthful mind the sublime truths of the Gospel. *He* could not trample upon female virtue; *he* dare not soil its purity upon whose heart was engraven the pure image of a sister's loveliness and truth.

D.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH GOD.

FATHER! I ask not life of Thee!
My spirit longs to find repose,
Far from this scene of strife with Thee,
My heart its hope upon Thee throws,
Father! I ask not life of Thee!

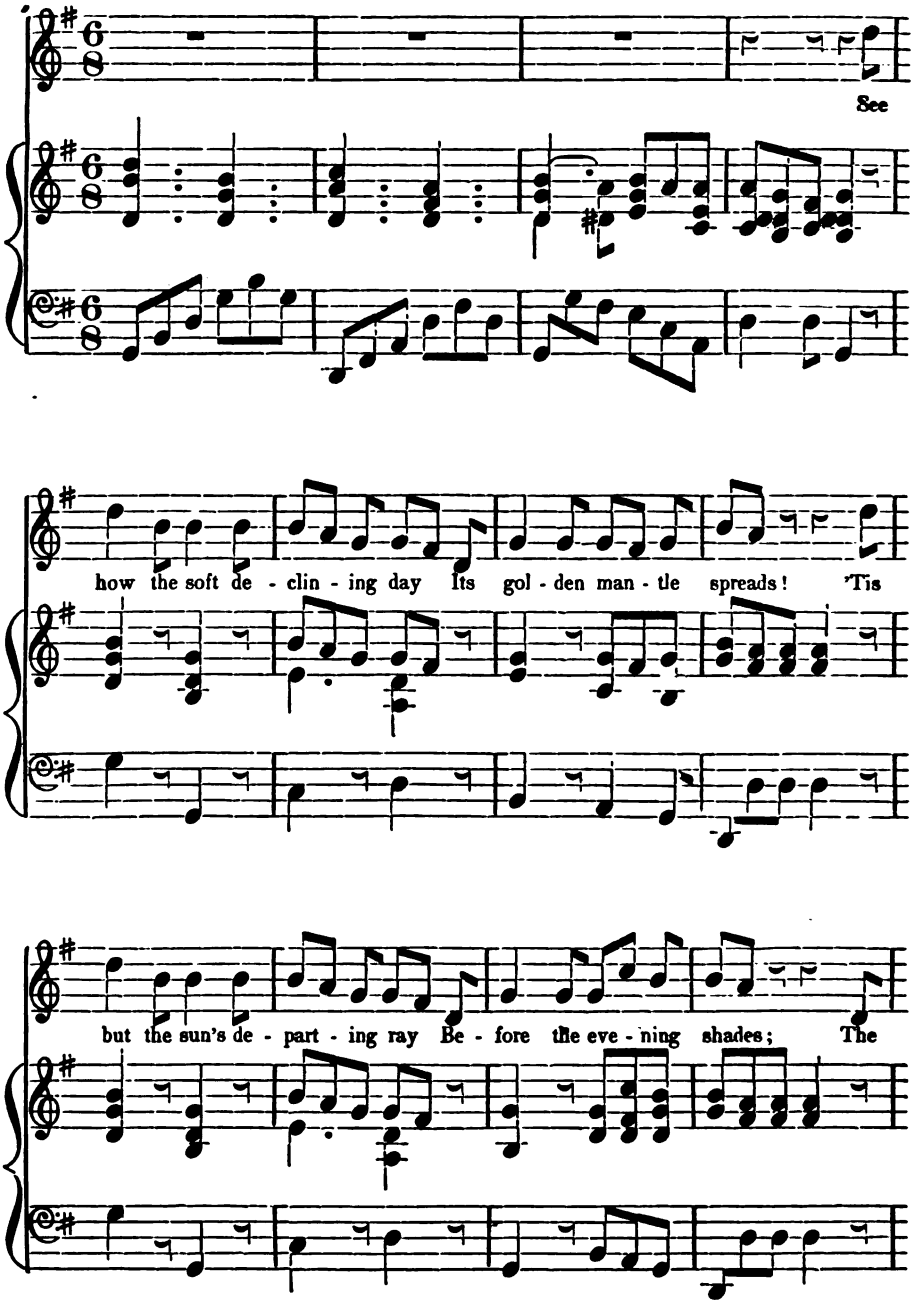
Father! there is no wealth for me
Which earth can give, that I request,
My body asks not health of Thee,
The grave alone can give it rest.
Father! I ask not wealth of Thee!

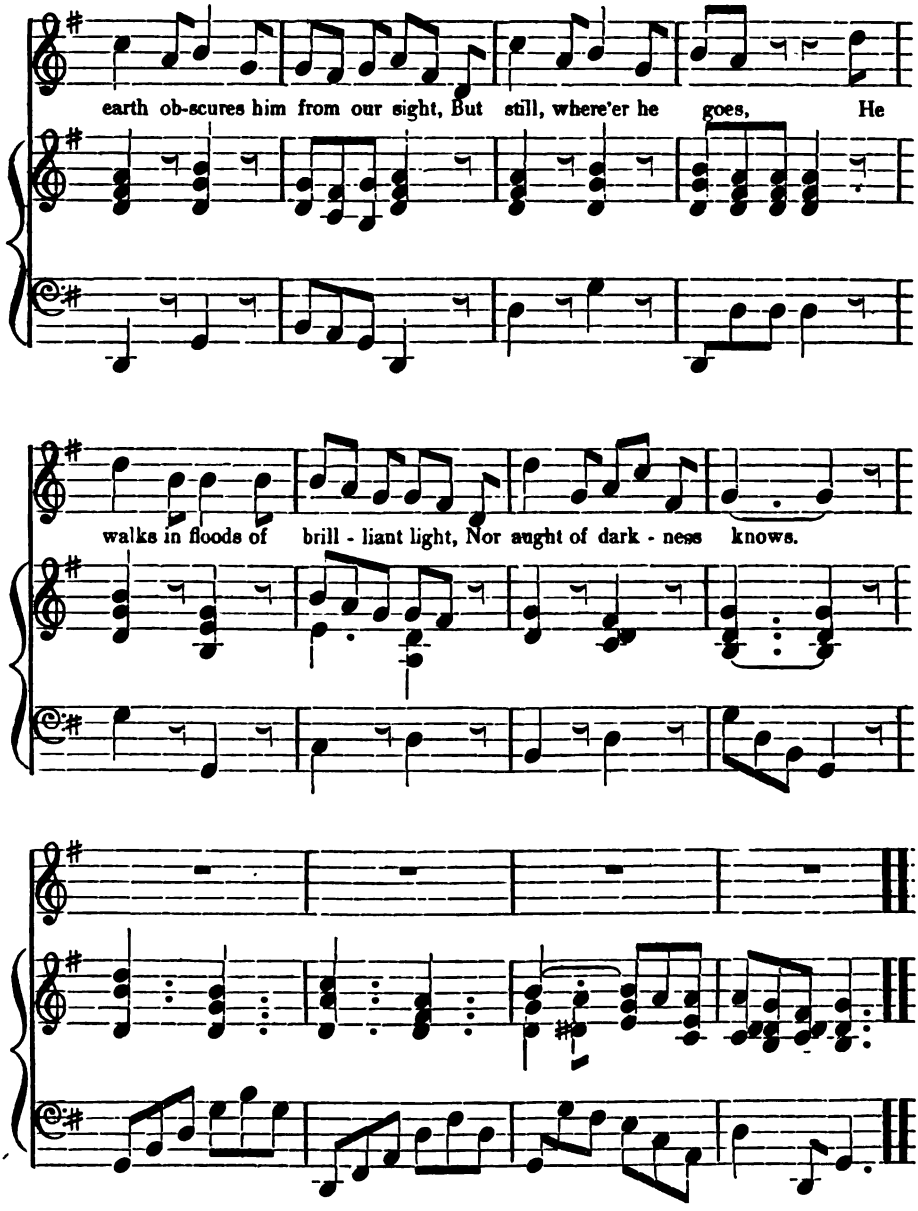
Give me companionship with Thee!
Thy love will lighten every task,
Death will be but a sleep with Thee,
And for eternity I ask,
Father! companionship with Thee!

PHILOS.

THE SUNSET.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS.





2.

Thus, when the days of life decline,
The Christian greets the tomb;
Soft beams at his departure shine
To dissipate the gloom:
The unseen spirit onward soars,
While shadows disappear;
Celestial light around him pours,
Far from this earthly sphere.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

The spring flowers are not yet in bloom, but they will soon be around us. Meanwhile the Parlor Table has not been without its decorations. The long winter evenings, now gone, have been relieved and cheered by the company of those who being dead yet speak in their works, and perpetuate their usefulness by the memorials they left behind them, when they ascended.

Thus we have been reading the memoirs of two eminent men, in some respects alike, in others widely different, yet both useful beyond their cotemporaries, both having left a name to go down to future generations among them on whom descended blessings from those ready to perish. We refer to Whitefield and Nettleton. The press has just given us new editions of the lives of these men, and instead of being confined to this closing page of our number for a sketch of their characters, we might rather begin at the first, and then fail in the task. But we would have these books in all our families. They are well adapted to awaken the revival spirit in the hearts of those who read, and we will pray that heaven may have in store yet other Nettletons and other Whitefields, to bless the world with their seraphic eloquence, and to turn many to righteousness.

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The School Girl in France is a story to illustrate the danger of placing children under the instruction of Roman Catholics; and well would it be if Protestant parents were aware of the hazard they run when they thus put the souls of their immortal offspring in the hands of the Papal power.

—

The Hon. George P. Marsh's Oration before the New England Society, has been published in handsome style by M W. Dodd. Mr. Marsh is one of the ripest scholars of this country, and this production, in point of style and thought, is worthy of the author's name and fame.

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The Supremacy of Mind, is the title of a discourse delivered in Albany before the Young Men's Association, by the Rev. Samuel Fisher. The style is bold, vigorous, and attractive, and the sentiment worthy of being pondered and improved by the young men of our times.

—

Uncle Barnaby's Recollections will not be forgotten by those who read them; quaint and striking in his observations, he tells plain truths in a plain way, and his thoughts are worth thinking over again.

One of the most remarkable productions of the season is *Mordecai M. Noah's* lecture on the Restoration of the *Jews*. Himself a Jew, the temper with which he speaks of the religion of Jesus, is such as to secure the candid attention of the reader to the peculiar views which he advocates respecting the ways and means of bringing the ancient people of God back to the land of their fathers. He thinks the government of the United States has been raised up as the agent in the great work of restoration; and he therefore appeals with confidence to the people to come to the rescue of his long scattered and peeled brethren.

—

The Poet's Gift, illustrated by one of our painters, is an elegantly printed book, from the Boston press, containing a selection of American poetry. The volume is in a high degree ornamental, and the selections are made with taste.

—

Charlotte Elizabeth.—We are pained to hear that the health of this gifted lady is declining, and that she will probably write but little more for the press. Few ladies, perhaps none, of the present day, have enjoyed a wider or better earned popularity than Mrs. Tonna, and not one of her works is more full of interest and instruction than the volume which records her "personal recollections," the story of her own trials, and the vicissitudes of her life, which have been most extraordinary and romantic. Her spirit is purely that of a Protestant Christian; and the vigor of her powers has been devoted to the spread of truth, which must be useful in opening the eyes of all who read, to the insidious nature of Romanism.

That her life may be prolonged, and that we may have yet many more of the productions of her refined heart, we would fondly pray; but if she is soon removed, we will rejoice that our day has enjoyed the light of her genius and the fruit of her toils.

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Good—Better—Best; or, Three Ways of Making a Happy World.—This is the title of a book published by the American Sunday School Union. Its object is to give right direction to acts of beneficence. "Where am I to begin, then, in benefaction? *At my neighbor*,—and my neighbor is the *nearest* sufferer in my way." The work is written with more than ordinary talent, and designed for minds more mature than are usually found in the class of a Sunday School.

THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR

A P[illegible]

REMINISCENCES OF A C[illegible]

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THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1845.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY CONGREGATION.

WHY is it that the choir of a country congregation is always, or often, the source of discord? Every one who knows the internal polity of these societies, has met with the singular fact that *the singing* is the most difficult subject to be managed with harmony, yet a matter that, one would think, should never make any trouble, much less be a cause of quarrels and divisions. Yet true it is, and in making these records I must introduce the reader to

OUR SINGING SCHOOLS,

and let him into some secrets which may be both entertaining and profitable. You will therefore understand that the singing had become about as bad as it could be and retain the name. Deacon Small—a very large man, who could sing nothing but bass, and that very badly—had sung tenor and led the singing for ten years, until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and some of the congregation, whose nerves were not made of steel wire, began seriously to talk of doing something to improve the music. The deacon said that for his part he should be glad to do anything reasonable, and he had sometimes thought the singing would be better if the young folks would come together once a month or so, and practise the tunes with him; he would give his time for nothing, and perhaps something might be done.

But this was not the thing. The deacon's singing was as bad as the choir's; in fact worse; for what he lacked in skill and taste he made up in volume; and his voice, in a part for which it had no fitness, would swell above all the rest so as to make such dire music as no gentle ears could endure without grievous pain, causing strong temptations to *feel wrong* even in church. When therefore the reformers heard that Deacon Small proposed to drill the choir into harmony, they thought of hanging up their own harps; for the deacon's instructions could manifestly avail nothing but to make bad worse. They therefore held another consultation, and determined to submit the matter to the congregation, in full meeting, and make a desperate effort to bring about a change.

Accordingly, when the people assembled for the annual "letting of the pews," the matter was introduced with great caution, and it was proposed, after much discussion, to send to Connecticut (where else should they send), for a singing master. Deacon Small was roused. He could see no necessity for such a sudden and expensive measure; he knew as much about singing as any of them, though he said it himself, and he *knew* that they had as good singing as they could expect, and if they wanted any better they mustn't go off to hire anybody to come there and teach them a new set of tunes, to go away when they were about half learnt and carry all the singing away with him But the reformers carried the day, and next Sabbath, the choir, taking in dudgeon what they chose to consider an affront put upon them and their leader, took their seats in the body of the church below, leaving the front seats of the gallery empty. The pastor saw at a glance the state

of things when he went into the pulpit, and beckoning to one of the elders who was a good singer, and always led on communion occasions, to come up to him, he made the necessary arrangements, and as soon as the morning Psalm was announced, the worthy elder rose in his place, and "pitching the tune," led off Old Hundred, to the edification of the congregation and the discomfiture of Deacon Small, who thought there could be no singing unless he took the lead

By a vote of the congregation a committee was appointed to obtain a singing master to teach one quarter, for which he was to receive a hundred dollars, and all were at liberty to attend The committee heard of a teacher and hired him. He came. His name was Bridge; and he very soon afforded fresh proof of the saying of the knowing old ladies of the place, "that a good singing master is good for nothing else." He was a good singer but a great fop, and a low, ill-bred, but cunning fellow, who soon ingratiated himself into the favor of one part of the congregation and disgusted the rest. The school, however, was vastly popular, especially among the young people, who were fond of coming together twice a week and spending the evening sociably. Bridge always gave a long intermission, which was the occasion for all manner of fun among the young people; and then by coming early, and staying after school was out, they managed to make the entertainment quite as diverting as a dance, which latter amusement was rarely allowed among the sons and daughters of that church. But before the quarter was out, the singing master was detected in some peccadilloes that rendered his dismission necessary in the estimation of the more discreet of the congregation. The communication of this decision to the school was the signal for an explosion. A part, perhaps a majority, acquiesced in the decision and sustained the committee, but others resented it and resisted, declaring that he should stay, and they would hire him for another quarter. The parties were now pitted against each other, and for a long time the contention raged with a fierceness that threatened the unity of the church. The pastor, of course, took ground against the teacher, for his moral unfitness to lead the worship of religious people was apparent, and this decided stand of the pastor brought down upon his head the wrath of all the Bridge men, who did not scruple to say that they would keep Bridge even if they lost their minister.

The Bridge party circulated a subscription paper, and had no difficulty in raising the money to hire the teacher for another quarter, for when men get mad they are always willing to pay to have their own way. The elders refused to have him in the choir on the Sabbath day, and so the strange and disgraceful spectacle was presented of part of a Christian congregation employing a man to instruct them in the worship of God, while the officers of the church very properly refused him a place in the service. And this wicked war was prolonged until the second quarter of the teacher expired, when he and his friends resolved to have a great musical festival, to wind off with due honor the controversy in which they flattered themselves they had been victorious. They wished to have an address on the occasion, and applied to the pastor to deliver it. He answered that he would not speak if Bridge was to lead the singing, but would cheerfully give them an address if some one else were selected to take the place of a man whom he regarded as utterly unfit to conduct the devotions of God's people. The answer was far from being satisfactory. Bridge must sing, as the festival was designed for his glory. So the party cast about to find a speaker for the great occasion, and were at length successful in obtaining one in the person of a noted pulpit orator in a distant city, deposed from the ministry, who was glad to make his way into another congregation where he knew he could never speak on the invitation of the pastor. This irregular and disgraceful act of the Bridge party closed the campaign. The last performance was condemned by the people, and the second engagement having run out, Bridge departed, to find employment elsewhere, the party that had supported him became ashamed of their own conduct, gradually returned to their respective duties, said as little as possible about their late rebellion, and submitted themselves in silence to the constituted authorities.

But it was not until after many years that the wounds which this affair had made, were healed. The feelings of one part of the people were alienated from the other; the more serious and substantial of the congregation had opposed the Bridge party, which was composed of the younger and lighter portion; the pastor had been so deeply involved in the struggle that his preaching was not received with so much affection and tenderness by those from whom he had differed; and it may be that the Word of God was not accompanied with that spirit of prayer, without which it can never be effectual, and the day of final account can alone disclose the ex-

tent of the mischief wrought by those men who determined to put in peril the peace of the church for the sake of carrying their own points. I have been so particular in stating the facts in this transaction that it may serve as a warning to other churches; for great is the responsibility incurred by that man who puts himself in the way of the peaceful progress of the Gospel. The Holy Spirit never lingers among a people after strife has begun, and who will answer for the guilt of grieving away the Messenger of Heaven's saving grace?

And now that the root of bitterness was cast out, the good pastor addressed himself with all diligence to repair the breaches that had been made He brought the mighty power of Divine truth to bear upon the consciences of the congregation, and with his characteristic fidelity, tenderness and skill, he plied them with those considerations which, in the course of time and under the blessing of God, resulted in the restoration of peace. Some of the most reasonable and pious of the Bridge party were frank enough to go to him and confess their error, and to express their strong sense of admiration of his firm and Christian deportment during the whole affair; but others quieted their consciences by treating their minister with a little extra attention, while they saved their pride from the manliness of an apology, when they knew they were wrong. But the singing. That was no better, but worse rather. Those on whom reliance had long been placed as permanent singers, were disgusted and driven from the gallery; a set of tunes unknown to the people was introduced; the new choir were unable to sing without their leader, they soon scattered; Deacon Small returned to his post and rallied a few of the old singers, and for a time "Dundee," and "Mear," and "Wells," with one or two other tunes of equal claim to antiquity, were performed upon the return of each Sabbath, with a regularity and uniformity worthy of striking commendation.

This state of things lasted until it could be borne no longer. And I make this remark seriously. It is *intolerable* that God should be mocked with such *praise* as is offered to him in some of our churches. Not to say anything of it as a matter of taste, to gratify the ear of man, and exalt the affections of the worshipper; there is another light in which it should be viewed, and a light in which it is very seldom viewed by our churches. I refer to the great truth, that *God deserves better praise* than he gets in those temples where little or no attention is paid to the culture of sacred music. If that consideration were imprinted on the hearts of Christians, they would from principle spend time and money in qualifying themselves and others to sustain this part of public worship with "spirit and understanding also."

A short time since I was in Boston, and on Sabbath morning went to the church where Lowell Mason leads the singing, with a choir that has long enjoyed the instructions of that eminent and able master. I did not know that he was the leader, and was not prepared to expect anything more than the ordinary singing of a church in that refined city. But those words,

> "Welcome, sweet day of rest
> That saw the Lord arise,"

came over my soul as if the morning stars were singing their Maker's praise with the opening of another Sabbath; and as the hymn, sweet in its own melody, but sweeter in the melody which rich music lent it, swelled on my ear, I was carried away by the power of the *praise*, now wrapt into a glow of ecstatic feeling, now subdued by the melting tones that fell softly and sweetly on my responding heart. Yet I did not think of the singers, or the leader, or the great organ whose deep bass rolled through the temple. I forgot all these, and *felt* only that we were praising God, in the beauty of his Sabbath and sanctuary, and that He who delights in a pure sacrifice, was receiving a warm tribute of praise from that worshipping people.

> "My willing soul would stay
> In such a frame as this,
> And sit and sing herself away
> To everlasting bliss."

Now it is very true that all congregations cannot have Lowell Mason or Thomas Hastings to teach them to sing, nor is it needful in order that the music may be such as shall be pleasing to God and edifying to the people. It requires no sacrifice. The practice essential to success in this delightful art, is itself a source of elevated and rational pleasure to those engaged in it, especially to the young, and when the science has been cultivated until *skill* is attained, there is scarcely anything that contributes more to the harmony and happiness of the social circle than this. And if our country churches would regard this department of public worship, as an *offering to God*, who is not willing to be served with that which costs nothing, but who loves to lend his ear to the music of his children when they sing as they ought, it seems to me that there would be a wonderful change in the style

of music. In every church there would be an association of those who have musical taste and talent, and they would labor diligently to elevate the standard of public sentiment on this subject, and of their success there could be no doubt. Pastors have failed of their duty in this matter; for if the pulpit had been faithful in exhibiting the claims of this part of Divine worship upon the conscience of the people, there can be no reason to suppose that it would be looked upon with that indifference with which most of our churches regard it. But I must come back from this digression.

Our old congregation having become thoroughly satisfied that the singing must be improved, and placed on a basis of progressive advancement, sought and found another teacher, who, at the general desire of the people, came to establish a school and lead the singing on the Sabbath day. This time, Deacon Small and all agreed to the proposition. The young people, and some of the older ones, attended a school one evening every week for several months; the old standard tunes, as Old Hundred, St. Thomas, Tamworth, Silver Street, &c., were practised over and over again, till the whole "rising generation" could sing them with propriety; a few new tunes were learned, and learned well, and when the teacher went away there were several in the school who were well qualified to take the lead. The selection was made by the school, who voted by ballot; the elders confirmed the nomination, and, after that, everything went on smoothly. Deacon Small was considerably mortified that nobody voted for him as chorister, but he kept his mortification to himself, and each succeeding winter a school was opened for the instruction of the young in sacred music, and no difficulty was afterwards heard of on that head. But there is reason for the question propounded at the opening of this record, "Why is the choir so often the source of discord in the church?" I have heard it said that singers are naturally nervous, sensitive people, or (to go a little farther into the philosophy of the thing), that the mental and physical organization of those who have the faculties essential to a good singer is so delicate that this class of the human race is more easily discomposed by trifles than any other. But without speculating upon the hidden cause, the fact is well known that trouble from this quarter often comes—trouble that the influence of the pastor and the wisdom of the officers is sometimes powerless to remove or relieve. Frequently have I seen old, established congregations shaken to their very centre by these musical feuds, when the matter in controversy was so unimportant, the ground of offence so puerile, that it can be reconciled neither with religion nor common sense. Perhaps some one of the singers has heard somebody say that some one else said that the singing was not as good as it used to be. This remark, perhaps made inadvertently, is repeated and magnified; the choir hear of it and refuse to sing. Sometimes an unpopular individual takes a seat in the choir, and the rest resolve to quit the seats unless the unwelcome guest withdraws, and he determines to stay if he stays alone, and so they leave him in full possession. But the most of these troubles grow out of the employment of unsuitable men as leaders of singing in our churches. I have known men of notoriously immoral lives to be appointed to this responsible office, and then most righteously would the sober and discreet members of the church rise in opposition and refuse to be led in their hymns of praise by a man of profane lips. Here is no place to argue the question whether an unconverted person should ever be allowed to lead the singing in the house of God, though I cannot avoid entering a dissent to that doctrine sometimes advocated, that because you would not call on a man of the world to pray in public, so you should not invite or allow him to sing God's praise in public. There is a natural distinction in the two cases which can scarcely be made plainer by illustration. But it ought to be borne in mind by all parties, in every congregation, that the singing is a part of Divine worship, the regulation of which belongs exclusively to the church, or the spiritual officers of the church, and while the authority to order it is in their hands, it is not to be expected that any man of corrupt life will be allowed to take the lead.

And if on them rests the responsibility of excluding from the orchestra those whom they regard as unfit to be there, most emphatically does it devolve on them to take measures so to train the voices of the people that with every Sabbath's services there may go up to God acceptable praise in the courts of his house.

I perceive that this chapter has taken the form of an essay on church music, rather than of ancient history, as I proposed. But the subject suddenly took this turn, and has run to this point, where I must leave it. And I would not leave the reader with the impression that such troubles as I have described were common in our old congregation. The farthest from it possible. Years would roll by and not an event of

a troublous kind would occur to make one year memorable rather than another, and to show how rare were such occurrences as those which laid the foundations of this chapter, I may say that these events transpired when I was so young as to know nothing of what was going on, but they were talked about for many years after, and I have written the history according to tradition and not from memory. People would often speak of the Bridge excitement very much as we speak of the Shay's rebellion, or the Revolution—something that happened once, but never to be expected again. Probably few churches could be found in the length and breadth of the land where there was more peace and less contention than in ours, during the ministry of Mr. Rogers.

Dancing Schools.

Do you suppose, indulgent reader, that they had dancing schools within the limits of that congregation? I am at a loss for an answer to my own question, for if I have not mentioned before I should now remark that there were other congregations intermingled with ours, so that a large part of the population was under other influences, and there were families also that belonged to no church, for whose views and practices no one could answer, and when these facts are remembered it will not seem so strange that now and then the young folks were foolish enough to get up a dancing school in the winter. Mr. Rogers was not in the habit of denouncing the amusement of dancing as sinful in itself, or of threatening church discipline if any of the members indulged in it. But he frequently alluded to it among other follies of youth, as an amusement unsuited to persons of sense, an idle waste of time, and leading to evils many and serious. In this way he was able to repress the desire for a dancing school among the most of the young, and the more intelligent and pious of the church discountenanced and forbade it in their families. Once in a great while when the young folks went off for a sleigh-ride, or assembled for an evening tea-party, they would wind up with a dance, and sometimes a "ball" would be had at the tavern in front of the Old White Meeting House, but in these cases the leaders were usually young men from the neighboring villages, who had a sort of acknowledged right to set the fashions, and our boys and girls were not slow to follow.

One winter some of the youngsters determined to have a regular dancing school at the tavern just named, and after a great deal of management they succeeded in getting enough to agree to attend. The school was kept up through the winter, and toward spring they were to have a "public," or a grand *finale* to their winter performances. Invitations were sent to all the villages within twenty miles, for the fashionables to attend, and every arrangement was made for one of the most splendid displays which that old quiet town had ever witnessed. No expense was spared to adorn the room, and many of our young ladies, by dint of coaxing and crying, had obtained, *for the first time in their lives*, permission to attend a ball. Close by the tavern and in full view of the ball-room window, lived one of the young ladies who had in the early part of the winter been a member of the dancing school, but who had been taken sick, and as the time for the ball drew nigh she was evidently drawing nigh to death. She died on the morning of the very day on which the ball was to come off in the evening. The news of her death fled rapidly over the town, and the most active of the getters up of the performance were in doubt as to what course it would be necessary to take. One of the *managers* was said to be betrothed to the young lady, a member of the school, now a corpse in sight of the windows. What should they do? The managers met in the afternoon and held a consultation. The *betrothed* was not there, but he sent word that there would be a manifest propriety in postponing the amusements of the evening. But the rest demurred. Everything is now ready, all the expense is incurred and will be doubled if they defer; the company will assemble; and so it was decided to go on. They did. The young ladies came together, but before the dancing began, one of them was looking out of the window and saw a dim light over in the chamber of death, where watchers were sitting by the corpse of one who had hoped to be on the floor with them. A chill came over the young lady as she was looking out; she mentioned to one near her what she had seen, and how *it made her feel;* the sadness spread over the group in that corner, and one began to complain of sickness and to make an excuse for going home, and then another, till all whose consciences were any way tender, had fled from the hall of mirth. But there were many left. "On went the dance." And though death was at hand, and one of their number was in his arms, they danced till morning. This was the last dancing school, and the last ball for many, many years, in that place.

The next Sabbath Mr. Rogers gave them a

discourse on the subject with special reference to the events of the past week. It was the funeral sermon of Mary Leland; and did not the hearts of those youth thrill when he drew the contrast between the chamber of death and the ball-room, the grave-clothes and the ball-dress, the mourners and the revellers? And when he drew from that striking Providence a lesson on the vanity of earthly pleasures, and besought the young of his flock to turn away from the follies of time and become wise for everlasting life, you might have seen the young men hanging their heads in shame, while the young ladies, all over the house, were weeping with grief that asked no concealment.

Shall we continue these sketches or end them here? I have two or three chapters more, and if the reader will bear them, they shall be forthcoming.

EASTER SUNDAY IN ROME.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

Easter Sunday closes up the pompous ceremonies of Holy Week. It is the last great day of the Popish feast, and the Pope celebrates high mass in St. Peter's. This is done but three times a year—Easter Sunday, the festival of St. Peter and Paul, and Christmas. This day also the Pope wears the Tiara or Triple Crown. It was first worn by Pope Sylvester, with a single coronet. Boniface VIII., about the year 1300, added a second; and John II. or Urban V., it is not certain which, added a third, making it a triple crown, representing the pontifical, imperial and royal authority combined. But, to the day. It was a bright balmy morning, and Rome at an early hour seemed waking up to some stirring event, and its inhabitants, turned out of doors, were pouring towards St. Peter's. It is a mile or more from the main part of the city to the church; and the principal street leading to it presented two unbroken lines of carriages, one going and the other returning. If for a moment you got a view of the street for any distance, it appeared like two currents of water—one bearing the multitude on, and the other returning without them, while between thronged the crowd of those on foot. At length the Cardinals began to arrive. Carriage after carriage, to the number of forty or fifty, came dashing along, with black horses, and crimson plumes, and gilded trappings, looking like anything but a cortège of priests. Each had its three gaily attired footmen, and fairly flashed with the gold upon them. One carriage, that of the Governor of the city, had all the metal about it, even to the hubs of the wheel, covered with gold, and sent back the sunbeams like a mirror. One after another they dashed up to the glorious semi-circular colonnade that comes sweeping down from either end of St. Peter's, and disappeared one after another, carriage, horses, plumes and all, amid the massive columns that formed their triumphant entry. You would never take them to be humble servants of God, but rather the grandees of a court, as they indeed were, and crowding, not to a sanctuary, but a magnificent temple of art, and thought not of God, whom they professed to worship, but of the pageant of which they were to form a part. To get an idea of the ceremony, you must not imagine St. Peter's *crowded*, for that were well nigh impossible—it was never known to be filled, not even when the German army was quartered in it. But imagine, if you can, an area six hundred and thirty feet long, and nearly two hundred feet wide, with two magnificent rows of columns stretching along on each side of the centre, loaded with the choicest statuary. The bottom of this is a tesselated marble pavement, and the arches above richly wrought frescoes, bending a hundred and fifty feet over your head, while the dome circles away on your astonished vision four hundred feet in the air, covered with mosaics. Imagine, I say, this area, so vast that three such buildings as Trinity Church could be placed under the dome alone, without encroaching at all on the body of the church, lined and covered over with gems of art, and holding on its ample floor more than thirty thousand human beings, and you will have some conception of the scene that

awaits his Holiness as he comes to celebrate High Mass. A portion of the army is ranged round the nave, to keep it open for the procession as it advances up the church. In a lofty balcony are stationed a band of musicians, to salute with a triumphal strain the "Head of the Church." This is the grand preparation that precedes the approach of the Pope, and the moment he enters the church, borne in a canopy on men's shoulders, the whole chapter receive him, and the choir and procession strike up, "Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam," &c.—"thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." The foolish old man receives all this with becoming humility, the procession moves on towards the main altar at the far end of the nave. The grenadiers, national troops and Capitoline Guard, that stand around the open centre, drop on one knee as he passes, and the whole multitude bow themselves in voluntary homage. At this juncture the choir pause in their "Tu es Petrus," and the military stationed in a gallery at the end of the church, midway to the roof, fill their trumpets with a triumphant salute that breaks along the arches and rolls in solemn grandeur up the lofty nave, while the great bell from without peals forth its acclamations to the "*two hundred and fifty-seventh successor* of the great Apostle."

I thought at the outset I would give a description of the procession and its order, the costumes of cardinals and eastern bishops, and the various ceremonies that preceded the Mass and Communion; together with an account of the ordinances themselves. But it would be simply to say that his Holiness knelt on a crimson and gold cushion—that now he laid aside his tiara, and put on his mitre, and now *vice versâ*—that he mumbled prayers for which he alone was the wiser and none the better—that the dignitaries of the church held up the corners of his robes, and the choir chanted, and the incense arose, and the trumpets brayed, and the throne looked very comfortable, and the people seemed amused. I loitered it out till the time appointed for giving the benediction to the people, and then threaded my way through the throng, and hastened up to the top of one of the semi-circular colonnades that sweep away from St. Peter's, to witness this really imposing ceremony. To imagine it well, the reader must place before him a magnificent church with the paved ground gently sloping away into an ample area, around which these semi-circular colonnades, four columns deep, go like two immense arms thrown out from either end of the church to embrace it in. A hundred and eighty colossal marble statues stand along the top of these colonnades, their only balustrade. Two beautiful fountains throw up their spray between, while a grey old granite obelisk from Egypt towers away in the centre. The centre of this area is kept open by the military ranged around it in the form of a hollow square. Between them and the steps are the living multitude waiting for the blessing. Behind the lower file are crammed in a black mass the countless carriages. In front of the church, and about half way up, is a small gallery or loggia, as the Italians term it, covered with crimson cloth, and shaded by an immense piece of canvass. Into this gallery the Pope advances to bless the people below.

Standing on the top of one of the colonnades, leaning against the base of a statue, I had a bird's eye view of the whole multitude and pageant below. Forty or fifty thousand people stood there in a dense mass. It was a grand spectacle and I contemplated it with mingled feelings, yet with the deepest interest. There was the soldier in his cap and plume, and there the peasant in his picturesque garb, and there the beggar in his rags. The Pope had not yet made his appearance, and, indeed, for the time being, I quite forgot him. It was a pageant and a farce, combining all the magnificence that dazzles the crowd, and all the folly that "makes the angels weep."

Nearly under me, far down, were a group of pilgrims, ragged and dirty, lying along the noble steps, apparently unconscious of all around—their staves leaning across them, their head on their hand, and they either nodding or fast asleep. One boy held my attention for a long time. He lay on the hard stones fast asleep, and his father asleep beside him. Suddenly there was the prolonged blast of a solitary trumpet. The father started up from his slumber, and supposing the Pope was about to appear, roused his boy beside him, so that they might not lose the invaluable blessing. The tired, drowsy little fellow rose half way up and then fell back again heavily on the steps fast asleep. The Pope did not appear, and the father, too, soon sunk away in deep slumber beside his son. They had wandered far from their quiet home to receive the blessing of the Holy Father. Reckless of the magnificence around them, of the swaying crowd, the ocean-like murmur that went up to heaven, they had fallen asleep under the shadow of St. Peter's. That boy, ragged and dirty as he was, had also

his dreams, and *his* palace, and objects of ambition; but they were all far away, and many a weary mile must be traversed before he would be amid them again. What a change, to be waked from that quiet dream by the sound of trumpets, and instead of his own rude hut by the mountain stream, to find the lofty cathedral before him, and the rumor of thousands around him!

Suddenly came the shout of trumpets, and as suddenly ceased again, and there stood the Pope in the Loggia, clad in his robes of state, and attended by his gorgeously clad cardinals. The sea of human faces was upturned to him, as clasping his hands he engaged in a short prayer, which none but those who stood beside him could hear. When it was over he spread out his hands over the vast assembly that sunk as one man to the earth, while the long ranks of soldiers kneeled, with their bayonets erect, under the open sky. The benediction, which none but those near the person of the Pope could hear, was then pronounced, and a bull anathematizing all heretics thrown out upon the air, and lo! the pageant was over. The multitude sprung to their feet—drum and trumpet pealed forth their gladdest notes—the cannon of St. Angelo thundered back the joy, and the bells threw in their clangor to swell the jubilee that made the very city reel. The mighty throng swayed and tossed like a moving sea—the steady ranks wheeled into order—horses gallopped over the area—carriages rattled amid the confusion, and the living stream went pouring onward to the city. The people had been blessed in word but not in deed; and I thought of a conversation I once had with a vetturino respecting his Holiness. Speaking of the condition of the lower classes, their wages, poverty, and distress, he became highly excited, and closed up with saying, "the poor are taxed for their land and what they raise on it. It is nothing but tax, tax, till they have nothing left. A poor peasant cannot bring a chicken into Rome without paying a duty on it to the Pope; and what does he get in return for all this? La sua benedizione una volte per anno! Non è un benedizione, è un *maledicione*." "His blessing once a year—it is not a blessing but a curse." This was strong language for a Catholic to use, and I looked on him in undisguised astonishment. Has the blessing of his Holiness fallen so low in the estimation of the lower classes? How utterly worthless then to the more intelligent! The people come to gaze on the magnificent farce and go away to sneer. There is a feeling deeper than superstition, and that is *want* The nerve that hunger tortures is more sensitive than all others, and the Pope will find he can *starve* his people into heretics faster than all Christendom can convert them. The pomp and pageantry that formerly controlled the multitude are every day becoming less and less effective. It is hard to dazzle the imagination when the stomach is clamoring for food. Men begin to ask questions of their rulers, and the most ignorant can ask, "cui bono?" to the lordliest entertainment. And high as the king may sit, and infallible as the Pope may be, he has yet to answer these questions directly and plainly, and wo be to him when it is understood and felt he can give no satisfactory answer.

After all the ceremony is over, you can walk, if you will, through St. Peter's and view its magnificence. On one side is arranged a row of temporary confessionals, with a placard over each, in every language in the civilized world. There the Arab, Russian, German, Greek, Swede, Spaniard and Englishman, can confess his sins in his own tongue, and receive absolution. Poor wretches are kneeling before them, pouring the tale of their sorrows and sins into the ears of the yawning confessor, who dismisses them, one after another, with lightened consciences, though not with purer hearts. At sun-down, if not too tired, you can return and stroll over the marble pavement and listen to the vespers that, chanted in a side chapel, come stealing sweetly out into the amplitude, and float away among the arches in ravishing melody. The lamps are burning dimly before the altar—twilight is deepening over the glorious structure, and forms in strange costumes are slowly passing and repassing over the tesselated floor. The heart becomes subdued under the influence of sight, and sound, and a feeling almost of superstition will creep over the sternest heart. The gloom grows deeper, leaving nothing distinctly seen, while that vesper hymn comes stealing out on the bewildered ear, like a strain from the unseen world.

But in the evening is the grandest display of all. During the day the interior of St. Peter's has done its utmost to magnify his Holiness, and at night the exterior must do its share of glorification. This great building, covering several acres, is illuminated in its entire outer surface. It is an operation of great expense, and attended with much danger. It is caused by suspending *four thousand, four hundred lanterns* upon it, covering it from the dome down. To accomplish this, men have to be let down with

ropes, over every part of the edifice, and left dangling there for more than an hour. Even from the base of the church they look like insects creeping over the surface. Hanging down the precipitous sides of the immense dome, standing four hundred feet high in the air, is attended with so much danger, that the eighty men employed in it always receive extreme unction before they attempt it. The last sacrament is taken, and their accounts settled, both for this world and the next, so that death would not, after all, be so great a calamity. The Pope must amuse the people, and glorify his reign, though he hazard human life in doing it. But he has the magnanimity to secure the sufferer from evil in the next world. If a rope break, and the man is crushed into a shapeless mass on the pavement below, his soul immediately ascends to one of the most favored seats in Paradise. He fell from God's church—he died in the attempt to illuminate it, and in obedience to God's vicegerent on earth. How can the man help being saved? But to make assurance doubly sure, the Pope gives him a passport with his own hand, which, he assures the poor creature, St. Peter, who sits by the celestial gates, will most fully recognize. This is very kind of the Pope. If he kills a man, he sends him to heaven, and secures him a recompense in the next world for all he lost in this. The ignorant creature who is willing to undertake the perilous operation for the sake of a few dollars, wherewith to feed his children, believes it all, and fearlessly swings in mid heaven, where the yielding of a single strand of the rope would precipitate him where the very form of humanity would be crushed out of him.

But one forgets all this in looking at the illumination, which it is impossible to describe. There are two illuminations. This first is called the silver one, and commences about eight o'clock in the evening. These four thousand, four hundred lamps are so arranged as to reveal the entire architecture of the building. Every column, cornice, frieze and window—all the details of the building, and the entire structure, are revealed in a soft, clear light, producing an effect indescribably pleasing, yet utterly bewildering. It seems an immense alabaster building, lit from within. The long lines of light, made by the column, with the shadows between—the beautiful cornice glittering over the darkness under it—the magnificent semi-circular colonnades all inherent with light, and every one of the hundred and eighty statues along its top surmounted with a lamp, and the immense dome rising over all, like a mountain of molten silver, in the deep darkness around, so completely delude the senses that one can think of nothing but a fairy fabric suddenly lighted and hung in mid heavens. This effect, however, is given only when one stands at a distance. The Pincian hill is the spot from which to view it. All around is buried in deep darkness, except that steadily shining glory. Not a sound is heard to break the stillness, and you gaze, and gaze, expecting every moment to see the beautiful vision fade. But it still shines calmly on

This illumination lasts from eight to nine, and just as the bell of the Cathedral strikes nine, sending its loud and solemn peal over the city, a thousand four hundred and seventy-five torches are suddenly kindled, beside the lanterns. The change is instantaneous and almost terrific. The air seems to waver to and fro in the sudden light—shape and form are lost for a moment, and the vision which just charmed your senses is melting and flowing together. The next moment, old St. Peter's again draws its burning outline against the black sky, and stands like a mountain of torches in the deep night, with a fiery cross burning at the top. How the glorious structure burns, yet unconsumed! The flames wrap it in their fierce embrace, and yet not a single detail is lost in the conflagration. There is the noble façade in all its harmony, and yet on fire. There are the immense colonnades wavering in the light, changed only in that they are now each a *red* marble shaft. The statues stand unharmed, and all fiery figures. The dome is a vast fireball in the darkness, yet its distinct outline remains as clear as at the first. The whole mighty edifice is there, but built all of flame—columns, friesco, cornice, windows, towers, dome, cross—a temple of fire, perfect in every part, flashing, swaying, burning in mid heavens. The senses grow bewildered in gazing on its intense brilliancy, and the judgment pronounces it an optical illusion, unreal, fantastical. Yet the next moment it stands corrected—that *is* St Peter's, flaming, unconsumed in the murky heavens. Hour after hour it blazes on, and the last torch is yet unextinguished when the grey twilight of morning opens in the east. This you say is a glorious spectacle; yes, but it is on *Sabbath evening*—The successor of the apostle—the spiritual head of the church—the "vicegerent of God on earth has sanctified the Sabbath by this glorious illumination in honor of the son of God!" What a preposterous idea, what a magnificent folly! And do you think

the modern Roman is so complete a fool as to believe in the propriety and religion of all this? By no means. He admires and enjoys the spectacle, then sneers when it is over.

There are hundreds who go to witness it and return to their homes with dark and bitter thoughts in their bosoms. The patriot (for there are patriots still in Rome, mindful of her ancient glory), to sigh over his degenerate country—the poor and half starved artisan (for there are many such in the imperial city), to curse the watchfulness of his monarch and spiritual father, who in this costly amusement robbed hundreds of mouths of their daily bread. Could one look through the darkness that wraps Rome and beneath the calm surface that is presented to the eye, he would see rebellion enough were it once harmonized and concentrated, to shake the papal throne into fragments on its ancient foundations. The flames around St. Peter's would be seen to be typical of the moral fires around the seat of Papacy. But the embrace of the latter would not be found so harmless as that of the other, and men would not gaze on it in such pleasing ecstacy, but with the dark forebodings of him who feels the first throb of a coming earthquake. The years do not move round in a tread-mill, but each pushes on its fellow and all are tending to a certain goal. They have their mission and God his designs, and he is stupid and blind who believes that man can always be deluded by the same follies. The age of interrogation has commenced. Men begin to ask questions in Rome as well as here, and every one tells on the fate of papacy more than a thousand cannon shot. Physical force is powerless against such enemies, while pageantry and pomp only increase the clamor and discontent.

How much more befitting the head of any church however corrupt, or the monarch on any throne however oppressive, to take the thousands of dollars spent in these two illuminations and buy bread for the poor! Were this done, the day of evil might be postponed; for on the Pope's head would be rained the blessings of the poor, which under the government of God are always so powerful to avert evil. The money squandered on these illuminations would have poured joy through hearts that seldom feel its pulsations, and been a benediction that the poor would have understood and appreciated. To spread out one's empty hands over the multitude is an easy thing and accomplishes nothing. But with those hands to fill thousands of hungry mouths, would accomplish much and exhibit something of the paternal care of a "Father."

But this does not close the ceremonies of Holy week. The Pope furnishes one more magnificent spectacle to his subjects and his flock. The next night after the grand illumination is the "Girandola," or fire-works of his Holiness, and we must say that he does far better in getting up fire-works than religious ceremonies. This "Girandola" does credit to his taste and skill. It is the closing act of the magnificent farce, and all Rome turns out to see it. About half way from the Corso—the Broadway of Rome—to St. Peter's, the famous marble bridge of Michael Angelo crosses the Tiber. The castle of St. Angelo, formerly the vast and magnificent tomb of Adrian, stands at the farther end. This castle is selected for the exhibition of the fire-works. None of the spectators are permitted to cross the bridge, so that the Tiber flows between them and the exhibition. There is a large open area as you approach the bridge, capable of holding twenty or thirty thousand people. In a portion of this near the river, chairs are placed to be let to strangers at two or four pauls apiece, according as one is able to make a good bargain. The windows of the neighboring houses that overlook the scene are let weeks beforehand. The ordinary price of a seat, or even of a good standing spot in one of these houses, is a scudi or dollar. Towards evening the immense crowd begin to move in the direction of St. Angelo, and soon the whole area, and every window and house-top, is filled with human beings. About eight the exhibition commences. The first scene in the drama represents a vast Gothic cathedral. How this is accomplished I cannot tell. Everything is buried in darkness, when suddenly, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, a noble Gothic cathedral of the size of the immense castle, stands in light and beauty before you. The arrangement of the silver-like lights is perfect, and as it shines on silent and still in the surrounding darkness, you can hardly believe it is not a beautiful vision. It disappears as suddenly as it came, and for a moment utter darkness settles over the gloomy castle. Yet it is but for a moment. The next instant a sheet of flame bursts from the summit with a fury perfectly appalling; white clouds of sulphureous smoke roll up the sky, accompanied with molten fragments and detonations that shake the very earth beneath you. It is the representation of a volcano in full eruption, and a most vivid one too. Amid the spouting

fire, and murky smoke, and rising fragments, the cannon of the castle are discharged, out of sight, almost every second. Report follows report with stunning rapidity, and it seems for a moment as if the solid structure would shake to pieces. At length the last throb of the volcano is heard, and suddenly from the base, and sides, and summit of the castle, start innumerable rockets, and serpents, and Roman candles, while revolving wheels are blazing on every side. The heavens are one arch of blazing meteors—the very Tiber flows in fire, while the light, falling on ten thousand upturned faces, presents a scene indescribably strange and bewildering. For a whole hour it is a constant blaze. The flashing meteors are crossing and recrossing in every direction—fiery messengers are traversing the sky overhead, and amid the incessant whizzing, and crackling, and bursting, that is perfectly deafening, comes at intervals the booming of cannon. At length the pageant is over, and the gaping crowd surge back into the city. Lent is over—the last honors are done to God by his revealed representative on earth, and the Church stands acquitted of all neglect of proper observances. Is it asked if the people are deceived by this magnificence? By no means. A stranger, an Italian, stood by me as I was gazing on the spectacle, and we soon fell into conversation. He was an intelligent man, and our topic was Italy. He spoke low but earnestly of the state of his country, and declared there was as much genius and mind in Italy now as ever, but they were not fostered. An imbecile, yet oppressive government monopolized all the wealth of the state and expended it in just such follies as these, while genius starved and the poor died in want. I have never heard the poor Pope so berated in my own country. At the close of the representation of a volcano, I remarked that it resembled perdition. "Yes," said he, with a most bitter sneer, "*hell is in Rome nowadays.*" Ha! the Pope or one of his gensd'armes heard it, he would have seen the inside of a prison before morning. I was exceedingly interested in him, for he was an intelligent and earnest man, and when I turned to go away I took him by the hand and bade him good bye, saying, another day is finished. "Yes," he replied, with the same withering sneer, "another day of our Master, another *day of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*" I was perfectly thunderstruck at the man's boldness. Such a satire on his Holiness and his mode of celebrating a holy day, in the midst of a crowd, startled me, and I trembled lest his imprudence should bring down on him the vengeance of papal power. But the man's heart was evidently full of bitterness at the mockery and folly before him, while his country lay prostrate in the dust. "Addio," said he, as he shook my hand, and the next moment was lost in the crowd. Many a time have I thought of him since, and would give much to know his after history. Perhaps he has before this suffered as a conspirator, and gone with the multitude of those whose tongues his Holiness has silenced in prison or death. And yet the man was right. What a close to religious ceremonies had these last two nights been! Their moral effect on the people was like that of any fire-works, with the exception that the successor of the apostle had got up these and graced the Sabbath with the illumination, having provided beforehand for the breaking of a few necks, by administering the last sacrament to the poor creatures who climbed up St. Peter's. The sanctity and infallibility of the Spiritual Father are not so easy to believe in under the shadow of the papal throne, and it puzzled us prodigiously to account for the conversions to Catholicism of English and Americans in Rome. How a man of ordinary sense and penetration can become a Romanist in Rome, is passing strange. The hollowness of the whole system so plain to be seen—the almost open farce the Pope and his cardinals enact in the face of intelligent men, would be sufficient, we should think, to prevent a man of common shrewdness from adopting the belief. It seemed to us that there was no effort to conceal the mockery from clear-sighted men. The whole parade and pomp appeared to be got up for the express purpose of deluding the ignorant by dazzling their senses, and it was expected other men would coincide solely on the ground of being "*participes criminis.*" It was like a party procession, designed to influence only the more ignorant and impulsive. And yet there are found those who, in the face of it all, and in direct opposition to their early education and more mature prejudices, embrace the Roman Catholic religion. Yet these are such men as become Mormons, and Millerites, and Quakers at home. There is a class of those who seem fitted by nature to prefer the inconsistent and ridiculous in religion, rather than reason and common sense. They appear to have a strong desire to be made fools of, and the greater the folly, the stronger their tendency towards it, and the greater their tenacity when once it is embraced.

How changed were our feelings, as at midnight we strolled away to the Coliseum, and lingered amid its cavernous arches and listened to the sighing of the wind among the trees that waved along its tops, while the full moon passed silent and serene along the tranquil heavens. I had been to see a Christian fête by the Tiber, and I stood where the Cæsars had once *their* fêtes and pleased the crowd by turning wild beasts loose on Christians. Romans had gathered there by tens of thousands to see Christians die, and Romans assembled now to see the illumination of a Christian Pope. What revolutions Time effects! His chariot wheels, as they roll along, drag down thrones and empires, and leave on their ruins a Christian Emperor and a Christian government. They roll on, and Christianity is stretched in the dust and its ruins lie scattered over the ruins of its foe. They will still roll on, and another scene is to be displayed on the ruins of both, and more glorious than either. Ruins may be piled on ruins, till history "with all its volumes vast" seems to have but one page, yet there is one throne and one kingdom yet to be erected, which shall stand the assaults of time and never grow old. Prophecy is true, though we cannot discern how it is to be accomplished. The "Man of Sin" is to be slain, though we cannot see the sword lifted for his destruction All human experiments fail, but the final Divine experiment will end the chaos of human errors, and bring order and light into the moral world.

THE BLUE VIOLET.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

CLASS, Pentandria—Order, Monogynia. Natural Order of Jussieu, Violaceæ.

Generic Description.—Calyx, five-leaved or deeply five-cleft: corol irregular, with a horn behind—in some of the species the horn is wanting, or marked merely by a prominence: anthers slightly cohering: capsule one-celled, three-valved.

Specific Description.—Villose throughout: leaves ovate, cordate, crenately and coarsely toothed, decurrent into the subulate petiole; peduncle somewhat four-sided; divisions of the calyx ciliate, ovate, obtuse, entire at the base; petals entire, veiny, white at the base, upper one narrower, generally naked, but sometimes villose near the receptacle—lateral ones thickly set with beards, upper petal marked with deep blue lines.

Geography.—The Violet is found in almost all parts of the world—less abundant within the tropics of Asia, than in most other parts. It abounds in South America, with this remarkable difference from ours, however: there, nearly all the species are shrubs, while here, they are herbaceous, killed by the autumnal frosts, and shooting forth again in the Spring. We believe all the species are American, unless it is the *V. odorata*, which was probably introduced from Europe, but is now extensively cultivated in our gardens.

Medicinal Properties.—The roots of all the Violaceæ appear to possess an emetic property in a greater or less degree—the South American species possessing it in greater strength than others. The *Viola Ipecacuanha* was formerly supposed to afford the Ipecacuanha root. Dr. Eberle says, "the root of the sweet-scented violet (*V. odorata*) possesses considerable emetic properties." Mons. Caventou asserts that it contains a very large proportion of *emetin;* and Boullay found a peculiar alkaline principle in every part of the plant, and gave it the name of *violin*. The flowers of this last-named species are remarkable for their delightful odor and the peculiar richness of their colors, and these qualities they readily impart to aqueous liquors. A syrup prepared from a watery infusion is said to be an agreeable and useful laxative for children, but it is chiefly valued on account of its affording a delicate test of the presence of uncombined acids and alkalies—acids changing its blue to a red, and alkalies to a green color. The *Viola tricolor* is a well known, beautiful little plant, blossoming from May to October. Its beauty is greatly improved by high cultivation, and for its vivid and varied colors it has become a cherished garden flower, called by different names, as Heart's-ease, Pansies, Garden Violet, &c. It is considered a useful remedy in several kinds of eruptive diseases. The roots of the

[illegible] gardens.

[illegible] kinds of eruptive diseases. The roots of the

Viola congener

Viola canina, are pretty strongly emetic and cathartic. The *Viola pedata* is mucilaginous, and employed as a demulcent.

Like the rose, this flower has ever been a favorite with poets, and has been permitted also to play an important part in fabled history. Ἴον, the Greek name of the Violet, is traced by some etymologists to Iō. Ovid and Virgil inform us that it first sprung from the earth at the command of Jupiter, that it might be food for Iō during her metamorphosis.*

Its origin is traced by others to Ia, the daughter of Midas and wife of Atys, whom Diana changed into a Violet in order to hide her from Apollo; hence it is considered an emblem of Modesty, and by personification is represented as saying—*Il faut me chercher*—I must be sought after.

In another fable it is asserted that Venus, in running to meet the loved Adonis, trod upon a thorn, and the blood which flowed from the foot of the goddess, changed the color of this flower, which before was white, to its present purple hue.

Among the poets who have honored the violet in their song, we admire Herrick in the following simple lines:

Welcome, maids of honour;
You doe bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Freshe and faire;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Twamley, too, pays a worthy tribute to the same modest flower.

I know thou art oft
Passed carelessly by,
And the hue so soft
Of thine azure eye
Gleams unseen, unsought in the leafy bower,
While the heartless prefer some statelier flower
That they eagerly cull, and when faded, fling
Away with rude hand as a worthless thing.
Not such is *thy* fate: not thy beauty's gift
Alone bids thee from thy bower be reft;
Not thy half-closing, dewy and deep blue eye;
But the charm that doth not with beauty die.
'Tis thy mild, soft fragrance makes thee so dear,
Thou loveliest gem of the floral year!

That child of Nature, the illustrious Shakspeare, in the loftiest flights of his powerful imagination, scorns not to stoop and descant upon the merits of the humble Violet; and all its charms seem tenfold more charming when its grace, elegance and loveliness are praised by his wonderful harp. In his "Twelfth night," what a beautiful comparison of soft music to a breath of wind passing over its bed!

That strain again—it had a dying fall!
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.

* Ovid. Met. 1, v. 748.—Virg. Æn. Book 7, v. 789.

WHAT IS AFFECTION?

What is Affection? 'Tis a flow'ret rare
That blooms unnoticed by the passers by;
Which thrives in silence, droops when in the air,
And dies when gazed on by the vicious eye.
What is Affection? 'Tis a jewel bright,
Buried beneath the ocean's tossing wave;
Which soon decays if brought into the light,
But shines in splendor in its lonely cave.
What is Affection? 'Tis a milk-white dove,
Begot in Heaven, and fledged in Paradise;
First found by Adam, and bestowed in love
On our first mother, who, with beaming eyes,
Gazed joyously upon the beauteous gift,
And gave her bosom for its place of rest!

THE TENNENTS.

The name of Tennent is more identified with the progress of evangelical religion during the first half of the last century, especially in the Presbyterian church, than almost any other of which our country can boast. The family emigrated from Ireland in the early part of the last century; and the father, Rev. William Tennent, who had received Episcopal ordination in his native country, on his arrival here became a Presbyterian, and settled ultimately at Neshaming in Pennsylvania, about twenty miles north of Philadelphia. Here he was instrumental in establishing a seminary of learning, which was long known by the name of the "Log Cabin College," and at which were educated several of the most distinguished men whose names adorn the history of the Presbyterian church. He had four sons who devoted themselves to the ministry; but only the two who were most distinguished will be embraced in the present narrative.

Gilbert Tennent

was born in Ireland, 1703, and was about fifteen years of age when he came with his father to this country. He was the subject of early religious impressions; and after a protracted season of conviction and alarm, his mind was brought to repose with a good degree of confidence in the promises of the Gospel. Still he was occasionally subject to distressing doubts, insomuch that he shrunk from the office of the ministry, to which his feelings inclined him, and for a year or more, engaged in the study of medicine, with an intention to devote himself to the medical profession. Subsequently, however, his doubts in respect to his own spiritual state, in a great measure disappeared, and he prosecuted the study of theology under his venerable father, and in due time became a licensed preacher of the Gospel.

Toward the close of 1726, he was ordained and installed pastor of the Presbyterian Church in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and for a time he was quite the idol of his congregation. The church, however, was deeply sunk in formalism; and when the truth began to take effect in the conviction and conversion of sinners, that portion of the church who were strangers to the power of religion, revolted at the faithfulness and pungency of his ministrations, and assumed toward him an attitude of the most determined hostility. They not only denounced his preaching as grossly fanatical, but charged him with abominable immoralities, which, if the charges had not been utterly false, would have marked him for an outlaw from society. But amidst all this malignant opposition, his Christian meekness and forbearance never deserted him. Though he felt deeply the wounds which were thus attempted to be inflicted upon his character, he never yielded his convictions of duty, in regard to the mode of his preaching, but kept on proclaiming the most offensive parts of his message with unflinching fidelity. He was not only enabled ultimately to triumph over the opposition which was carried against him, but was privileged to witness large accessions to the church of such as he doubted not were the genuine subjects of a gracious renovation.

The period to which we are referring was distinguished by the splendid itinerating ministry of Whitefield, through various portions of this country. He had just gone, like a blazing star, through New England; and the minds of the people, especially in Boston and that vicinity, had become very generally awake to the interests of religion; and he felt greatly the importance of the work being sustained and carried forward, which had been begun through his instrumentality. He had become acquainted with Mr. Tennent, and had formed a high estimate of his powers as a preacher, and thought he would be just the man to occupy the field which he had himself been obliged to leave; he therefore earnestly counselled and entreated him, in compliance with the wishes of some of the more prominent ministers in Boston, to travel into New England, and labor for a season in that field, which seemed white and ready to the harvest. Mr. Tennent listened to his friend's advice, and after due reflection and prayer, determined to set off on a preaching tour through New England. We have not been able to learn exactly how long he was absent on this tour, but he seems to have travelled extensively in Connecticut and Massachusetts, preaching in many of the more important towns, and in Boston and that vicinity, which was the principal field of his labors, he remained a considerable time. A large portion of the ministers gave him a cordial reception, and regarded him as having more of the spirit of Whitefield than any other man whom they had seen; though there were a considerable number who looked upon him as nothing better than an enthusiast, and upon the word which he was endeavoring to promote, as a mere matter of fanatical delusion.

But in almost every place in which he preached, great success attended his labors. Multitudes flocked to hear him, of whom many became deeply impressed by the truth, and by their subsequent lives, gave evidence of a thorough change of character.

During this tour to which we have referred, he evinced some singularities of manner, which we can scarcely regard as having been consistent with good taste or the general decorum that is due to the services of the sanctuary. He was accustomed to enter the pulpit with a greatcoat, girt about him with a leather girdle, and with his hair, contrary to the usage of the time, undressed. Whatever might have been his motive in assuming this rustic appearance, we by no means regard his example in this respect as worthy of imitation; and wherever we see anything approaching to it at this day, we always fear that it is the result of false humility, or, at least, that the individual knows not what manner of spirit he is of. We do not believe that the truth of God is ever the more powerful, because the preacher puts on a garment that is unbefitting the dignity of his office; and we feel quite sure that Tennent's great success was not in consequence of that, but in spite of it.

But notwithstanding this peculiarity, he was as far as possible from a fanatical spirit; he gave not the semblance of countenance to any of those extravagances which so materially marred that glorious work of Divine grace, in which he was engaged. While he preached with wonderful power, and exposed the refuges of lies in which many false professors had entrenched themselves, and denounced the spirit of formality, no matter where it might be found, he was always a staunch advocate for the order of God's house, and resolutely opposed the idea that laymen might take upon themselves the appropriate duties of the ministry; and he was particularly cautious in discriminating between the precious and the vile in reference to admission to the church. In short, he had no communion with either of the extremes of the day; he was equally far removed from those who, in their blindness or their formality, looked upon the work as a mere effervescence of natural feeling, having little or nothing of true religion in it, and those who, by their fanatical excesses, were laboring, undesignedly, indeed, to bring the work into contempt. Neither of these parties in the church, could be expected to regard his ministrations with favor; but all who were desirous of seeing a true work of divine grace, free from all spurious admixtures, carried forward with great power, met him in the spirit of a cordial sympathy and earnest co-operation.

We are unable to learn precisely at what time he left his charge at New Brunswick; but, in 1743 he established a new church in Philadelphia, consisting chiefly of those who had been hopefully converted under the ministry of Whitefield. And this was subsequently the principal field of his labors. The church grew and multiplied through his instrumentality, while his more general influence reached to all the interests of religion, especially in the denomination to which he belonged.

In 1753, Mr. Tennent was commissioned to visit Great Britain, in company with Rev. Mr. (afterwards President) Davies, to solicit funds in aid of the infant college of New Jersey. During his stay in London, he had the pleasure of meeting his friend Mr. Whitefield, whom he found a zealous co-operator in reference to the object of his mission. Mr. Tennent, though by no means possessed of the fascinating powers of oratory which rendered his colleague, Mr. Davies, so great a favorite in the British pulpit, yet commanded great respect in every circle in which he moved; and his efforts in behalf of the college, both in England and Scotland, were highly successful. He returned to his charge some time in the year 1754, and from that time continued his labors among them without much interruption, till near the period of his death, which occurred some time in the year 1765.

Mr Tennent possessed uncommonly vigorous powers of mind, and a ready and powerful eloquence, though he certainly was not distinguished for the graces of oratory. In a deliberative assembly he excited great influence, not only on account of the just and comprehensive views which he usually took of whatever subject presented itself, but on account of the universal confidence which was felt in his integrity and wisdom. The division of the Synod of Philadelphia, which marked an epoch in the history of the Presbyterian Church in this country, was occasioned chiefly by the difference that existed between Messrs. Tennent, and Whitefield and their followers, on the one hand, and the more lax and formal portion both of the clergy and laity on the other; and as Mr. Tennent had had a principal agency in bringing about the separation, he was also the chief instrument in effecting a re-union. With a view to the accomplishment of this object, he wrote a treatise of considerable length and no small degree of ability, entitled, "the Peace of Jerusalem;" and when the union was actually effected, in 1758,

he seems greatly to have rejoiced in it, as an admirable triumph of the true spirit of the Gospel.

Mr. Tennent, though he could not be called a voluminous writer, was yet the author of some twenty publications on various subjects—most of them pamphlets—which show that he carried a vigorous pen, and was especially astute in conducting a controversy. Scarcely any of these publications are now met with, and none of them unless by accident; but if they were to be collected—if indeed that now be possible—and re-published, we doubt not that their intrinsic merit, as well as their author's illustrious name, would render the volume most welcome to the Christian community at large, and especially to the Presbyterian church.

We believe that very few of Gilbert Tennent's autograph letters are now extant; the only one that we have ever met with or ever heard of, is the one which we here insert, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Stephen Williams, of Longmeadow, Mass., shortly after he had made his famous preaching tour through New England. The letter is a valuable relic, particularly for the testimony which it bears against certain extravagances which were common at that day, and which have been unhappily revived in our own

"*Rev. and Dear Sir:**

"I rejoice to hear that my poor labors have been of any service to any in New England. All glory be to the great and glorious God, when out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings He is pleased sometimes to ordain praise. I rejoice to hear of the progress of God's work among you this last Summer, and that there are any appearances of its continuance, Blessed be God.

"Dear Brother, as to that particular you mentioned in yours, viz.: of Laymen being sent out to exhort and teach, supposing them to be real converts—I cannot but think if it be encouraged, and continued, it will be of dreadfull consequence to the church's peace and Soundness in principles. I will not gainsay but that private persons may be of service to the Church of God by private, humble, fraternal reproofs and exhortations, and no doubt it is their duty to be faithfull in those things; but in the meantime, if Christian prudence and Humility do not attend their essays, they are likely to be prejudicial to the church's well-being—but for ignorant young Converts to take upon them authoritatively to instruct or exhort publicly, tends to introduce the greatest error and the greatest anarchy and confusion. The ministers of Christ should be apt to teach and able to convince gainsayers; and it is dangerous to the poor Church of God when those are novices whose lips should preserve knowledge. It is base presumption, whatever Zeal be pretended, notwithstanding, for any person to take the honor to themselves unless they be called of God, as Aaron. I know rash, hardy young Zealots are apt through ignorance, inconsideration and pride of Heart, to undertake what they have no proper qualifications for, and thro' their imprudences and enthusiasm, the Church of God suffers. Dear Brother, I think all that fear God should rise against and crush the enthusiastic cockatrice in the Egg. Dear Brother, the times are dangerous we live in. Perhaps the reviving of God's work in divers places is but a prelude to a storm. The churches in America and elsewhere are in great hazard of enthusiasm. We have need to think of the maxim,—Withstand the beginnings.

"There is a late sect come to this part of the country called —— —— whose principles are a confused medley of rank Antinomianism, Armenianism and Quakerism. They are the most subtle, plausible sect that ever I saw, and are like to do much mischief here. Pious people where they go do generally divide. Things this way seem to ripen fast for a storm. Faithfull ministers are here brought to the Bar, and to be condemned tho' innocent. May Zion's King protect this Church. I add no more but love, and beg a remembrance in your prayers.

"GILBERT TENNENT."

* This letter bears no date.

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WILLIAM TENNENT

Was the brother of Gilbert, and was born in Ireland, 1705. We cannot ascertain that there is any record of the history of his earliest years now extant. He seems, however, while he was yet quite a youth, to have had his thoughts directed seriously to religious things, and to have formed the purpose of devoting himself to the Christian ministry. The first event of any importance that is recorded concerning him, is the remarkable trance of which he is generally known to have been the subject. He is said to have spoken of it very early in the course of his life, and then only to some of his most intimate friends. He communicated many of the particulars to the late Dr. Elias Boudinot, who, many years subsequent to Mr. T's death, embodied them in a narrative, and gave them to the world; but that narrative is now hardly ever met with, unless it be in some of the old magazines that were published in the early part of this century. We happen to have received the statement from the lips of an individual,

the Rev. Doctor Woodhull, Tennent's successor at Monmouth, to whom he himself communicated it. He informed us that when he was an undergraduate at Princeton college, a rebellion occurred among the students, which rendered it necessary that the trustees of the college should be assembled, and that he was sent to Monmouth to notify Mr. Tennent of the proposed meeting. They left Monmouth together just at evening; and shortly after they had commenced their journey, Mr. Woodhull stated to Mr. Tennent, that he had heard of his having once been the subject of a remarkable trance, and that if he felt free to do so, he should be glad if he would relate to him some of the particulars of it. After remarking that it was a subject on which he always felt reluctant to speak, he gave him substantially the following account.

Having for some time pursued his theological studies under the direction of his brother Gilbert at New Brunswick, and being nearly ready to be examined for licensure by the Presbytery, he was attacked by a violent fever, which, after a few days, was supposed to have terminated his life. During his illness he had had distressing doubts in respect to his own spiritual state, and while he was holding a conversation in Latin with his brother in relation to the uncertainty of his prospects, he suddenly swooned, and to all human appearances, the spirit had fled from the earthly tabernacle. Preparations were accordingly made for his funeral the next day; though one of the persons who assisted in laying him out, noticed, as he thought, a slight throbbing under the left arm. His physician, who was also his particular friend, was absent at the time of his supposed death; and being informed on his return at evening, of what had happened, and especially of the slight tremor in his flesh which had been noticed, besought his brother to postpone the funeral another day; and though it was contrary to his brother's notions of propriety, he finally yielded to his importunity and consented to a postponement. Meanwhile, the physician employed every means by which he could hope to effect a recuscitation, and was constantly occupied over the body of his friend night and day; but when the hour for the funeral arrived on the next day, there was no apparent change in the state of the body, though the physician was still not satisfied that death had taken place. He then obtained leave of his brother to have the funeral delayed another hour, and then half an hour, and finally a quarter of an hour; and at the close of the last mentioned time, when his brother had become not only impatient but well nigh indignant, that a corpse should be thus trifled with—to the overwhelming surprise of all who were present, the dead man opened his eyes, and at the same moment heaved a horrible groan. Another hour elapsed before any further indications of life were perceived, when he uttered another groan, and then relapsed again into apparent insensibility. Yet another hour passed, and he began perceptibly to revive, and never afterwards became insensible. He, however, recovered his health very slowly, and it was a full twelvemonth before he was completely restored. After he had so far regained his strength that he was able to walk the room, his sister, who had remained at home as his nurse on the Sabbath, was engaged in reading the Bible, and he asked her what she had in her hand. She replied, "the Bible." He inquired "what Bible?" and he added that he did not know what the Bible was. She burst into tears, and told him that he *had* known well what it was. When his brother Gilbert came from church, she stated to him what had happened, and it was found upon examination, that no trace of his former knowledge remained; that he was unable to read, and did not even know the alphabet. He was then taught in the rudiments of learning, as if he had been a little child; and while he was reciting a lesson one day to his brother in Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly clapped his hand to his head, as if he were in pain, and then told his brother that he had a sort of dreamy recollection of having seen or heard that before. Gradually his memory recovered its power, his knowledge all returned to him, and he could speak the Latin language with the same fluency that he did previous to his remarkable illness.

At the time when the swoon took place which was supposed to be his death, he stated that he instantly found himself in the regions of the blessed, and his first feeling was a feeling of unutterable transport that, notwithstanding all his anxious doubts, he was safely landed in Heaven. He found himself under the direction of a gracious guide, and saw before him a glory which it was impossible for him to describe, and heard from the midst of that glory songs of thanksgiving and praise which completely entranced his soul with ecstacy. He asked leave of his guide to join the glorified company who were there assembled; but the guide, instead of granting him permission, laid

his hand upon his shoulder, and said to him, "You must return to the earth." The news, he said, was like a sword piercing his very soul, and the next moment he remembered to have seen his brother and the doctor standing before him. The whole time seemed to him not more than ten or twenty minutes; and the intelligence that he must come back to the world, produced a shock that caused him to faint repeatedly. His recollection of these scenes was so vivid, notwithstanding he forgot everything else, that for three years the songs of the ransomed seemed to be continually trembling on his ear; and he lived every day and every hour, as if he expected to be taken up to mingle in those glories to which he had been once so nearly admitted.

Notwithstanding Mr. Tennent was always reluctant to speak of the revelations that were made to him during this period of suspended animation, he wrote out a minute account of what he saw and heard, so far as mortal language could describe it, with a view to its being made public after his death, but his death happening during the period of the revolutionary war, when the part of the country in which he lived was the theatre of great commotion, his papers, by some casualty, were destroyed, and this important manuscript among them. It might have contained things which Infinite wisdom saw best should be learned for the first time, not on earth but in Heaven.

Shortly after Mr. Tennent's health was restored, he was licensed to preach the gospel, and his first efforts in the pulpit met with very great and general acceptance. He was soon called to take charge of the Presbyterian church in Freehold, Monmouth county, which had been recently vacated by the early death of his brother John, and having accepted their call, he was regularly ordained and installed as their pastor in October, 1733.

Not long after his settlement, he became, in consequence of his great inattention to worldly concerns, not a little involved in debt; and on remarking one day to a friend, that he knew not how he should extricate himself or be able to live upon his salary, his friend remarked to him that the best antidote to all this kind of embarrassment would be found in a prudent wife, and advised him earnestly to get married. Mr. T. expressed himself favorable to the suggestion, but remarked, that he had no sagacity in such matters, and had not the least idea how he should set about it. His friend told him that he had a sister-in-law—Mrs. Noble, in New York—a widow, who was in every way suitable to be his wife, and that if he desired it, he would undertake to bring about the connection. Mr. T. instantly consented to the proposal, and the next day accompanied his friend to New York to settle the preliminaries. On being introduced to Mrs. N. he was greatly pleased with her appearance, asked her the decisive question, and received the decisive answer in conformity to his wishes. He then returned to Freehold and supplied his pulpit on the next Sabbath, and on the Monday following, hastened to New York, and was married; so that in less than one week from the time that the idea of forming such a connection first occurred to him, he was on his way home, accompanied by a rejoicing bride. She proved a great treasure to him through life; lightening his cares, sympathizing in his trials, and showing herself every way worthy of his devoted affection.

There is another tradition of Mr. Tennent, somewhat analogous to the story of the trance, which deserves here to be noticed. He was accustomed to have his two public services on the Sabbath during the summer season, with an intermission of only half an hour. On one occasion, in the interval between the two services, while he was walking in a forest contiguous to the church, and musing on the character of God, especially on his wisdom as displayed in the work of redemption, his mind became so entranced by his contemplations, that he fell prostrate on the ground, unable to sustain himself beneath the insufferable brightness of the Divine presence, by which he felt himself surrounded. When he had revived a little, he ventured to entreat God that he would withdraw himself from him, else the visions of Divine glory which he beheld would deprive him of life. As he did not return to the church at the usual time, some of his elders went in pursuit of him, and found him lying upon the ground, apparently almost lifeless, and utterly unable even to explain to them the cause. After a little time they raised him up, and by his request carried him into his pulpit, where, after he had remained some time in prayer to God that he would so far hide himself from him that he might be enabled to address his congregation, he broke forth in such an overpowering strain concerning the matchless wisdom of Jehovah, the subject which had been occupying his thoughts, that his audience were completely overwhelmed, and very many received impressions which were matured into a genuine conversion.

It was not to be expected that a man of such

exalted piety, and withal, of such unshrinking faithfulness as Mr. Tennent, should escape the temptations of the adversary and of wicked men; and accordingly we find that, on one occasion at least, he was placed in circumstances of extreme jeopardy, and was saved from having the last degree of ignominy heaped upon him, only by the special interposition of Providence. At the period now referred to, the efforts of the more active and spiritual part of the ministry were very generally denounced as enthusiasm, and every opportunity was sought to hold up such men as Mr. T. to the opprobrium and ridicule of the world. There was associated with him a Mr. Rouland, who had been brought up with him at the Log College, and who was distinguished not more for his fervent piety than his commanding eloquence. There was also at this time prowling about the country, a notorious character by the name of Tom Bell, who combined great shrewdness with great depravity, and who resembled Mr. Rouland so much that he had been mistaken for him even by some of Mr. R's most intimate friends. Availing himself of this resemblance, he went into the county of Hunterdon, and stopping in a congregation where Mr. R. had formerly preached once or twice, but was not well known, he passed himself off for the minister; and as the congregation was then vacant, he engaged to remain and pass the ensuing Sabbath with them. As he was on his way to church on Sabbath morning—he riding with the family in a wagon, and his host riding on a very fine horse by their side—he suddenly discovered that he had left his sermon behind, and begged of the gentleman the favor that he would permit him to mount his horse and return for his sermon, that he might be on the spot in time to commence the service. The gentleman, of course, consented to the proposal, upon which Bell rode back to his house, and rifled his desk, and then rode off at full speed in a different direction, always taking care to call himself, wherever he stopped, Mr. David Rouland.

It happened that, at this time, Mr. Rouland had gone with Mr. Tennent and two other persons into some part of what is now the State of Delaware; but immediately on his return he was arrested and charged with the robbery, and gave bonds for his appearance at court in due season. Accordingly he was tried, and being able, through Mr. Tennent and his other two friends, to prove an *alibi*, he was acquitted, greatly to the mortification of his enemies, who had had glorious anticipations of seeing him in the pillory. But though discomfited once, they were not yet discouraged. They immediately indicted for perjury the three persons, one of whom was Mr. Tennent, by whose testimony Mr. Rouland had been acquitted. At the time appointed for the trial, Mr. T. went to Trenton, fully believing that in some way or other God would appear for his deliverance; but in case he should be sentenced to the pillory, as he knew was possible, he had prepared a sermon to preach to the multitude while he should be undergoing the punishment. At Trenton he met his brother Gilbert, who had come from Philadelphia, and several eminent lawyers who had volunteered their services in his defence; but when they inquired of him concerning his witnesses, he replied that he had none. They told him that the trial must then be put off, as he would certainly be convicted; but he utterly declined even consenting to any delay. As they were on their way to the court house, the lawyers rebuking him for thus presuming, without a warrant, upon providence, he was met by a man and woman, who asked him if his name was Tennent. He replied, "yes," and then inquired if they had any business with him. The answer was, "you can tell best;" and they then proceeded to state that they were at the house (it is believed as servants), where he stayed at a certain time in Delaware, and that a few nights before, they had dreamed three successive times that he was in great trouble at Trenton, and that nobody but themselves could relieve him, and they had come to see what was the matter. Mr. T. immediately took them into the court house, and produced them as witnesses in his behalf, after which there was rendered a unanimous verdict of *not guilty*. We have heard that the record of these famous proceedings is still extant, and may be seen among the public archives at Trenton.

It is an interesting fact that while Mr. Tennent, during the whole judicial procedure, was perfectly composed, and evinced nothing but the most entire confidence in God, and had even prepared a sermon to be delivered from the pillory, yet when the whole was over, he seemed temporarily to lose his fortitude, and well nigh to sink under the burden of his recollections. He went from Trenton to Philadelphia with his brother, and on his return, as he approached Trenton, he accidentally cast his eyes at the pillory, when he was so much horror-struck that it was with difficulty that he could remain upon his horse. When he reached the door of the inn, he was so near fainting, that he was

obliged to have assistance in order to dismount, and it was some little time before he so far recovered himself as to be able to proceed on his journey.

Yet another tradition—which, if it borders a little upon the ludicrous, we were assured by Dr. Woodhull, is undoubtedly authentic. One night he was awakened out of sleep by a strange feeling in his foot, and upon examination, he found that he was *minus* one of his toes. It was supposed to have been bitten off by a huge rat, but Tennent himself used humorously to say that he believed the devil had got it, and he was quite welcome to it, for it was all he ever *would* get of him.

Mr. Tennent was most exemplary in all the relations of life. He had seen domestic afflictions, which he felt most keenly, though he met them with perfect submission to the Divine will. He was eminently the father and friend of his congregation, and had an admirable facility at communicating private as well as public instruction. His discourses from the pulpit were earnest, pungent, effective, without any attempt on his part to appear the orator. He was greatly in request as a peacemaker, and had an agency far and near in bringing to an end private and public strifes. He was a devoted patriot, and felt himself called upon to do everything that was consistent with his character as a Christian minister, to sustain our country's cause against the tyranny of Great Britain. He died in the midst of the revolution, but not till he had offered up many prayers that our struggle for liberty might be crowned with success.

Mr. Tennent's last sickness was violent and short. It was a fever which, in his old age, he had not vigor of constitution enough to withstand. His death scene was full of triumph, and his funeral brought together a vast assemblage from the whole surrounding country, who were anxious to render this sad tribute to his memory. His death occurred on the 8th March, 1777.

There are many other anecdotes related of him, which our limits do not permit us to state, which strikingly illustrate various features of his character. On the whole, he was unquestionably one of the most remarkable men of his time. We have forborne to remark on the peculiar character of his experience, though it opens a wide field, not only for the contemplation of the Christian, but for the speculations of the philosopher. For ourselves, we pretend to pass no judgment upon it, but leave the facts, which we cannot doubt are fully authenticated, to the reflection of our readers.

We have found no unpublished letter of William Tennent, that is at all of public interest; but the following brief letter, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Wheelock, of Lebanon, Conn., may give the reader some little idea of his style of epistolary writing. The hand is exceedingly awkward and cramped, and it is presumed that he never recovered his original handwriting after his trance.

"FREEHOLD July 15, 1762.

"*My Dear Dear Brother*,

"I hope you will excuse my not writing. It is realy ocasioned by the hury of Business, and my incapacity of doing it in any proper manner. Sure I am y^t you cant be beter for time and eternity than my soul desires.

"It may be agreeable to you to know that I have been aquainted (intimately) with Mr J. L. for sixteen years, and can freely Recommend him as a faithful prudent friend, to be trusted in maters of the greatest importance; uncomonly gifted in teaching and governing, so far as he has been improved. If he becomes as dear to your heart as God has made him to mine youl be comfortable together. I think youl find he is equal for your purpose.

"I am much indisposed cannot enlarge youl excuse this hasty scribble. Be assured it is only wrote as a testimony of the unfeigned luve of

"Your poor sinning but
very loving B,r in Jesus,
"WM TENNENT."

THE ANGEL WIFE.

She was my own, my idol one—
  I loved her as an angel might;
And when she died my day, my sun
  Was robed within the shades of night:
Like to the star, the evening star,
  That breaks in beauty o'er the glade,
She shed her influence afar,
  Till death made all her beauty fade.

The church-yard now—a grassy knoll,
  And marble slab upreared above—
A hearse—a pall—a mournful toll,
  Are all that can my spirit move.
These o'er my wakeful vision fling
  Remembrances of days that were,
While tears and sighs successive spring,
  That I no more may gaze on her.

Yet at the sacred twilight hour—
  Ere night her mantle spreads around—
I leave my lone, deserted bower,
  And enter on the holy ground;
There, kneeling by the hillock's side,
  With swelling heart and upturned eye,
The spirit of my angel-bride
  Doth gaze upon me from the sky.

THE ELIGIBLE SITUATION.

BY PROF. J. ALDEN, D. D.

"What does Mr. Millson say about William?" said Mrs. Barton to her husband, as he returned from a visit to that gentleman.

"He has not given a decided answer, but I think he will take him."

"I hope he will; it will be such an excellent place. I shall be perfectly satisfied if we can get him in there; Mr. Millson is such a pleasant man, and the business is so pleasant. Do persuade him to take William, if you can."

"He will take him if he thinks it to be for his interest to do so. Business men do not have much to do with persuasion. As I said, I think he will take him."

Mr. Barton's manner manifested nothing of the interest and anxiety so evident in his wife. Yet William was his only son, for whom he felt the strongest affection. The idea of making a merchant of him originated with Mrs. B. In deference to her wishes, rather than in accordance with his own judgment, he had taken measures to place him in the store of Mr. Millson, a leading wholesale merchant in the city.

After the conversation above related, both the speakers relapsed into silence, and sat gazing steadily upon their glowing wood fire. Mr. Barton began life in the country, as a chimney builder, which led him, perhaps now that he was comparatively rich, to eschew stoves and grates. He was now a master builder in this city, lived in a neat and comfortable style, and was highly esteemed as an efficient, upright man. While he sat gazing on his hickory fire, he was mentally arranging matters so as to

not a sacrifice—is not inconsistent with due independence. It is wonderful how much of character a single expression or act may indicate, in circumstances favorable to unstudied expression.

When William had left the room, Mr. Barton remarked, "I hope, my dear, this business will turn out well, but I have not acted according to my best judgment."

Mrs. B. was alarmed for a moment at the serious manner in which he spoke. "I hope you have not let me influence you to do what is not for the best—what you really think is not for the best." This was sincerely said, for with all her flightiness, she generally obeyed the Bible rule, to reverence her husband. "I'm sorry I said so much. He had better not go."

"I have agreed with Mr. Millson that he shall come on Monday." Seeing the pain of his wife, he added, "I hope and trust all will be well. It is right that your wishes should be consulted, you have had the chief training of him, and have done it well." And he looked upon her with a tenderness that would have become a "born gentleman." She was melted to tears, and threw herself into his arms, declaring that he was "the kindest husband that ever lived"—a proposition which contained less of exaggeration than most which are uttered under the influence of passion.

When William returned, no further allusion was made to the subject. Mr. Barton was occupied with the pages of the Review, William with a volume of Manly, and Mrs. Barton with her own thoughts. She soon repaired the damages done to the fancy road she had constructed for her son, and employed herself in watching his rapid progress.

On the next day Mrs. Barton received a call from her pastor—a descendant of the old puritan stock—an able and faithful minister of the New Testament. He often visited his people, not for relaxation or amusement, or to increase his popularity, or to promote his interests, but to learn their spiritual wants, and to speak a word in season to those who are weary. The young of his charge received especial attention. When you heard his affectionate inquiries unmingled with compliment, his kind suggestions for their benefit so unobtrusively offered, you saw the difference between the attentions which are prompted by a heart devoted to duty, and those which are the result of policy and professional routine.

He inquired for the son, and she eagerly hastened to tell him of the arrangements which were made for him, expecting the warm sympathy of the good man in her joy. She saw from his countenance that she was mistaken; this checked her ardor, and her voice was distinctly tremulous when she asked, "Do you not approve the arrangement?"

He did not like the form of the question, for it implied an authority on his part, which he never assumed: he did not give a direct answer, but hesitated for a moment, and said, "Do you know the character and habits of Mr. Millson, and of the young men with whom he is to associate?"

"I only know that he is a very pleasant man, and one of the most eminent and honorable merchants in the city."

"That I am not disposed to dispute, but you need not be told, my sister, that a man may be pleasant in his manners, and what the world calls an honorable man, and yet be without God—nay, may not even be a believer in Christianity. And the young men with whom he is to spend the larger portion of his time, whom he is to look up to—it is very important that their influence be of the right kind. They must have an influence for good or for evil over your son."

"Do you know anything of Mr. Millson's character?" asked Mrs. B., with painful solicitude, for her unchristian conduct and its probable consequences began to flash upon her mind.

The pastor, thinking it possible that the arrangement had not been completed, proceeded to state that Mr. Millson was regarded as a man of unblemished commercial integrity—that he occasionally attended church in the morning of the Sabbath—that he gave dinner parties on that day—that he was opposed to evangelical Christianity—and exerted a positive influence against it among those in his employment. The young men in his establishment were all remarkable for ability and attention to business, but none of them were professors of religion, or attendants on a searching ministry.

Mrs. Barton's heart sunk as she heard these statements. The pastor saw it, and thinking it best to leave her with her own thoughts, and with God, took an affectionate leave.

She retired to her chamber and wept in the bitterness of her soul. The whole guilt and bearing of her conduct were now clearly perceived. Her mind had been filled with one idea, the temporal advantage of her son, the desire to see him possess that which her Saviour had pronounced to be an almost insuperable obstacle to the salvation of the soul. She had for-

gotten the soul of her son. She had taken a step that was to influence his destiny for time and for eternity, not indeed without imploring the Divine blessing, but without consulting the Divine will. No inquiries had been made by her as to the moral influences to which she was exposing her son. Had this been done, she had never advised the arrangement, nay, would have opposed it with all her power.

She saw, that the first question she should have asked in regard to any proposed arrangement for him was, how will it affect the interests of his soul? She had acted as though she thought it of more importance that her son should be rich in this world, than to be rich towards God. She thought of the influence of her conduct on the cause of Christ: of the occasion for reproach given by so gross an inconsistency between professions and practice—and when she, who had so often urged mothers to seek first of all the salvation of their children, sought first for *her own*, wealth and standing in the world.

She thought of the consequences on her son —the neglect of prayer, disregard of the Sabbath, contempt for religion which might be his —she saw that this was possible, nay, was probable in the circumstances in which he was placed. She thought of him as a lost spirit, and the feelings of her soul amounted to agony.

What should she do! Go to her husband and implore him to request William's release? She could humble herself to this—could confess her folly and guilt; but she knew that Mr. Barton's word once passed in a business matter, would never be withdrawn. There was no hope but in God. And in this matter she had not committed her way unto Him, and she could claim no promise that He would direct her steps.

LINES.

Man is not made for earth. How short
  The space allotted to him here!
The very things he loves to court
  In swift succession disappear.

For all that's nobler in his breast,
  For all that's pure, Earth has no room.
Asks the sad traveller place for rest?
  It gives him nothing but the tomb.

Poor, downcast spirit! rise and learn
  That this is not a resting-place.
Go to that "bourne whence none return,"
  And, silent, end thy turmoiled race.

Oppressed by sorrow, driven by fear,
  Fettered by wo and deep despair—
Thou *hast* a home; but 'tis not here;
  In heaven's pure mansions, seek it there.

C. W. B.

HUMANE MOVEMENTS.

It seems hardly possible that we can be mistaken in the belief that a meliorated and blander humanity than has ever generally prevailed, is springing up and spreading around us. The evidence of this is seen in the infrequency of wars, in the increased attention to, and provision for, the children of misfortune and sorrow, and even for the fallen and degraded victims of their own lawless passions. Blessed be God, that our eyes see and our ears hear these evidences, and that we find reason to hope that the end is not yet; that man is learning to love his fellow man, and beginning to regard with a befitting pity those whom Providence has seen proper to afflict or to depress.

The distinguishing, the characteristic temper in society towards its afflicted, and especially towards its offending members, has been that of indifference or severity. In all ages and countries this has been the case, and thus suffering has been doubled where it should have been divided, and exasperated where it should have been mollified and allayed, and thus the great and benevolent design of affliction—the good both of the sufferer and of society—has been frustrated. It is only when we can weep with those who weep, that either we or they reap the full advantage which the plan of Providence contemplates for us, and which prescribes that where one member suffers all the members shall suffer with it as the condition of their own improvement and happiness. The benevolent sympathies and affections were designed to fulfil the double office of blessing him who gives and him who takes. They were intended as channels not of communication only, but of reception. Among our mental pleasures few are so exquisite as those which result from the exercise of benevolent sympathies. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." This is the testimony of our own experience, as well as of Holy Scripture. The happiest men, beyond comparison, in this world, are not those who are acquiring the most, or who possess the most, but those who with a wise and discriminating benevolence are doing most for their less favored fellow-men. Such men as these have within them living wells of joy, that gush up most copiously when the world is most parched and withered around them, and every child of sorrow that knocks at their gate wakes angels and songs within

Strange it is that men generally should move counter to such obvious and homely, but gladdening truths as these. The love of happiness is strong, and it is universal. Why then are there so few Howards in the ample field of forlorn wretchedness which is ever spreading itself out before us? Why then has the discovery of methods of relieving the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the insane, been delayed till the world was six thousand years old, and the million-footed procession of suffering, sorrowing mortals, marching to the sad beating of their own hearts, had finished their pilgrimage in tears and darkness?

Above all should it be noted with wonder that the Christian church should have learned so slowly the great lesson of love to man of its Divine Master, and followed at such a distance his blessed example We have often thought with amazement and shame upon the glaring inconsistency between the Master and his disciples by profession. Consider for a moment the mass of living wretchedness, of unrelieved poverty, of unrepented crime, of unpitied griefs, of blasted hopes, of shattered intellect, of broken hearts, that are palpitating and quivering like a mangled limb; consider that we are constantly surrounded with such objects, and where is Christianity, with its eye of pity and its law of love? Oh! it is humiliating to think that down into that world of troubled, sorrowing mind, and writhing sensibilities, the professors and light-bearers of the Gospel have thrown so few of its melting beams. Of transcendent mysteries, this is not the least, that of those who hold to a religion that is comprehended in one burning word, one transporting principle, Love—which is not a theory, but a Divine passion, and whose hopes all rest on the doctrine of pity and forgiveness, so few practically and heartily pity, forgive and love the erring and the wretched of the family of man. Oh, it was not so when, eighteen hundred years ago, Pity, habited as a man, and leaning upon a pilgrim's staff, set out from the brow of Nazareth for the hill of Calvary, pacing with tearful eye and wearied foot the roads of Judea and the streets of Jerusalem. No bruised reed was broken, no smoking flax quenched, no heart wrung with anguish by his mission except his own, when he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and the last act of his life, upon the cross and amid his death-pangs, was the utterance, with livid and quivering lips, of a prayer for the guilty, even his own murderers and tormentors.

Christianity is the spirit of Jesus, and nothing

else is. To be a Christian is to be like Christ. Can anything be plainer? The birth of a Christian, therefore, is the advent of a Saviour, in a modified sense, we grant, yet truly, else what means that Scripture, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his?" and a hundred other inspired oracles. And hence our wonder at the apathy to suffering and sorrow of the mass of Christians, self-called, and so-called by a generous courtesy. It is a plain case that such persons have deceived themselves or totally misconceived the spirit of the religion they profess. How any one can misconceive the Scriptures on this subject is indeed a mystery. "Pure religion, and undefiled before God the Father," says the Apostle, "is to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction." In other words, the religion of the Gospel is preeminently a principle of humanity; and our love to God whom we have not seen, is a hypocritical pretence if not attested by practical philanthropy towards our brother whom we have seen. And yet we have known many who were loud in their profession of religion, and of benevolence, too, when the objects were the heathen, and their names and donations were to appear in the public prints, who would be the last to stir a finger in behalf of the squalid wretchedness immediately around them. We have known ladies to be active officers of missionary societies, and yet who would grind down their poor seamstress to the lowest farthing, and perhaps delay payment after her labor was done, when it was absolutely needed to buy fuel, or bread, or medicine for a famishing or sick parent. We have known great sympathy to be expressed for slavery abroad, by men who made all their own dependents slaves, body and soul, and then grudged them the paltry pittance they had engaged to pay for their services. And we have known hundreds upon hundreds of reputable professors of religion, who probably had never, in the whole course of their lives, made an earnest, self-sacrificing effort for the relief of distressed humanity, and who never appear to have dreamed that any person on earth or elsewhere, was, or could be their brother, except born of the same mother. Others there are, claiming uppermost seats in the synagogue, whose religious cravings would be mainly satisfied with knowing what the thorn in the flesh was that troubled Paul; or where the soul of Lazarus was in the interval between his death and resurrection; or with some other solution of equal importance.

But, as we said in the beginning, we do believe that a blander humanity is in progress. We see cheering signs that a spirit of merciful interest in man is spreading and strengthening its hold on the public mind. The institutions for the blind, and for the deaf and dumb, seem to leave nothing to be done that is possible for their improvement. In houses of refuge for juvenile offenders, in milder legislation, in meliorated systems of prison discipline, in the provision for, and treatment of, the insane, resulting in the restoration to reason and society of a vast proportion of those who were deemed shattered beyond recovery; in these and various other ways, the spirit of humanity is existing in a very gratifying and efficient manner. Our prayer to the father of mercies is, that the spirit of true and enlightened philanthropy may continue steady in its course, and that its apostles may be multiplied many fold, till Howards and Frys and Dix's shall be found in every hovel of despair, and none shall be able to allege that either his body or his soul is uncared for.

This article has been suggested by a recent movement in this city in behalf of discharged convicts from our prisons, who, heretofore, having been thrown penniless and friendless upon the world, with a blasted character, have found it almost impossible, whatever their inclination, to return to a virtuous life. A society has been formed, to provide for their case, to encourage virtuous desires and purposes, and furnish those who are really reformed, with employment and means of an honest living, and an opportunity to regain their character and standing among their fellow-men. Hitherto, if a man was once a convict, he was always a convict. Either his situation was such when discharged that he was glad to escape back to his prison from the finger of scorn; or, unable to find employment, was forced to steal. Society has much to answer for on this account.

We rejoice in the present movement, and are glad to see the matter in the hands of gentlemen eminently fitted to carry it forward with energy and prudence.

SYMPATHY.

At the battle of Zama, in the Jugurthine war, while the Romans were assaulting the town, Jugurtha came upon them from behind. One party of the besiegers turned to meet the Numidian army, while the other continued their efforts against the town. Sallust relates, that whenever the wearied besiegers were compelled for a little to relax their efforts, the defenders upon the walls were intent upon the combat beyond, and watching the Numidian cavalry rushing on and mingling with the Roman cohorts; they might be observed now exulting, now shuddering, as the contest went for Jugurtha or against him; and, just as though they could be heard or seen, some shouted in encouragement, or in caution; or pointed with the hand, or made violent efforts with their bodies, as if throwing javelins or evading those thrown. Marius, who had charge of the assault, observing this, purposely relaxed his efforts, till the defenders became so wholly absorbed in the conflict beyond, that they had almost lost the town by a sudden attack, ere they bethought themselves of their own business or danger.

It was the power of *sympathy*. It was the same power under which *Jesus wept*, as he came with the sisters of Lazarus to his grave. Paul could brave dangers, tumults, tempests; no danger could appal him; but when his friends fell on his neck sorrowing that they could see his face no more, Paul cried out, "What mean ye to weep *and break mine heart?*"

Sympathy is the CONTAGION OF FEELING. It is confined to no one human emotion, but extends its power equally over all. The mirror is not more faithful to reflect the object before it, than the heart of man is to answer all the complicated and changing emotions of his fellow man.

A dry *argument;* a mere dry steam-engine effort of *logic*—what is it? The *orator* must have a *heart;* he must *feel*, or he will never touch the springs of feeling that lie ready to gush up in the hearts of the hearers.

> "Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
> Humani vultus; si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi."

Who has not witnessed, in a group around the family fire-side, or in a circle of youthful friends, how the pleasure that beamed in the countenance of one lighted up a general smile of joy; while the gladness that thrilled from heart to heart, returned with ten-fold warmth to the fountain whence it sprung? Who has not witnessed such scenes? And who, while the joy of others diffused itself over his own soul, has not imperceptibly forgotten his sorrows and himself? Avarice, in the midst of such a circle, is forgetful of its gold; good will gleams from the countenance of the misanthrope; and the unwonted throbbings of his laden heart show that there is yet one cord left, to vibrate in unison with the feelings of his fellow-men.

Like the electric fluid, passion thrills and lightens, and spreads itself from point to point, we know not how. It is this mysterious sympathy that gives *enthusiasm* its omnipotence; that renders the fury of a mob incontrollable; that makes the army of a courageous leader invincible; or that spreads a partial panic into one universal dismay. The flaming torch thrown on the barren sand, glimmers and expires; but let a spark fall unnoticed where there are materials to feed the fire, and the flame bursts forth and rises, and sweeps along, till nothing but a heap of smouldering ruins remains to show where stood the proudest works of man.

Like that torch glimmering on the sand, would the heroes of the world have been; like that expiring torch would the eloquence of Demosthenes have died away, and Philip never need have trembled, had not the soul of man been formed to respond in vivid feelings to the enthusiasm of his fellow man.

The yeomanry of Thebes had bone and sinew; yet they bowed down tamely to the yoke of domineering masters. *Epaminondas* rose, and Thebes rose with him. Even slaves caught the flame; and the world saw that the spirit of one hero could make every field a Leuctra.

The hermit *Peter* ran from province to province; Europe caught his phrenzied feeling, and her millions moved onward to the Holy Land.

Tell sounded the war-cry through the mountains of Switzerland, and the home of his fathers was free. And what else than the same contagion of feeling roused our fathers at once, in the Revolution, from Maine to Georgia?

There is a *language* of feeling, and it is universal. It is not the complicated machinery of words alone, communicating motion to the heart through the medium of his intellect, that makes man acquainted with the emotions of those around him; a glance speaks to the soul. Man needs no "window in his breast;" the brow of

anger, the look of defiance, the smile of complacency, the eye, the arm, the tone, all declare the movements of his heart. Those around him see and understand, and ere they are aware, their own hearts glow with the same vivid emotions.

Man is a social being. The joys and sorrows of others are naturally his own. He sees a stranger in distress, and if he is still true to nature, he does not wait to ask whether his sympathy is deserved; the cry of anguish or the tale of distress is heard, and it is enough. The guilty outlaw suffers not unpitied and alone. The sword of justice never falls but a thousand cords are sundered. The finger of scorn is never raised, but its image, reflected and multiplied, points a thousand ways.

Imagination gives life to inanimate creation, and as the face of *nature* changes, the feelings of man change with it.

"When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being and serene his soul;
Can man forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his soul
When every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody?"

Let it be that season when the storms and frosts of winter are over; when the earth is in its verdure, and the heavens are calm; let it be the morning of the Day of Rest, when not a murmur disturbs the solemn stillness: at such a time let man walk forth, and if the sympathies of his nature are not dead, if he has a heart that is not utterly debased and lost to feeling—then will he participate in the general calm of nature, and while he joins the song of grateful praise which all things around him seem to utter, no obtruding care will disturb the serenity of his soul.

Change the scene. Let it be at eventide—let the heavy cloud that rises in the West darken the setting sun—let the heavens gather blackness—let the stillness that precedes the storm be broken by the rushing wind that roars through the distant forest, and sweeps along the dusty earth—then let the lightnings break forth, and the thunders peal; and who does not feel that exulting tumult in his soul, which proves that the heart of man can sympathize with nature in the tempest, as well as in the sunshine calm?

Let imagination present before us the scenes of other climes and of other ages, and we can sympathize with the dead. Homer felt the fury of the combat no less than his hordes on the plains of Troy; else Homer and his hordes had long since been forgotten. It is sympathy that causes the deep interest with which we read the history of other times. We see men—we recognize the passions and emotions of men; and the more faithfully those emotions are delineated, the stronger is our sympathy and the more intense our interest. But single out some event in the dim twilight of history—such as the building of the Tower of Babel, or the expedition of the Argonauts—and we feel little more than when we hear that the leaves of the forest are falling.

Man sympathizes with his former self. The joys of his youth revive when he visits the home of his childhood; and when memory recalls the occurrences of former days, he for a moment forgets the sad reflection that those days are gone for ever.

Such is sympathy; connecting man with man in all the emotions which the countenance can express, which the tongue can describe, or which the heart can feel; forming a mysterious communication between inanimate creation and man; and giving an influence over his character and happiness, to all the living with whom he has intercourse; to all the dead of whom he reads in story; to all his own recollections of the past, and even to his anticipations of the future.

Its influence over the opinions, the temper, the character—how national sentiment and national spirit are affected by it; how this gives to the national character a cast of courage or of cowardice; of meanness or of honor; of such things our hearts do not now allow us to speak.

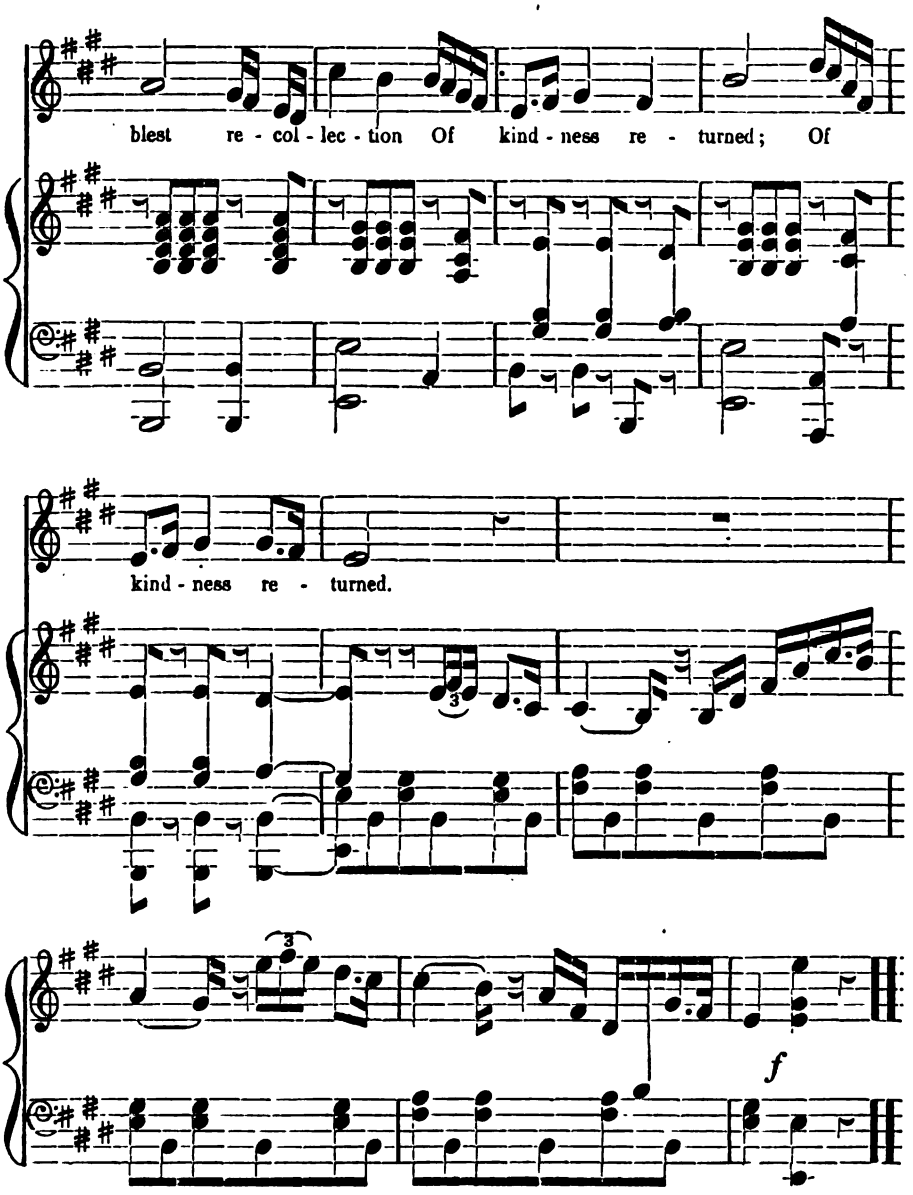
One obvious remark, which we leave our readers to fill out and to ponder, is the influence exerted upon youth, and upon age too, by the character of associates. We become naturally assimilated to the character of those with whom we associate, and especially of those whom we love. It is an old truth that "A man is known by the company he keeps." Smiling and even-tempered parents are known by the open front and happy countenances of their children. Look at the next company you meet on board a steamboat, and even if all are strangers it will scarcely be difficult to distinguish those who have been trained in a school of kindness and good temper.

"BE KIND TO EACH OTHER."

MUSIC BY P. A. ANDREU.

ANDANTINO AFFETTUOSO.

1. Be kind to each o - ther! The night's com - ing on, When friend and when brother Per-chance may be gone! Then 'midst our de - jec - tion, How sweet to have earned The



II.

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove;
Let trifles prevail not,
Against those ye love.

III.

Nor change with the morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

THE PARLOR TABLE.

Several new books, and new editions of old ones, are on the table, giving promise of a lively business in the trade, with the opening of spring. Our favorite "Charlotte Elizabeth" has just given another, and, as we fear, her last work, to the world, entitled,

Judæa Capta, and the scene is the destruction of the Holy City, by the Romans under Titus. The fine powers of description with which Mrs. Tonna is gifted, have here a field for their full display, and the absorbing interest which she takes in the descendants of Abraham has impelled her, in this volume, to a noble effort to awaken the sympathy of her readers in behalf of that people, "scattered and peeled," but whom she expects to be gathered in the land of their fathers. It is a handsome volume, published by M. W. Dodd.

—

"Peep of Day."
"Line upon Line."
"Precept upon Precept."

These volumes are designed for children of very tender years; the first in the series is for the instruction of those whose minds are just opening to receive impressions, and they are written to convey scriptural truth in the simplest language The great popularity which they have attained, is the best evidence that mothers find them well adapted to their wants, as aids in the responsible but delightful duty of training their precious charge. We take pleasure in commending them to our friends. Published by J. S. Taylor & Co.

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Miss Dix, like another Elizabeth Fry, is still pursuing her indefatigable labors, exploring the prisons and poor-houses of our country, with the view of pouring light and hope on the hearts of the children of sorrow. She is now in New Jersey. Her report of the condition of the insane in the county poor-houses is most deplorable, and some of the facts are such as thrill the heart.

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Mary Howitt, one of the prettiest writers of the English language, has written "My Own Story," and a pleasant story it is, of her own childhood and youth; a tale to be read with delight by the young and old. Many of Mary Howitt's books are of that class of reading which pleases the moral tastes, but affords no very solid instruction.

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Rosalinda Phipson is the subject of a neat volume called "Youthful Consecration," reprinted from the London edition, with an Introduction, by John Angell James. The young will be profited by reading and seeking to imitate the pious example it commends.

The Reports of several Asylums for the Insane are before us, and the facts which they disclose, especially those from the Bloomingdale Asylum, near this city, and the Ohio institution, are such as give encouragement to philanthropists to persevere in their efforts to afford permanent relief to those afflicted with the worst of maladies to which the human race is subject One of the most pleasing facts connected with the present treatment of the insane, is the almost entire disuse of physical force, and the employment of moral and medical means to restrain and restore. There can scarcely be a more interesting sight for the moral philosopher or the philanthropist, than a company of insane persons, enjoying a well-furnished reading-room, or seated in a place of worship, reverently and intelligently engaged in the worship of God.

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"Dr. Arnold's Life and Correspondence" has been the subject of extended and powerful articles in almost all of the foreign reviews, and has justly attracted great attention in this country and Great Britain. The Doctor was a man of vast learning and ability; a sort of universal genius, dipping into politics, and science, and ecclesiastics, according to the times, or as the fancy seized him; and his varied correspondence and essays are full of entertaining and useful knowledge. The book is not for the million, but men of intelligence and thought will read it with great interest and profit.

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Letters from a Landscape Painter, are pretty sketches, by the author of "Essays for Summer Hours;" the style is fresh and easy, and some of the passages are worthy of a painter.

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Saint Ignatius and his First Companions.—The Rev. Dr. Pise, one of the Romish priests of this city, has in this handsome volume shown us how much the skill of an artist can effect in making the worse appear the better, in making error right, fanaticism religion, and malice goodness. He has drawn the Jesuits and Jesuitism in all colors but those of truth, concealed the genuine character of the men he commemorates, and thus has made a book insidious but weak, and one that has no claim upon the attention of the Protestant Christian.

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The Confession of the Name of Christ in the Sixteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, is the name of a capital discourse by Merle D'Aubigné, the distinguished author of the History of the Reformation. It is published by J. S. Taylor & Co., and will richly repay the attentive perusal it deserves.

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